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**GENERAL
EVANGELINE BOOTH
OF THE SALVATION ARMY**

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Evangeline Booth

OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BY
P. W. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1948

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THE SALVATION ARMY

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A



"I did."

"You!" he ejaculated. "A little bit of a thing like you! Well, all I can say is, you're a chunk of pluck."

He sat silent and docile while I took off the bandage, and he gulped down the bread I had brought him as if he had not tasted food for days. I talked to him about drink.

"Drink!" he replied. "It's the only friend I've got. Wrong to kick a man? I was kicked into the streets when I was seven years old and me father it was that did it. Me mother would come sneaking after me in the shed with a crust of bread. Reckon I don't owe no man nothing."

I asked Bones how he made a living and he answered,

"Selling chips," meaning, of course, the fried chips of potato that accompany fish beloved of the people.

"But if you've no chips . . ."

"Steal," he answered as if it were a matter of course.

I left him in the cellar for I seemed to have caught some kind of a fever. They put me to bed and I woke from a troubled slumber. I was amazed to see Bones at my bedside.

"How did you get in?" I asked, for there had been, as I knew, someone watching at the door.

"I knocked him down," he explained.

He held a paper bag that he was carrying. It contained grapes and I asked him where he had found the money to buy them.

"Sold my jacket and waistcoat," he answered, and he invited me back to the cellar where, he said, he had something to show me. In due course, I accepted his invitation and he drew from the straw and rags that were his only bed three soiled leaves from the Bible. They were scarcely legible but I noticed that two were from Matthew and the third from Isaiah.

"My mother give them to me," he said. "It was all she had to leave me. She said they were enough to take me where she was going and she would wait for me there."

I read the Beatitudes in Matthew—*Blessed are the*

FOREWORD

This book is, so far as I know, the most intimate review of the inner life of The Salvation Army that has ever been permitted to an outsider.

From *God's Soldier*, the painstaking biography of William Booth by St. John Ervine, certain picturesque details of the early Salvationist movement have been derived. Mr. Ervine's later criticisms of Evangeline Booth are answered by the facts as stated in these pages.

To many officers of the Salvation Army I owe a debt of gratitude for courtesy that has been characteristic of a great comradeship in Christ.

To my valued friend and neighbor, John S. Dole, Attorney at law and his partners, I am under an obligation, impossible to exaggerate, for wise, timely and generous counsel. To W. L. Savage of Scribners, in like manner, and his colleagues, I am also indebted.

Finally, Evangeline Booth herself. What can be prefaced here to the record that follows? It is the record that counts, and in view of what she is and has accomplished, I dare to believe that her name will never be forgotten.

P. W. W.

MARCH, 1948.

GENERAL
EVANGELINE BOOTH
OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BACKGROUND

MANY of us urged Evangeline Booth in the heyday of her glorious retirement to write her life and during years of uncertainty she toyed with the idea. For she has wielded a nimble and versatile pen and has a nice sense of language.

Somehow or other this sensitive critic of herself never got around to it and in the end, when oblivion was the alternative, she turned stubborn. "I have never written about myself," she protested, "I won't write about myself, and that decides it."

She packed up her papers, scores of thousands of them, and handed the bundles over to me, and a nice time I have had going through these accumulations. For Evangeline Booth, herself no mean letter writer, was pursued by what nowadays we call fan mail, full of appreciation and even flattery, and during breathless years as administrator of a great organization spreading over the whole wide world she had to deal with persons and properties, often involved in problems of the utmost delicacy and importance. I who have known her well sometimes feel as if I do not know her at all. Every day I have lighted upon some detail illustrating a side of her character of which I was unaware. Writing her biography has not been easy but assuredly it has been worth while. For Evangeline Booth, with her moods, her toils, her faith, her gifts, has been, all in all, one of history's women.

What was this celebrity in herself, who spent her girlhood in the depths of London's slums, who became in her day the greatest woman orator of her period, whose name filled the

largest auditoriums, whose voice was heard to the remotest seat in the highest gallery, who was honoured by statesmen and monarchs, who toured land and sea like a queen? We shall meet her in these pages, not only in her uniform but as she was in herself, the embodiment of a radiant sincerity subject to a strong and disciplined will whose life with its endowments, its sagacities and its limitations was lived as an open book, nothing within her held back from obedience to God and service to man, one who amid the shams and stupidities around her stood, by and large, for the essentials that really matter.

Delving through the documents has been something of an education. For this study brings one into contact with what has always been a remarkable phenomenon. In the annals of faith there does not seem to be anything comparable with the Salvation Army, and here we have unveiled its inward aspects. We see achievement the hard way—a moving drama in which soaring spirituality is intermingled with exacting domesticities and quite human impulses. The Army is interesting and instructive—some may say, fascinating—not because it is free from fault and working in a stratosphere above criticism, but because, through complications scarcely believable in retrospect, it has held to its aim. This one thing it has done—it has pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. In mundane language it has spent its whole energies on an audacious endeavour to lead people of every race, class and creed into what they were meant to be.

The varied uniforms of the Salvation Army are familiar in many lands. What they mean is generally respected but not always understood save by the few. In the career of Evangeline Booth, in her character, the inner life of the Army is reflected. The year 1865 when she was born was the year of the Army's birth, her cradle was the cradle of the world-wide movement. She grew up with the Army, she went forth with the Army, and even in the closing years of her long life her days were filled to overflowing with the affairs of the Army—urgent requests for one more speech to one more crowd that taxed her remaining energies to the utmost, all the multitudinous detail that pursues to the end one who belongs to the public.

Amid the masses of documents, especially covering the later years, it was not always possible to find what I was look-

ing for—those incidents that are the very breath of biography. For Evangeline was inclined to agree with her father when he said, "I do things. I'm too busy to write about them."

She held that dates in a book, and places and footnotes and references can be greatly overdone. "The public," she would say, "just goes to sleep." And at no time has Evangeline Booth had any use for a sleeping public. One day I found her reading a painstaking but factual life of Dickens whom, as a Londoner, she greatly admired. She was disappointed. "You look at the clock in one room of the house," she complained, "and it tells you the time when it happened, and then you look at the calendar in another room and that gives you the day of the week. What difference does it make?"

In such accuracies of time and place there is a fundamental inaccuracy. For the vital in life is timeless, and we need not worry ourselves greatly because the Germans in their blitzkrieg destroyed the Army's Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, including Evangeline Booth's original commission as a captain signed by her father. We shall get along with the archives that remain.

This book is written for the public and, owing to distractions, new forms of entertainment, a welter of material novelties and perils, the public has been plunged into forgetfulness of much that used to be familiar. One is asked by colleagues whether a text like "and a little child shall lead them" is in the Bible and, if so, where. Ringing up a great and courteous library one finds that *The War Cry* is not recognized without consultation of files as the official and widely distributed organ of the Salvation Army. One realises the immense service rendered to the Army and to society as a whole by the Booth family over a long course of years, and especially by Evangeline Booth, the most brilliant of them all, in compelling indifferent people to listen to what all people ought to hear, and bringing the claim of the underprivileged before the notice of those who are apt to overlook what is going on before their eyes.

And first let us get rid of what in some minds may be a misapprehension. So widespread has been the publicity accorded to the Booths that many people take it for granted that anybody of the name is or has been connected with the Salva-

tion Army. But in 1865 the year when Evangeline was born, it was quite otherwise. The Booths of that day were famous within a sphere that the Booths of our day put out of bounds. They were the Barrymores of their period, and it was, of course, one of them who murdered Lincoln in the very year when Evangeline Booth was awaited. It is, perhaps, noteworthy that so great a clan of actors should have yielded somewhat in acclaim to namesakes whose activities have been quite otherwise.

Over the ancestry of the Salvationist Booths a good deal of ink has been spilt. People have thought it important to make quite sure whether they were or were not remotely akin to a certain Dr. Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's, a cathedral which, however noble in its proportions and glorious in its traditions, had little to do with the significance of the Salvation Army. As we shall see, it took a coronation to lure Evangeline Booth into Westminster Abbey. What does concern us, is the direct and immediate heredity that determined the blood in her veins, her outlook, her temperament, the acute sensitiveness that enabled her to win people and sometimes caused her much pain. If she was not always an easy person with others, it was because she found it hard to be at ease with herself.

We begin with the paternal forbears and proceed to the maternal side of the family which was fully as significant. Evangeline Booth's grandfather was Samuel Booth. In 1824 he was a broken man. Not only had he lost his wife but his only son. He resorted, therefore, to a spa called Ashby-de-la-Zouche, interesting as the scene of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, there to recover his health, and during his recuperation he met a woman, Mary Moss, whose age at the time was thirty-three. They were married and their eldest surviving son was William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army and father of Evangeline Booth. Samuel Booth and Mary Moss were thus her paternal grandparents, and a photograph of the grandmother reveals a dark eye and a finely moulded profile. It was from her that William Booth derived the splendidly Hebraic countenance which, especially in his later years, recalled the prophetic majesty of an ancient people. This was the strong and spiritual face that was inherited by his daughter, Evangeline.

Over the finances of Samuel Booth there has been much.

gossip. He was, I take it, in the building trade, and during an era when workers were flocking from the farms into the factories—England's industrial revolution—it is entirely probable that he made money from time to time by providing those dwellings, hastily erected and monotonous in their regularity, which left the nation with so serious a housing problem to be solved later. One fact stands out stark and grim. Samuel Booth's affairs collapsed and he with them. He died penniless, and whatever delusions of affluence he may have fostered were blown to the winds.

In the year 1851 Nathaniel Hawthorne published his *House of the Seven Gables*. With elaborate art he told of Hepzibah Pyncheon who pocketed her pride and opened a little shop in her ancestral home for the sale of gingerbread and other trifles. Working folk who had considered her to be far above them, were now her somewhat contemptuous customers, and this was the ordeal faced by the widow of Samuel Booth. With instant decision this brave woman departed from her home in Nottingham and settled in a poorer dwelling on Goose Gate where, with her daughter, she started a little shop for the sale of pins and needles, cottons and the like. For years these women toiled and planned to keep their heads above water, true heroines of the shabby genteel, whose struggle against adversity, had he known of it, would have been entered by Charles Dickens in one of his notebooks.

Failure in this world's affairs and its humiliating consequences were thus the only heritage bequeathed by an imprudent father to his young son, William Booth. The boy was still at a school in Nottingham when the blow fell, and it was the end of education for him as we define the term. But it must be added by one who has deciphered scores of his hastiest letters, that in expressing himself on paper he was, later in life, verbally perfect. Seldom if ever did he repeat a word on the same page and he was astonishingly precise in suggesting shades of meaning.

But it was in a harsh school that the training of the lad proceeded. He was apprenticed at the age of fourteen to a pawnbroker in Nottingham and, by a curious chance, the pawnbroker was Unitarian in his belief. He belonged to that group of intellectuals which, led by the Martineaus, strong

also in New England, were, as they put it, to be "weighed not counted." In all of this, there was, of course, little to indicate the forthcoming emergence of a Salvation Army.

The pageantry of mid-Victorian England was at the zenith of its pride and its pretensions. What confronted young Booth was the background of misery that lay behind the magnificence. His was a worse experience than the drab and sordid drudgery that vexed the soul of H. G. Wells when a shop-assistant in those early years before literary success enabled him to sit at ease in the Reform Club and discuss Socialism. Desperately poor himself, Booth had to deal with desperate poverty in others. Families on the verge of destitution appeared before him to pledge their worn and dwindling possessions—pitiful little trinkets, clothes out at elbow, furniture, even tools and wedding rings—for petty loans of immediate cash. With wages paid on Saturday they redeemed what they could.

The reward earned by William Booth, therefore, was not the pittance he brought home at the weekend. It was a first-hand insight into the meaning of economic distress. On the one hand drink and vice and gambling drove the workers to penury. On the other hand, as the Socialists insisted, penury drove the workers to drink and vice and gambling. People were poor because they were sinful and they were sinful because they were poor. In all of this we see foreshadowed what may be called the practicality of Evangeline Booth. She knew where shoes pinched.

The tolerance of such conditions by the political parties then sharing parliamentary authority was provocative of deepening unrest. The nation was still without an effective franchise. It was swept by the Chartist Movement which seemed so radical in its day and now appears so ordinary. The orator of reform was Feargus O'Connor, an Irish disciple of Daniel O'Connell, and the exuberant eloquence of O'Connor stirred the resentments within the soul of William Booth. Amid the seething maelstrom of discontent that was sweeping over Europe, he might have been a Labour leader before any Labour Party was in sight. Had that happened there would have been no Salvation Army and no need to write the life of Evangeline Booth. But what did happen was something else.

To the Duke of Wellington the Chartist Programme was

red revolution. In actual fact it consisted of little more than the effective vote that the United Nations are demanding for countries under alien dictatorship. William Booth had every reason to know that the vote was less important than the pawn-ticket, and of what use, he asked himself, are civic rights if the citizen is all wrong? And he began with himself.

Here was what we call a good boy. He had been baptized into the Church of England. He was working hard to pay his way and give what help he could to his mother and sister. He had no vices and he was the victim of a singularly unfortunate start in life which he had done nothing to deserve. Yet he did not grouch over his circumstances and he aired no grievances against society. His one quarrel was with William Booth. To be right with an easy-going church was not enough. To be right with his family was not enough. To be right with his employer was not enough. Nothing was enough but to be right with God.

To the English-speaking world of a hundred years ago, generally innocent of psychology, the word, conversion, yielded the full meaning that the Bible has poured into it. It signified more than changing a label. To convert a Moslem into a Hindu may be no more than transferring an item from one column of religious statistics to another. But the conversion of William Booth and of the Salvationists who arose around him meant transforming a Christian into a Christian. "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" Robert Browning was writing in his Easter poem. To the Salvationist it can be done.

During those mid-Victorian days the Church of England as a whole was still in the doldrums. It had been weakened by the widespread secession of the Methodists who had followed the Wesleys. It was not yet awakened by the Anglo-Catholic Revival which had been led for a while by John Henry Newman before he joined the Roman Catholic Church and became a cardinal. The clergy in Nottingham regarded the decent and dutiful boy called William Booth with complacent inattention, which attitude was reciprocal. He wandered forth into a spiritual wilderness and, as a nomad, found an oasis at the Broad Street Wesleyan Chapel where he attended a Bible class.

A polite idea in those days was that everybody should know his Bible and his Shakespeare. If he wished to govern the em-

pire he must be acquainted also with Latin and Greek. Even at the least spiritual times, four long lessons and several Psalms were recited daily in the cathedrals and on Sundays in the churches. And it had its value. But was it enough?

When the Methodists opened their Bibles they had in mind more than such knowledge of Scripture. Texts were not only expounded. They exploded. It was as an atom bomb within a sinful community that the Gospel was released. And among the aroused gatherings could be heard ejaculations still echoing throughout the Salvation Army—"Amen"—"Hallelujah"—"Praise the Lord." Prayer was impromptu, not liturgic, and it was mingled with hymns and choruses no less spontaneous. The Word of God was quick and powerful, cleaving to the very essentials of the being of man.

One evening William Booth, brooding over his uneasy conscience, strolled into the Bible Class. "A soul dies every minute," were the words that fell on his ears and they smote him like a weapon. For he believed that man's destiny hereafter, including his own, is determined by his attitude on earth. In that cheerless schoolroom was a plain wooden table and at the table people were kneeling, confessing their sins and surrendering their lives to God. Pale, thin and nervous the boy knelt at their side. He arose a Christian.

At that wooden table Evangeline Booth has knelt in spirit throughout her life. It bore a plate with the words of her father *God Shall Have All That There Is of William Booth*. The table was brought over to the United States and used at revivals with great effect. Evangeline Booth took it with her to Japan and around the world. It was seen by immense audiences whose hearts were stirred. She took it back to the Army's Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street where it fell under the bombings and vanished for ever. What grew out of that table was something more spacious than itself. It was the Army's penitent form, everywhere the same throughout the world, the Salvationist Communion Rail for renewing consecration, the Altar where lives are dedicated, the Mercy Seat where sins are confessed and forgiven.

The effect of conversion on William Booth was at once apparent. His conscience was stirred to sensitive reactions that continued for the rest of his life, making him severe with him-

self in all his dealings with others. One such boyish repentance borders on the humorous but he tells of it in his own words, thus:

In a boyish trading I had managed to make a profit out of my companions whilst giving them to suppose that I did all in the way of generous friendship. As a testimony of their gratitude they had given me a pencil case.

He called his companions together, owned up to the deception and felt better. As for the other boys, they were ready to follow him to the ends of the earth.

His was now a new outlook on life. His occupation was still pawnbroking but the humanity that frequented the pawnshop was transferred from the debit to the credit side of the account. Business was still business but the question was no longer merely how the poor creatures had come to their low estate. It was also what would be their future if they were saved. Suppose that a power beyond themselves raised them out of the dunghill and set them among princes. What then? For William Booth it meant that the chains of what Socialism, following Rousseau, calls wage-slavery, were broken, and he walked forth a free man, his life now radio-active. For it made a difference to other lives and one conversion led to another.

"Besom Jack" was quite a character. He drank hard and beat his wife. He was changed overnight into a considerate member of society, and his wife, at any rate, had no doubt that a husband is easier to live with when he is saved from the Devil. A young girl on her deathbed found Christ and her departure was glorified by the sure and certain hope of resurrection. The little group already gathered around William Booth assumed the management of the funeral and, years before the Salvation Army came into being, the body was carried to the grave amid the singing of hymns and cries of "Hallelujah." In an England obsessed by black plumes at interments and prolonged wearing of black mourning afterwards, these young people—little more than boys and girls—declared to the world that anyone, however sad his heart and sinful his past, who commits his soul to the redemption wrought by the

Saviour on the Cross, is "promoted to glory" when he is laid in the grave. It is white riband, not black crêpe, that Salvationists wear at their funerals. Incidentally loans at the pawnshop to pay the undertaker were discouraged.

For a time the evangelism of William Booth was personal and unobtrusive. He talked with people and won them to repentance. It was only after he was seventeen years old that in a most modest manner he overcame his timidity.

In those days a well-known institution was the cottage meeting. Little companies of simple folk met, as met the early Christians, in the humble homes of the people themselves. These groups had no clergy, they sang their favourite hymns, they prayed in their own language, they preached their own sermons and it was with their own eyes that they read their Bibles. Such a cottage meeting was held on Kidd Street, Nottingham, and here William Booth first occupied a pulpit.

At eight o'clock of a week night he walked to the place from the pawnshop. There was no gas as an illuminant. Even lamps were a luxury and electric light was a magic unforeseen. But a table had been set and on the table was a wooden box. At each side of the box flickered a candle, and at this reading desk stood a slender young man of seventeen years old. His were a pale complexion, dark eyes, black hair, Wellingtonian nose and sensitive lips. The congregation was small and composed mainly of women but there was curiosity over the occasion. Men stood around the door and watched what was going on. It was not every day that a pawnbroker's apprentice stood up among the customers to preach Christ.

According to one present the words that they heard were "very gentle and tender." For what lay heavy on the heart of the young preacher was not the fate of the unsaved, however terrible it might be, but the difficulties of those who, having accepted salvation, were trying to adjust themselves to a new standard of conduct and motive. He talked of these babes in Christ as infants learning to walk, an echo of the exquisite simile of the Prophet Hosea when, in the name of the Almighty, he wrote, "I taught Ephraim to go, taking them by their arms," as a mother holds up her tottering child. Enrolling his converts, William Booth was already shepherding the flock.

In due course he was heard at the street corner. He made

no bones about using the word sin, but for the sinner he showed a sense of eternal value. "You liar! You liar!" shouted a foul-mouthed objector. "Friend," replied the young evangelist gently, "it was for you He died. Stop and be saved."

The Wesleyans were, at the moment, torn between their Right and their Left. William Booth had not been long converted before he was entangled in the struggle. He could see no reason why the companions whom he had led to Christ should not be as welcome at public worship as other Christians. He marched his little group, therefore, as a body into the Wesleyan Chapel and seated them in the front pews. Some would have held a praise meeting over this visible evidence that the eternal Gospel was appealing to a rising generation. But the intruders—rough, ill-clad and in the first flush of their common victory for the best that was in them—offended the congregation by their presence. Elder brethren and their wives were not accustomed to see so many prodigal sons all at once in the Father's house. If they had to go to church let them enter by the side door and sit in side seats. The conservatives were in a furore. It was the first brush between William Booth and the churches as then organised.

In 1849 the five long years of apprenticeship to pawnbroking came to an end and the graduate in a calling despised as usurious was faced by the fact that in Nottingham, at any rate, he was out of a job. With but a few shillings in his pocket he migrated to London where he visited his sister Ann whose husband was a small shopkeeper. They had no liking for his revivalist activities and he was driven back to the pawnshop—this time in Walworth, a poor district south of the Thames. There was still the mediæval tradition that a tradesman should live with his help above his shop, and Booth thus received part of his wages in board and lodging. It was an oppressive arrangement, only possible because labour was unorganised, and he was left with little time for himself.

What saved the situation was a much derided principle—namely, Sunday observance—the right of the worker to one day rest in seven that he could call his own. From midnight of Saturday to midnight of Sunday William Booth belonged to the Gospel. He was, however, miserably discouraged by his circumstances and he wrote of setting sail for Australia. By

preference he would take passage on a convict ship, and for a significant reason. He would be able, so he said, to "preach to the very worst of men Christ's salvation." Already the "very worst of men" had become his obsession.

In Walworth there happened to be a man whose activities illustrated the ease with which it was possible in the England of that day to get rich quickly. During the piping times of peace that followed the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo he started business—so he would boast—on a borrowed half-a-crown, and he amassed a fortune of £60,000 in real estate alone. He made boots and his name was E. J. Rabbits. For years people used to talk about "Rabbit's Corner." There have been some sneers at the expense of Rabbits but I see no reason whatever to mistrust the general opinion that he sold excellent boots and was honestly desirous to promote the well-being of those who wore them. With William Booth, he was much impressed.

To follow the precise chronology of this early period is not easy, but Evangeline Booth preserved with care an undated letter written by her father from "Kennington Row, Kennington" to Rabbits. He wrote:

Before your solemn convictions are registered on high, will you as a Christian, as a friend of the friendless which to me you have ever proved, hear me.

In my present position I am unsettled—unhappy—my occupation is so contrary to my views that I am constantly desiring something different. I feel it in my heart—on my soul from day to day that I should be a missionary of God. I wish to visit the dying and tell of Him Who is life—the prisoners and point to Him Who is freedom—the wanderer and tell of Him Whose arms and house and heart are open—the great congregation and speak of that love which is boundless—that salvation which is free—and that mercy which is infinite and eternal. And the opportunity presents itself but I cannot accept it. Souls want reclaiming—Christ wants preaching—backsliders want reclaiming. But a difficulty offers or I would without hesitation go—I want bread and water—can I have it?

Strange words from a pawnshop and, perhaps, it was no wonder that Rabbits was conscious of something outside the usual run of business.

He told his young friend that he should give the whole of his time to the Gospel and waste no more of it on pawn-broking. Booth asked how he was to live—on air? Rabbits then wanted to know how much money a week Booth would need to live on. He figured it out and answered 12 shillings or about \$2.40 according to that day's exchange. It was, of course, the era of the sweatshop, about which Tom Hood wrote his famous *Song of a Shirt* that startled the readers of *Punch*. Yet Booth's idea of living on twelve shillings a week and contributing out of it to his mother and sister surprised Rabbits. He was moved to be generous and he made it a pound. If Booth would give up his job Rabbits would guarantee that pound for three months. So modest was the stake gambled on the faith that was to move mountains.

The maker of boots was proud—indeed, a little possessive—of his young evangelist. He introduced the young man to friends of their own missionary persuasion. A lonely child of misfortune was thus welcomed into those homes of the English middle-class where the mahogany was massive and the cushions were comfortable. In such a home he met his fate and the fate included the unsuspected future of Evangeline Booth. For we may now say a word on the maternal side of her ancestry.

In the village of Ashbourne in Derbyshire lived a widower called Milward with his daughter, Sarah. Hers was a delicate and tranquil countenance lovely in itself and enhanced with that beauty of holiness which defies all contradiction. The Milwards belonged to the Church of England but Sarah was unsatisfied by liturgical formalities and by the political minds of many parsons. She found her soul's peace in the worship of the Methodists.

She was a woman over whom any man might well have lost his head and she already had a lover. He was ardent and impetuous and she yielded her hand to his wooing. Yet something about him made her hesitate. He did not pretend, apparently, to be saved, and she could not allow herself to be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever. She broke off her betrothal.

There were few railways in those days and it was on horseback that the suitor, not yet accepting the decision, rode up to her door. He wished to plead his case but she refused to see him. In a fury of chagrin he galloped away, nor did he draw rein until the steaming animal collapsed under him in its death throes. He picked himself up from the road, not apparently hurt very much in body, but hopelessly deranged in mind, and they had to send him to an asylum. So ended Sarah Milward's first romance—the grandmother that she was to be of Evangeline Booth.

It was sometime before the girl recovered from the shock, and it was her reaction definitely to join the straitest sect of the Methodists, adopting their way of life. She cut the ribands from her dresses and gave up playing cards. No more did she dance and her last visit to the theatre is on record. Entering the playhouse she saw the usual direction:

THIS WAY TO THE PIT

There was nothing in the words that she had not passed a dozen times. But on this occasion they struck her with a new and ominous meaning. What if she, Sarah Milward, were to die while watching a worldly performance? How would it be with her then as she entered eternity? Never again would she allow herself to take such a risk.

In the England of that early nineteenth century a factor of far-reaching influence was lay ministry. Many thousands of Christians—for instance, Quakers in the Society of Friends—objected to dependence on what they called one-man ministry, paid by the Church, and held that a child of God is himself a king, a priest, by divine right in Christ; and they quoted texts to prove it. There were classes in Sunday School conducted by the laity where the instruction covered all ages—the infant who could not read or write, men and women who had passed their sixties, of whom many in those days before national education were no less illiterate. Local and itinerant evangelists thus followed the example of Paul the tentmaker. They earned their living in a secular occupation and devoted their spare time to the Gospel. Sarah Milward used to attend such lay services.

There in the pulpit from time to time she saw an impressive young man. By trade he was a wheelwright or coachbuilder. His dark eyes, his broad brow, his strong features might have inspired Longfellow to write of a second village blacksmith. Modest were his pulpits but his themes were divine, and Sarah Milward as a worshipper discovered that she was also a woman. She approved of the preaching and she fell in love with the preacher. There came one of those evenings when John Mumford escorted her home and the young people knew that they were meant for one another. The lonely father did not want to lose his daughter and, bound by England's subtle yet stern distinctions of caste, he opposed the match. In that home there were warm scenes and Sarah put an end to them by walking out of the house without a penny in her pocket and no clothes save what she had on her back. She took refuge with friends, married her John and the father relented.

John and Sarah Mumford were Evangeline Booth's maternal grandparents. They had five children but two alone survived infancy. A son migrated to America and passes out of this picture. There was a daughter who thus became in effect an only child. Her name was Catherine and this mother of Evangeline Booth became one of the greatest of Victorian women.

Catherine Mumford was brought up in cloistered seclusion from a wicked and seductive world. Lest she be tempted to read French novels, she was taught no French and the proprieties were partner to her Puritanism. She lived in that precise era when well-behaved young ladies had to purse their lips by pronouncing plums, prunes and prisms, and for a time it seemed as if she were doomed to be an invalid. She suffered from curvature of the spine and she was a consumptive. The child was a bundle of nerves and hypersensitive, the authentic mother of an Evangeline who was to arise in her place.

Any suggestion of cruelty to animals drove her to distraction. She caught sight of some sheep that were being unkindly goaded. She rushed home, flung herself on the sofa and relieved her feelings by a flood of tears. She saw a boy driving a cart and hitting his donkey with a hammer. Catherine jumped from the carriage in which she was sitting, fell on her face in the

mud, seized the hammer, assailed the lad with blows and words and then fainted. There was that in her which became uncontrollable at the sight of brutality.

Her companion was a retriever called Waterford, and the creature regarded himself as her protector. One day he was in the garden and heard his mistress cry indoors. Through the glass of the window the dog flung himself and Mumford did not approve of it. A large and powerful animal thus devoted to one person and jealous on her behalf was a liability to the household, and Waterford was shot. Catherine was, for a time, inconsolable, and the incident is interesting because the same kind of thing happened, as we shall see, to her daughter, Evangeline.

Catherine Mumford had no opportunity to go to college. There would have been no Catherine Mumford if a college in those days had been available. Some may hint that she must have been lacking in what we now mean by higher education. The answer is that, like Queen Elizabeth when a princess, Catherine absorbed education in solitude, reading a great variety of books with her own eyes, and developing her own judgment. The basis of her culture was the Bible and that best of books she always put first. One vogue of that period, however, was atheism and on atheism Catherine Booth specialised. She knew as much about the propaganda of Bradlaugh and Ingersoll as they knew themselves. They raised the issue. This girl met the challenge. She had no intimates and her constant companion was her pen. She wrote long letters, the English flowing smoothly from page to page, no word being spared. It was Evangeline Booth in a preview. For my first surprise when I was admitted into her confidence was the distinction of her epistolary style.

It was a romance of pew and pulpit that had drawn together John Mumford and Sarah Milward. The pew and the pulpit drew together Catherine Mumford and William Booth. Catherine heard William preach and liked it and liked him. Once more there was the evening after a service which had been dynamic with appeal to the unsaved. They walked home together—to her home—and they knew that they loved. The die was cast, and what had been for each of them an overwhelming sense of individual responsibility to God became

mutual. They shared the calls that had come to each of them.

About the introduction of William Booth one evening to the home of the Mumfords there was a momentary unpleasantness. For Mumford had heard Booth recite a lengthy and combative poem, quite popular in those days and entitled *The Grog-seller's Dream* which nightmare ended with the lines:

With a stifled sob and a half-formed scream,
The grog-seller woke—it was all a dream.

There was an awkward silence. One of the guests had been much upset by the teetotal lyric. He confessed frankly that he was a moderate drinker and he appealed to the Bible in defence of his habit. William Booth as another guest was much embarrassed.

The clear voice of Catherine Mumford was heard in reply. She admitted that wine is mentioned in the Bible with commendation. But she argued that the Bible draws a distinction between fermented and unfermented liquors, the ales and the ades. She insisted that, despite all said to the contrary, people could be kept sober by act of Parliament and she was sarcastic over the contention that liquor should be sold for the sake of the public revenue derived therefrom. We have another of those previsions of what was to be Evangeline Booth's influence in favour of abstention from intoxicants.

William and Catherine Booth thus loved with an absorbing affection. Their betrothal embraced prayers, hopes, principles, anxieties and service of others. It was the more tender in its loyalties because any idea of marriage seemed to be out of the question. Their romance was sustained by an interchange of letters which, assuredly, was remarkable. They dealt at length with all manner of questions that had to be faced, nor could a Prime Minister have written to his Sovereign with a more mature sense of responsibility for what he was putting upon paper. The Booth family that was founded by these parents, as they became in due course, cannot be understood unless it be realised that they were trained and taught to take themselves and each other seriously. Such was the theology, the evangelism, the finance—whatever topic arose in the minds of the lovers. All was illuminated by avowals of mutual devotion.

On one subject there was a sharp difference of opinion. William's background was Anglican and masculine. Evangeline Booth is my authority for saying that the Mumfords had associations with the Quakers who, then as now, lay insistence on the spiritual and civic equality of the sexes. Catherine threw herself into the argument which, as a result, was decisive. Unless husband and wife were to enjoy the same status before God and man she would not marry even her William. Thus it was that in the fifties this determined young woman stood in the forefront of progressive opinion, including herself among the pioneers who claimed the suffrage for women and an entrance into the legal and medical professions. Years before her birth, therefore, the stage was set for the career of Evangeline Booth, the first and hitherto the only woman to be elected General of the Salvation Army. The entire movement before it rose to the surface of society was based on the whole family—husband and wife, brother and sister, son and daughter.

William Booth had been carrying on his evangelism as a layman. But it would be a mistake to suggest that he avoided or despised holy orders. On the contrary, he sought them and for an understandable reason. Many times he found himself face to face with audiences that included persons who had enjoyed advantages of education superior to his own. He wished to be trained for the ministry and to be addressed as "reverend."

Among the Wesleyans, as we have seen, he had his troubles, and with Catherine's full approval he turned to the Congregationalists where, he assumed, there would be greater freedom of organisation, each chapel being "independent" of the others. Suddenly he was faced by the sinister ghost of the long deceased reformer, John Calvin, whisking through dark corridors in his black Genevan gown. This grim spectre threw a shadow across the Salvationist's path and uttered the sepulchral word "Predestination."

Not so many years later Gilbert was playfully to inform Savoyards that "every little boy and girl that's born into this world alive, is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative," and it was this party system that Calvin applied to the fate of man. Every little boy and girl was to be either saved or lost, and there was nothing that anyone could do about it—not the individual himself, however repentant he might be—

not even the Saviour on the Cross. William and Catherine did not flinch from the contrast between heaven and hell. What a man sows, they taught, that shall he reap. But they refused pointblank to accept the Genevan edict that infants at birth are denied the opportunity of redemption and consigned, whatever they are and whatever they do, to the pains of the inferno. William left the Congregationalists to themselves, and one may add that most Congregationalists of our own day agree with him.

It was thus within his own adopted Methodism that, after all, William Booth was called to be a minister of the Gospel. At last he was entitled to a "reverend" which courtesy he retained to the end of his life. He served in a number of churches and was able to marry Catherine Mumford. They were affiliated with the Methodist New Connexion, now united with the parent body of Wesleysans.

He conducted services. He baptised, married and buried his people. But his one interest was preaching the Gospel. It was the Gospel preached by the great American evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. It was the Gospel that drove Livingstone into Africa and Grenfell into Labrador. It was the Gospel engraved on the mind and expounded by the lips of Evangeline Booth.

A plain statement of this Gospel is thus essential to truth in biography. For apart from the Gospel the lives of these Booths cannot be lived over again. It was, after all, a simple affair. We are sinners. If we are honest with ourselves, we know it, and sin is death to the soul. To be saved from sin and restored in soul is thus essential to a life worth living. For this reason the Saviour of the world died on the Cross, thereby winning redemption for mankind of every race, religion and nation. They who are saved are under an imperative obligation to make known this salvation to others. Millions of people subscribed to this faith. Millions still subscribe. The Booths honoured their signatures. They were the Wesleys of the nineteenth century.

Booth like Wesley ran into trouble with his Church and essentially it was the same trouble. It was one of those troubles where there was right on both sides. For we have, first of all, the Church as crusader. Then, the crusade has to be organised

into an institution. Within the Salvation Army itself the crusade and the institution may be observed and studied under the same Flag.

Booth, later to build an institution, was starting as a crusader. He crossed all frontiers. He preached in church, chapel, theatre, tent or the open air. He was what on newspapers is called a free lance, and in the resounding words of Wesley the world was his parish.

But the Methodist New Connexion had left some of this crusading behind. It was organised into districts and districts were assigned to certain ministers. William Booth did not submit to the view that he must only preach the Gospel by permission of the regular man on the spot, and his unauthorised meetings were attended by tumultuous crowds. As he asserted the right to speak, so they insisted on the right to listen. There was criticism. People talked about the after effects of so much emotion, and Booth himself suspected emotion and did as little as he could to stimulate it. But the broad verdict of history is definite. For what is meant by the dignity of man, the poor man as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the learned, William Booth was already beginning to win his great victory. He was one of those in Britain who laid the foundations of a national stamina that faced the tests of war, depleted resources and a perfect plethora of difficulties.

The good men who guided the Methodist New Connexion were hard put to it. How could they clip the wings of their admired but inconvenient eagle? In 1861, four years before the birth of Evangeline Booth, they held their conference in Liverpool.

It was a dull and dusty chapel, long since swept away. There was a rostrum, seats below and a gallery above. The floor was occupied by well-meaning but embarrassed clerics, among whom sat William Booth in his long frock coat and with a well-worn silk hat, broad of brim, on his knees. His pale black bearded face was attentive and anxious, and no wonder. A home crowded already with four young children was at stake, and all the children were under seven years of age. In the gallery, calm and courageous, sat Catherine Booth.

The debate was unhappy. Compromise was suggested.

William Booth looked up at the gallery, and a woman's voice was heard.

"Never," said Catherine Booth, in the first, the shortest and the most important speech she ever delivered.

There were low cries of "order" and William Booth, holding his hat, walked down the aisle to the door. On the porch his wife was waiting for him and together they went forth into the street to face whatever was in store for them.

The Methodist New Connexion was not hard on them. But they were soon dependent on their own slender resources. From that time onward they belonged to no denomination recognised as such. They practised their faith in separation from the Churches, and this has been Evangeline Booth's attitude during her long life. It has been a friendly separation. Many years later than that, in 1861, King Edward VII invited William Booth to a private audience. The Salvationist leader expected to meet a man of the turf and a worldling. He was greeted by an English gentleman, and during the conversation the King asked the General what the clergy *now* thought of him. "Sir," he replied with the humour that never failed, "they imitate me."

Far in advance of the twentieth century the Booths had thus to face what we consider to be the modern choice between marriage and career. The fact that for both of them the career was spiritual rather than secular only intensified the issue to be decided. In 1845 Charles Kingsley, in his sturdy Protestant fashion, had dramatised the conflict in the mind of St. Elizabeth of Hungary when she was torn between love for a husband who adored her and the demands of an ecclesiastic who exacted from her what he held to be a higher allegiance. Multitudes of Catholics had abandoned the idea of earthly wedlock to find their home in cell and cloister. Evangeline Booth herself steadfastly resisted inclinations to matrimony.

To the whole of this asceticism the answer of William and Catherine Booth was defiant. They flouted the cult of celibacy. Not only did they marry. They fulfilled the meaning of marriage to the utmost limits of its opportunities and its obligations. The little woman who started her career with tuberculosis and was to end it with cancer, as we shall see, became a

miracle of achievement. She managed a husband who was not always inclined to be manageable. Within twelve years she bore eight children, all of whom survived the perils of infancy. Yet, with this to exhaust her energies, she was able to "mother" the Salvation Army and take a frequent place on the platform. Amid generations that read George Eliot, Jane Austen and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that followed Harriet Beecher Stowe onto the battlefield, that applauded Jennie Lind, that revered Florence Nightingale, that curtsied to Queen Victoria, a woman had to be somebody before she was anybody. No woman of her day was more, no woman did more, than Catherine Booth.

Those eight children were brought up in the faith of their parents. From birth to death, their lives were blameless of any offence, and those who married were true to their vows and responsibilities. All of them made their contribution to the upbuilding of the Salvation Army. In or out of the Army all of them preached the Gospel. There have been thirty-five grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren. In this year, 1947, the great-great-grandchildren are arriving.

YOUTH

DURING one of his tours through the United States, General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army and father of Evangeline Booth, was received with the usual honours by the Mayor of Chattanooga in the State of Tennessee. The Mayor remarked to him that in the year 1865 his city had only 3000 inhabitants and look at it now! "'Sixty-five," said Booth slowly, "let me see. That was when your war ended and my war began." For it was in 1865 that the Christian Mission out of which grew the Salvation Army was initiated—in 1865, by a coincidence, that Evangeline Booth was born.

In the year 1865 Palmerston as Prime Minister died in office and Abraham Lincoln as President was murdered. In sixty-five Gladstone and Disraeli, now among the ancients, had still to form their rival governments, and Evangeline Booth as a young woman saw them pass beyond the scene. She watched from afar the rise and fall of the united German Empire and united Italy. She was active when Mussolini and Hitler, the dictators, were lads, and she was still active when they passed to their doom. She has seen a whole world of civilisation vanish in blood, sweat and tears, and she has also seen a new world painfully endeavouring to stagger to its feet. The eighty years of her life embrace wars and revolutions innumerable and apocalyptic in their summation, inventions that transformed human life in homes, challenging claims by science, industry and labour, both on the community and on the individual. Yet she has been changeless amid the changes—first, last and all the time a Salvationist, and when the reporters asked her if she had any regrets, she answered, "Yes, one. I wish I had a second life to give."

At the outset of the nineteenth-century England, including Thackeray, gaped at nabobs returning from India and flaunting the spoils of the gorgeous East. Byron was among the poets who embroidered magic tapestries beyond the horizon with verses that rivalled the *Arabian Nights*. The Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV, followed the fashion by raising an oriental palace at Brighton, facing the English Channel, and this he called 'the Pavilion. After he had vanished unregretted from the scene, his cupolas and his minarets were handed over to the community as a museum, and one of the rotundas was found to be suitable for public meetings.

In the year 1865 there gathered within these exotic surroundings some thousands of people. They were not outcasts within the slums. They were serious looking and serious thinking people whose sober demeanour was a complete contrast to the aristocratic excesses of a former day. They listened to the calm clear voice of a lady, still young, who was dressed like themselves—and Queen Victoria—in bonnet and mantle. Surrounded by spaces so extensive she seemed to be strangely small on that platform, yet as she reasoned with her audience of righteousness, temperance and judgement to come, the people, like Felix when Paul addressed him, trembled. It was Catherine Booth, not yet a Salvationist in uniform but a Salvationist at heart, a wife and a mother. For she had borne six children and was assured of a seventh. The being of Evangeline Booth was already pulsating within her and she was present on that occasion. The prayer of the expectant mother was for a daughter—a daughter who would never marry but belong to the Salvationist cause.

In November of that year the Booths moved their home in Hammersmith west of London to the northerly district of Hackney. Their new address was One Cambridge Heath, and during December there was an air of expectation around the place. It was expectation mingled in the mind of the mother with nervous phantasies, and one day when she was sleeping she woke up screaming. There was, she cried, a spider crawling over her face. William Booth reassured her and if there ever were a spider it was swept away. She must think no more of it and go to sleep again.

It was, perhaps, a pity that an impressionable child was ever told of that hypothetical spider. For to the end of her life she disliked these insects, and even after eighty years she mentioned the incident.

It was a white Christmas and on the eve of the festival that home was full of subdued excitement. Would the expected event occur on the great Nativity of Jesus Christ? Or would it anticipate that anniversary by a few hours? They waited and prayed and hoped for the best.

Suspense was relieved by the chiming of bells in the church near by, and in the street below were heard the waifs singing once more their well-known carols. Amid the Yuletide music was born the child and at once the mother asked in a murmur whether the face was unmarked. She was made happy with the statement that no spider in her thoughts had left an impression on the tender skin, and within the half-hour Catherine drew the hand of her William over the infant's brow. Together they gave their latest to God.

Thus was Evangeline Booth born, and it was within a family full of high spirits that she found herself. The boys, on the whole, were the lords of creation—Bramwell, just eleven and already called to be an apostle—Ballington, a year younger and ringleader in all escapades—Herbert, only three and still a toddler amid his elders. Catherine, Emma and Marian were the girls. The general impression was that an angel had visited their home during the night—a rather more important visitant than Santa Claus—and had left a little sister behind.

At the door as they were having breakfast appeared their father. He was still wearing the long frock coat of a nonconformist minister and behind the beard the face beamed with delight. He was carrying a basket lined with straw, and wondering eyes peered into Evangeline Booth's first cradle.

"Here," said her father, "is God's Christmas gift."

They commented on her wealth of hair, and as she was growing up Bramwell in his playful way would chaff his sister about starting life in a wastepaper basket. She enjoyed his banter and had her answer.

"It's not true, Bramwell," she would retort, "and if it were true, it would teach you the lesson that you should be careful how you throw things away."

Naturally there arose the question what the child should be called. General Evangeline Booth remembers how Evangeline was the name chosen for her by her mother. But, it has to be added, that Catherine Booth had been reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and she decided that there should be another Little Eva, a joy in the home. Instructions to this effect were given to a proud father but on the register, for some reason, appeared the name, Evelyne, and apparently he really meant it for there is Evelyne in letters that he wrote many years later. However, Evelyne was never other than Eva in the home and on a day that she dimly remembers she was presented to a mouselike lady called Harriet Beecher Stowe, who unwittingly had been created her patron saint. For many years she remained Eva but in due course she came to the United States where she met the veteran, Frances Elizabeth Willard, founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who had learned by experience that prestige is essential to a woman of responsibility if she is to hold her allotted place in the world. Frances Willard advised Eva Booth that she would be wise to assume the use of the full name, Evangeline, to which she was entitled. The suggestion was accepted.

On letters and cablegrams Evangeline Booth often signed herself by her middle name Cory, and here again a tale can be told. In the rough seaport of Cardiff on the southern coast of Wales there were two brothers, John and Richard Cory. They were coal merchants in a large way and on black wagons drawn by cart horses one could see their name in soiled white paint. The Cory brothers were hard-headed business men, accustomed to deal with the mining industry, but they were convinced that William and Catherine Booth, visiting their city and other places, were proclaiming and practising a Gospel that made a difference to society, and they backed the Salvationist Movement with substantial sums of money. They owned a fleet of freighters to which a new vessel was added. It was called the *William Booth* and any profits it earned were to go to the cause. The good ship *William Booth* was wrecked, however, off the coast of Bermuda—not that it made any difference to the zeal of the Cory brothers. They continued to be firm friends of the Booths and that was how Evangeline got her middle name. Whatever happens to coal in England the good-

ness of the Cory brothers will be enshrined in the annals of the Salvation Army.

From her earliest remembered moment Evangeline Booth thus found herself in the midst of great doings. Across the threshold of her home swept a tornado of telegrams, letters, messages and, worst of all, callers. It was the central chaos of an organisation as yet unorganised, of a success that needed to be protected against itself. Even the undaunted Catherine sometimes sighed. "I had always wanted a home," she confessed when her end was near, "and it had to be an office."

What William Booth called the war was not the worry. To be burdened with the needs of mankind required stout shoulders but the burden was light. For neither he nor his Catherine would have had it otherwise. What did fret the spirit, was the persistence of petty domestic claims on his slender resources. Evangeline Booth was only four when her grandmother, Mary Moss, widow of Samuel Booth ended her long and brave life, nor could the granddaughter have recollected the fine old lady. But we may recall scenes when, from time to time, the grandmother, fiercely proud of her descendent brood, held the little Eva in her arms and felt that her distresses had been, after all, worth while. Evangeline does remember a tall thin person coming to the house whom she was to call Aunt Mary. It was William Booth's sister who for so many years had helped her mother keep the little shop in Nottingham. To assist that mother and that sister was among the cares of the Founder of the Salvation Army.

Across Evangeline's crowded retrospect flits another faint memory. She was introduced to a gentle old man whom she was to call "Grandfather." It was only a glimpse that she had of him but he won her heart. It was John Mumford, wheelwright and lay preacher, father of Catherine Mumford, and when he was around there was an embarrassed sorrow in the air—the glimmer of twilight, never glad confident morning again. For the contention over alcoholic liquor which had disturbed the amenities during the first visit of William Booth to the home of the Mumfords, had been followed by a regrettable sequel. In John Mumford we see a man of blameless instincts, of Christian principle, witness and example, yet it seems that drink sometimes got the better of him. He began to be less

efficient than formerly as a worker and less helpful as a preacher. It was with reason, then, that the Booths narrowed their minds on this question. They knew what they were talking about, and among the texts that they emphasised was this—*Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.*

Then there was the health of the family to be considered. Those were the days before inoculations, medical inspections in schools and all the paraphernalia of preventive medicine. Plumbing was often primitive and local authorities left sanitation to take care of itself. Water had to be filtered before drinking and there were germs in the air that people breathed.

A trustful belief was that you never caught anything at church or Sunday School. You were immune. In any event the Booths did not hesitate to expose themselves night and day to every kind of contact with poverty and uncleanly conditions, nor in their case did the alleged immunity appear to be effective. They seemed to catch everything that came along. Poor Marian, already a victim to childish upsets, had the smallpox, and Evangeline spun round on her toes in paroxysms of whooping cough, and her voice, as she once wrote, a choice between "a whisper and a croak."

In Evangeline's seventh year it was plain that things were working up to a crisis. If William Booth had been made of iron, he could not have stood the strains upon him and for a time he collapsed. The doctors in their lavish way ordered him a year's rest, sending him to a hydropathic resort at Matlock in Derbyshire which specialised in the restoration of shattered nerves, especially among overworked Methodist ministers. There they were told to keep him quiet.

During his alleged seclusion he heard of a young man called George Scott Railton. He was of Scottish ancestry but the son of Methodist missionaries, and his age was twenty-three. He had been brought up under the terrific affirmation that sin in the world is accompanied by eternal guilt and is thus the road to hell. More real to this boy than the love of God had been the fear of what God would do to him. One day he heard his mother talking with another woman. What, they were asking one another, should one do if one had only five minutes to live? The friend of his mother answered with some courage,

"I should just leave myself in God's hands and say to Him, 'Now, I trust you to pardon a poor guilty sinner, and if you let me perish I cannot help it.'"

The boy's clouded mind emerged into sunshine. He sang out loud the hymn,

God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus lives and loves me still.

At the time he was fifteen years old and his stamina was tested no less severely than that of William Booth himself at the same age. For his parents, reckless of consequences, flung themselves into an epidemic of fever at Douglas in the Isle of Man. In relieving others both of them caught the malady and both of them died, leaving their boy penniless and an orphan. He eked out a living with a firm of Anglo-Spanish merchants, thus training himself in the strict discipline of finance and learning the use of foreign languages. The years were not lost, but when he was nineteen this Xavier among Protestants had had enough of the secularities. Without resources he took ship for Morocco of all countries and there he spread a banner on which was the strange device, "Repentance, Faith, Holiness." The consular authorities thought it wise to take him in hand, he was enabled to work his passage home as a steward and whatever else he did, he managed somehow to preach the Gospel.

There was his congregation at Middlesborough in Yorkshire. The people gathered in a butcher's shop. The pulpit was the wooden block used by the butcher for chopping his meat, with the blood cleaned away. Here could be seen the strange fellow, at once sincere and practical, of whom the Founder heard when he was at Matlock. He became William Booth's secretary and for eleven years lived in the home as a member of the family, the mother loving him as a son. His place at table was next to Eva who, like other little girls, sometimes declined to eat her food. Railton thereupon would say that she must eat his food instead, and over eggs for breakfast there was quite a struggle, Railton losing a spoonful for every spoonful accepted by the child at his side. Why not let him have another egg? she would plead. Not to be thought of, was the answer. If Eva was naughty, someone else would have to suffer.

There was a young girl that waited at the table. She was Polly, and in few homes would Polly have been regarded as anything but a maid from the kitchen. But there was an incident that Polly remembered to her dying day. A hungry man was loitering outside the house at Gore Road, and Eva jumped from her chair and asked her mother if she might take her helping on the plate to this sad fellow. At once the mother gave permission, and the man was astonished to find the plate in his hands. It was the first of all the free meals distributed by Evangeline Booth, and there by the railings of the park he ate it up. Polly saw the whole thing and it was one incident in the home where she was earning her livelihood that led her to become a Salvationist.

She proved to be the kind of person that was wanted as a pioneer in the Army. One of the orders that she received was:

Proceed King's Lynn. No home, no hall, no friends, no money. You must succeed. Writing. William Booth.

Polly had not the faintest idea where King's Lynn was on the map and others whom she consulted were no better informed. However, it proved to be the ancient and famous watering place in Norfolk and there she went, having only sixpence left when she hired a hall. In the street at her first meeting someone threw her three half-pence, saying that it was a pity that such a respectable looking girl should have to sing for a living. In the hall—called the Athenaeum—she was told after her first evening that she had prayed seventeen times. The police jotted down her name in their books on twenty-seven occasions. But within three months a local clergyman had enrolled a hundred converts in his church, and a corps was started in the Army. Thirty years later Adjutant Mary Ann Parkin returned to King's Lynn for a celebration and was welcomed as a benefactor of the city.

To the end of her life Polly was as vividly illiterate as John Wycliffe who would have rejoiced in her spelling. In one of her many letters to Evangeline Booth she wrote:

For our encouragement the dear Lord has told us there is more joy in the Presents of the Angles in

heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and has I think of you, my darling, Miss Eva, in this your twentieth year (as Commander in the United States), I think there must be a greater and glorious note of triumph in Heaven, not only for what you have done, but for what you are—a true representative of Jesus Christ and your glorified Parents; Hallelujah.

She told of Eva's sermons in the old schoolroom, and when she died Polly was honoured with obsequies in the Congress Hall, Clapton—the Army's Westminster Abbey—and taken to Abney Park Cemetery, where lay the Founder and his Wife.

Railton was an example of absolutely unquestioning obedience to William Booth as General, and a constant advocate of centralised authority within the Army as a military organisation. Also, the former clerk in a merchant's office was insistent on precision in the keeping of accounts and minutes of proceedings. Otherwise his spirit was free as God's air that he breathed. Evangeline remembers him appearing on the platform carrying his boots and socks, thereby to demonstrate that the grace of God is sufficient to save you even barefoot. The Booths who were leading that meeting, however, soon put a stop to that kind of thing. A much loved officer of that period died of heart failure while leaping up the stairs of a station to catch a train.

"Great news!" cried Railton, "a glorious rush up the railway steps to heaven. I wish for no better ending to my service." And the wish was to be granted. For Railton, after racing hither and thither at William Booth's command, and incidentally organising the original work in the United States which Evangeline Booth was to develop to such impressive proportions, was rushing around the great terminal at Cologne on the Rhine when his hour came and he was promoted to glory.

On the kind of home in which Little Eva was brought up there have been poured floods of ridicule. Fiction, drama, the movies have combined to discredit what is popularly or unpopularly called the Puritan household where it was not permitted to dance, smoke, drink, play cards, go to theatres and the race-course, where grace was said before meals and the family joined with the servants daily in prayer and the reading of the

Bible. Yet, in the case of the Booths, one does not hear of a whisper from any of the children, whatever their later differences may have been, that would suggest a grievance against the parental authority. Not one of these children at any time would have had their home different from what it was, and this original Salvationist household in which every day was crowded with interest, endeavour and co-operation, has been the example on which homes in the Army throughout the world have been conducted.

The severities of the régime, as they seem at first sight to have been, were without mitigation. In those days there were no movies, no radio, no telephone, no automobile. Sunday papers, such as they were, came under sabbatical taboo, and outdoor games were encouraged during the children's earlier years. Catherine Booth was a great believer in fresh air and provided every inducement that would keep the children out of doors. They played tennis, football, and cricket, and many were the arguments as to which side Evangeline should be on in cricket, where she won fame as a batsman. Evangeline Booth, as I have known her, played none of the usual parlour games, and in her conversation, at any rate, she seldom, if ever, alluded to them. Yet never was there a home more abounding in happiness than this home where she was brought up. It overflowed with high spirits and there was not a dull moment.

For the mother had thought out the problem to be solved. If the children were to beware of the world around them and to be in a measure deprived of its satisfactions, they must be free to enjoy to the full a liberty of affection in the home to which they belonged. They were thus made to feel that the house where they lived was theirs by right of possession, and they were encouraged to devise their own amusements. Their mother was allergic to noise and she had her own sanctum. Above the ceiling was a double floor packed with sawdust which deadened the tumult in the playroom on the uppermost floor immediately above. Their father was a stickler for tidiness and punctuality. But there was always a hospitable kitchen, a schoolroom and a playroom within which realms of romping nothing was said if the carpets were rolled up, if the furniture was turned up-side-down, if scratches were seen on the polish, and chips on the ornaments. No accident that was really an

accident was punished as moral turpitude, and as long as the rampaging continued the mother above it all sighed with relief. The distant sounds indicated that all was well with the souls of her brood. Only when her William returned to his home after his campaigning was there insistence on quiet. For the husband and father came first and every child was made to know it. On rare and remembered occasions William Booth would join in the fun. His most rollicking pastime was the game of Fox and Goose and, according to Bramwell's witty but ironic comment, the father "was always the fox." He led the chase and provoked the screams.

When the place happened to be a bear garden it was Ballington who played the bear. There was nothing in the way of a prank that he did not think of. One of his triumphs was an upturned table with its legs in the air. Rugs were draped over the legs, and under the flat of the table was set a large roller. The contraption thus became a ship at sea, rocking up and down in the waves, within which craft crew and passengers were huddled, Evangeline among them. *En voyage* the red-headed cook from the kitchen supplied occasional rations—of which red-headed cook we shall hear again.

There was not one hundredth part of the printing of books, newspapers and magazines in those days that there is now. But over the five-foot bookcase in this home, none the less, was exercised a vigilant—it should be added, a broad-minded—maternal censorship, calculated to reserve the children's attention for what in literature was really worth their time. Nor did they worry very much over what in the second-best they were missing. For they had quite enough to satisfy their absorbent minds, and to neo-pagans it will be a surprise to learn that their bill of fare consisted mainly of the Bible.

They were taught and, throughout their lives, never ceased to believe that the Scriptures are the inspired Word of God, unique among the writings of man. But this confidence in plenary inspiration did not mean to them that their Bible was a book apart from the lives that they were living with such infinite zest. It was not with restraint and hesitating awe that they turned over the sacred pages. On the contrary there was about their use of the Bible something of what Chesterton would have called the jollity of the middle ages—that enthusi-

asm of minds unspoilt which animated sculptors and painters when they carved scenes above the portals of cathedrals and decorated their glowing manuscripts. To the Booths the Bible was the most fascinating of story books. They dramatised the record of patriarchs and prophets, themselves acting scenes from the lives of Abraham and Joseph, David slaying Goliath, Daniel in the den of lions, Jonah and the whale. These home plays were not held to be irreverence and none forbade the performances. It was as if God Himself, the Father Who loves children, were having a good time with His own.

In their playroom an essential equipment was a Noah's Ark of large dimensions and corresponding zoological capacity. This Biblical menagerie was reserved strictly for Sundays, on which day of rest the animals were paraded on a table, and some of them showed signs of wear and tear, especially in their lower limbs. One by one these crippled creatures was selected for sacrifice, and the altar was the middle of the table which soon showed a circle of black charcoal due to the ceremonial. In later years, the officiating priesthood realised that their fulfilment of Levitical rites had been imperfect. For according to Scripture the beast chosen for sacrifice must be without blemish (Lev. 6. 6.), whereas these wooden creatures had been chosen for one reason—that they could no longer stand up straight. On the platform there were those in the family who made effective use of the illustration.

The Bible, elsewhere recited in meaningless monotone, was thus absorbed into these children's beings. It was inspired—yes—but what mattered was that it was inspiring. It gave ideas. It stimulated initiative, nor did the children's miracle plays end with Holy Writ. They attended revival meetings. Talk of triumphs over sin was their table talk. They organised, therefore, their own revivals. Seats in a room were arranged for a congregation, with a penitent form in front. The preachers were Ballington and Bramwell—Katie and Emma with their dolls and brooms dressed as such provided the congregation of unsaved. The young mothers insisted that their babies could not be kept from crying. It was a baby's right to make its voice heard.

This maternal view much annoyed the masculines who would issue the command, "Take the babies out of the theatre,"

o which the protest of the sisters was devastating, "Papa would not have stopped preaching because a baby cried—Papa would have gone on preaching anyhow."

Ballington would then deal with some special derelict—seizing a pillow case and coaxing the helpless offender to start afresh. There were brotherly slaps on the poor fellow's shoulder.

It seems strange—this playful mimicry—but an explanation may be suggested. In Catherine Booth there could be discerned an instinctive wisdom which antedated what nowadays we call child psychology. Why were these youngsters allowed to include the Bible in their games and play at revivals? It was because, in their pastimes, they were making these living records their own.

There was, however, an unseen and subtle line drawn between the allowable and the forbidden which could only be crossed at peril. One day Ballington spent what few pennies he had saved from his pocket money on a silver ring. He put in an appearance with the new ring on his finger and immediately there arose a singsong,

"Ballington's a backslider! Ballington's a backslider!"

"Silence!" said William Booth and silence there was. "You will go to your mother," he added, "it is a matter for her to deal with."

Ballington left the room and returned in due course, red in the face, and without the ring.

Of the eight children, as we have seen, Evangeline was the seventh. She was nine years younger than Bramwell and eight years younger than Ballington. It was thus into an environment already accepted in the home that she was plunged and the environment was a domestic sunset. For Bramwell, returning in the afternoon with his schoolbooks, would have his cup of tea and set forth again with a portfolio under his arm, already his father's intimate helper, and so was it with the elder children, each in turn. They went forth to the holy war, leaving Evangeline to devise her own games, and like the rest of them it was ozone that she seemed to be breathing.

The question in that home was not whether this, that or the other—say, the theatre—was right or wrong in itself. It was whether this, that or the other, however innocent, interfered with aims of greater importance, whether it was compatible

with the discipline essential to militant evangelism. If a person was living for self and sin, it did not matter so very much, one way or the other, whether he spent his time in a music hall or on a race-course. But it mattered very much if a person was professing to devote his life to the Gospel.

William and Catherine Booth, moreover, were haunted by a misgiving. They knew that their children interested people, and they feared that one or other of them, on whom had been lavished instruction and prayer without ceasing, would be lured from the Army into the field of entertainment where they would be found of the very stuff of which performers are made. There was flattery, money, notoriety awaiting them in secular fields. Could they be held true to the Christian crusade? Let us answer that question. Difficulties, as we shall see, awaited each one of the seven active sons and daughters of the Founder, and at times they made difficulties. But not one of them drifted away from the Gospel they had received in youth. Not one of them was different in essentials from what their parents had prayed that they would be. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* appears the statement that William Booth in old age "was saddened by the different views of theology taken by some of his children." That assertion is exactly one hundred per cent erroneous. Not one of those children wavered in their full devotion to the Gospel which they had learned from their parents and not one of them failed to do a good life's work for that Gospel. It is true that one son-in-law, with his wife, was captivated by the prophetic Dr. Dowie, but this aberration does not justify reflection on the fidelity of the loyal seven.

An instance of the parents' concern for their youngsters was the circus. It was an entrancing mystery, arriving from nowhere and vanishing suddenly into the unknown. Its tent was spread like a mushroom and to put the tent out of bounds was simple. But the circus had a way of leaving its tent and parading the streets, passing in front of people's houses whether they approved or not. In the home of the Booths when that happened, the blinds were drawn as for a funeral.

Half a century afterwards Evangeline Booth confessed something that had always been on her conscience. On one occasion she did raise the corner of a blind in her bedroom just an inch or two and peeped at the parade as it passed. She

denies that it was the elephants and camels and clowns that led her into temptation, or the gilded floats on which sat glittered goddesses on their Elysian thrones. What she yearned for was just one glimpse of the beautiful lady riding a white horse, not for the sake of the beautiful lady but for the sake of the horse.

During this guardianship of the family there was raised an issue over which William and Catherine Booth took for a time different views. Was there or was there not to be a piano in the home?

Any idea that William Booth was indifferent to music, should be set aside. He was not among those Quaker-like persons who conducted their services in silence rather than song. On the contrary, he was never tired of his favourite hymn,

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.

And Evangeline Booth spent many a merry hour singing to him popular ditties like "waiting at the Church" while he had out a good laugh. When she was on one side of the Atlantic and he was on the other and she wanted an answer to some point she had put to him, she would hurry it up by the message that she was still "waiting at the Church" and the answer would usually be forthcoming. It was William Booth who, asked why he used choruses from the music halls for his sacred words, replied that, in the words of Luther, he could see no reason why the devil should have all the best tunes. It was not music as such, then, that the Founder objected to. How could he with the Anglican and Wesleyan tradition in his blood?

No, what he feared was that his quite too musical children would be lured onto the concert stage, and Catherine shared the misgiving. But she was wise—very wise—in her motherhood and she knew that music was not something outside her children—like gambling—which they could pick up or leave alone as they wished. It was an instinct born within them from which they could not escape and it demanded expression. And she had the Bible on her side. From Genesis to Revelation there is music in the Scriptures and music is shown to be the only art of all the arts that, surviving the here and now, is fulfilled in the celestial regions. Catherine's arguments allayed William's apprehensions, and the piano made its appearance.

The effect of that piano in the home of the Booths reached in years to come to the ends of the earth. Within the Booths themselves were discovered aptitudes which were utilised to the utmost. Ballington's violin, the several concertinas—they enriched the revivalism and Evangeline, as we shall see, became quite an orchestra in herself. For the Salvationists have not been content with hymns familiar to the community as a whole. They wrote and still write their own hymns and set them to music, and no hymns have been more popular than Evangeline Booth's *The World for God*, to mention only one of her many compositions.

Inspired by such leadership Salvationists became the Lollards—the spiritual troubadours—of the modern world, a singing fellowship amid the shadows and the sighs of sin and suffering. They began their psalmody with drum and trumpet and tambourine. As years passed they trained bands that could play with acceptance within the grounds of Buckingham Palace. There are tens of thousands of bandmen in the Salvation Army, including soloists and vocalists whose performances would have a high value in orchestras or over the air if the musicians had been up for sale. These men and women of professional efficiency, however, give their services to the Gospel, (neither asking nor receiving any return in financial compensation.)

The old General was a realist over music. It was not enough for his troops to volley forth a chorus. They must know the meaning of the words they were singing. He had no use for "la-di-da singing"—making a sound with the mouth without articulating any words. It was "not worship or commonsense." He would add that choirs in churches are assailed by three devils—the quarrelling devil, the dressing devil and the court-ing devil.

To her children Catherine handed on that love of animals which had been second nature to her when a girl. Keeping of pets was encouraged, for were they not to be accepted as a part of the divine and wondrous universe that included flowers and trees and mountains? Caring for animals, moreover, was training in that thoughtfulness for others which is the very essence of Salvationist principles. Evangeline Booth has amused her mind with a memory:

My mother was a great believer in hydropathy. At the first unfavourable symptom we were either stewed in soap-baths or sweated in tepid damp sheets, or roasted in tropical Turkish heated rooms or gargled with liquids that would do to choke on or fed with benefits derived from plain water in gruel and meal.

The boys had their guineapigs and it was their hope that these fecund animals would multiply to a hundred, but they never got beyond ninety-nine and whenever they gave evidence of a disturbance in their internal mechanism, what must be the treatment but hydropathy! Enthusiasm for this cure-all as an element of success in healing led us to throw our entire dependence on the benefit of hot fomentations, and before long it was not a question of "ninety and nine that safely lay," but of the ninety and nine that didn't "lay" at all. The investment in guineapigs vanished in soap and water.

Like her mother Evangeline from the age of five onwards was never without a dog. Catherine Mumford's retriever, as we have seen, was called Waterford—Evangeline's was Nelson, and Nelson like Waterford suffered for his too jealous adoration of a young mistress. The charwoman tried to strike Evangeline and Nelson bit the charwoman. Tearfully inconsolable, Evangeline saw her guardian quadruped dragged away to die and hardly less disturbed was her father when he realised her grief. There was no doubt of his profound affection and pride in his children or of their pride and affection for him. Evangeline Booth's whole soul went out in reverent and co-operative love for one whose greatness she appreciated. But with a wit that she inherited from her father, she would say, "He embraced us but, of course, as a man clad in armour."

It was William Booth's idea that his daughter might be comforted a little if she had something of her own to remind her of her lost Nelson. So he had the dog's pelt made into a rug. But when the child caught sight of this she broke into fresh floods of tears, and the father was not able to make anything of it. He kicked at the rug and cried,

"Here, somebody, take it away."

Such were the minor worries of a great man surrounded by great events.

Of a morning the work for the world began early and in his dressing-gown William Booth would be seen pacing up and down his room. On one such day Railton was sitting at a table with pen, pencil and paper in front of him. He was, as we have seen, a careful scribe with a passion for accurate detail which, largely owing to his influence, has ever been a feature of the trained efficiency of the Salvation Army. Bramwell was in that room co-operating as a youngster and learning what was to be his long life's work.

The older men were hammering out the annual report of what was still known as the Christian Mission. William Booth was General Superintendent and already Railton had a way of dropping the word, Superintendent, when he addressed his chief, so calling him "General." Said William Booth,

"We want a name for the work."

Railton wrote on his pad, "We are a Volunteer Army."

William Booth walked across the room to Railton and stooped over his shoulder. He took the pencil, crossed out "Volunteer" and substituted "Salvation." The passage *then* read,

"We are a Salvation Army."

Thus casually did the Founder coin the phrase which is now familiar and unforgettable throughout the world.

The phrase was perfectly timed. For nineteen centuries of tidal advance and reaction the Christian Church had declared itself to be militant here and triumphant hereafter—a challenge to all faiths in all continents. Reginald Heber, the missionary bishop in India, had uttered the marching hymn,

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Another Anglican had been a curate in Yorkshire where he fell in love with a mill girl whom he educated and married. At Lew Trenchard in Cornwall he was both squire and rector and when, years later, he lost his wife, he inscribed on her tomb,

Half My Life.

He was Baring-Gould—the poet who sounded forth the trumpet call

Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war—

stanzas which Sullivan, at the very peak of his fame as a composer, set to music which has become the battle hymn of English-speaking democracy. This expresses the aggressive determination during Evangeline Booth's girlhood to win the world for Christ—for what the world ought always to have been—and the spearhead of the confident impulse was the Salvation Army.

At the heart of things dwelt Evangeline Booth, a slender little slip of a thing, with a very decided will of her own, observant, missing nothing of what was going on around her and failing in no lesson to be learned therefrom. It was not a quiescent and serene Christianity that she absorbed into her being but a Christianity determined to make a difference and to take its place among the makings of history. She heard the discussions around the supper table. She was thrilled by news of victories and defeats. She was awed by the news of riots that added a spice of peril to her own prospects.

Suddenly everybody that she was concerned with went into a new kind of costume. Her father was no longer arrayed in the long frock coat of a nonconformist minister, but in uniform. So with her mother. It suggested quite a new situation. The General stepped forth into the street in dark blue regimentals with a red waistcoat across his heart. It was not long before the cloth of those waistcoats became of monetary value. For it was made up into various domestic articles, including tea-cosies, of which I was to purchase one which cost me—if I remember aright—thirty shillings. Catherine, wife of the Founder, William Booth, and the Army's Mother, with her own hands designed the Salvationist bonnet. It was the bonnet of the Puritans which that earlier Evangeline in Acadia wore as she tended the sick, and Acadia was to be the name given to the home in the United States where the Salvationist Evangeline was to live for so many years. The bonnet of the Puritans had been worn by the Quakers long after it had gone generally out of fashion, and it may well have been that the Quaker blood

which has been attributed to Catherine as a Mumford thus found expression. In any event, the bonnet became a new symbol of faith and service—even appearing in musical comedies as a popular feature of the scene.

The Salvation Army was considered by startled observers to be playing at soldiers, and the impression was spread by the rapid adoption of a military vocabulary. Mission houses were much more appealing as "citadels" and "forts." Prayer became "knee drill." Reading the Bible was "taking one's rations." Every revival was heralded as a battle, every convert was a prisoner of war, every opposition was the enemy of souls called the Devil. Simple minds, quite outside the ranges of theological disquisition, caught onto this combative presentation of the Gospel with the immediate understanding of essentials which was revealed in Paul, when he talked to the Roman world of Christian soldiers in their armour and gladiators and athletes striving for the mastery and standing sentinel.

The impact of all this on the mind of the child had its amusing side. Her pet at the moment was a marmoset called little Jeannie, of very affectionate disposition to its mistress but somewhat indecorous behaviour otherwise. She would race up the curtains until she was out of reach and then she would peer down on the people below her with disrespectful grimaces. The hats of the ladies who called on the Booths—sometimes very important and dignified ladies—greatly offended the artistic tastes of the monkey who would leap onto these headgears and signify her disapproval. Evangeline was very sorry about this and hoped that her small sinner would reform. Her accomplices in the kitchen helped the good work and clothed the animal in a miniature uniform of the Salvation Army, with insignia according.

Catherine Booth entered the room and saw the monkey. She looked at the uniform. There was another of those silences. Quietly the monkey was unclothed, and Evangeline wanted to know the reason why.

"But, Eva," said the quiet voice, "she doesn't live the life."

The words stayed with Evangeline Booth throughout her career—*living the life*. A man may be changed but, as Catherine Booth put it, "once a monkey, always a monkey."

Her especial resort was the kitchen but there were also

the schoolroom and the playroom. The red-headed cook was her obedient vassal and regarded her with some reason as an infant prodigy. For Eva stood one day on a table and proceeded to enliven a somewhat discouraged household by a sermon on cheerfulness. Her text was the stanza:

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

Good cheer amid adversity—that was the homiletic. “Hey diddle diddle” meant, of course, “alas, alas,” and there was reason for being upset. For the cat had got into the fiddle which is the last place where a cat ought to be, and the cow, instead of staying around like a good cow and giving milk to poor little hungry babies, had taken it into its head to jump over the moon. But—be not downhearted! Still let us look on the bright side of life. For the little dog laughed to see such fun, and as for the dish, bless its heart, it went running around and around after the spoon. And what a grand time *they* had.

Her father heard about it, and desperately in need of recruits for his Army, he kept his eye on his daughter. We catch a glimpse of him on the stairs, head forward, pad and pencil in hand. For Little Eva, now somewhat older, is in the kitchen, mounted on a chair with an improvised congregation ranged in front of her. This time her text is *God Is Love*; and William Booth would not miss a syllable flowing from those lips. His stout heart was stirred to a fierce exultation. Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, there she was, one of his very own, in whom already he could read the promise of what would draw thousands of lost sinners to the foot of the Cross.

Here on the desk lies a neatly typed pad of notes for an address. The text is “God Is Love” and we see what a child’s idea became when her powers had been matured by experience. We read:

Justice cries out: Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Ye must die.

Judgement thunders; The wages of sin is death. Ye must die.

But breaking through the ranks of heaven and hell
there comes one with garments died crimson red.

His brow drops blood,

His side is torn,

His hands have nail-prints,

His feet are bruised,

His heart is bleeding,

And He throws his emaciated body across the gaping chasm between justice and mercy, and cries:

Stand back, ye lawful accusers,

I die a ransom!

I turn aside the blood soaked mantle and I see
five bleeding wounds,

And I say, Behold the Lamb of God who taketh
away the sins of the world.

.

No grand-daughter of Sarah Milward, no daughter of Catherine Mumford, could have been other than a tempestuous child. Yet in her impetuositities there was manifest a generous instinct. It was not any thought of herself but indignation on account of others that sometimes upset her. She writes:

My mother often said that our sister Marie, two years older than I, was her most beautiful baby. But at a very early age smallpox weakened her health and she could not profit by study as did the rest of us, nor in later years take part in public life. Being nearest to her in age, my mother asked me to make it my duty to help her with her lessons and see that she had a place in the games.

One day she failed to grasp the intricacies of a French translation, and our governess, becoming irritated, took hold of her beautiful hair and pulled her head first one way and then the other. My mind recalled the verse often quoted by my mother, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and my small hand smote the cheek of the governess. I was ordered to bed without lunch or supper—nothing but dry bread and a glass of milk.

My mother happened to be away and the red-headed cook—we shall hear more of her—insisted that she would

never have punished me by loss of food. After dark she stole into my bedroom with jam tarts under her apron and never was I happier to see her red hair shining like copper in the candlelight. My conscience troubled me, however, and I asked, "Do you think I should have jam tarts when I am supposed to have only dry bread?"

"Your mother would wish me to do this," answered the cook, "Miss Berry"—our housekeeper—"gave me a kind of 'int like."

For two days I refused to say I was sorry for the reason I could not say so truthfully, after which my mother returned. She explained to me that, even if we have the highest motives, restraint is wisdom. It might have been right to defend Marie but she was sure I was sorry for the way I had done it. I still wanted to say, "No," but I caught a dimness in my mother's eyes and I replied,

"Nearly."

I was *nearly* sorry.

My mother used this incident in a concluding appeal to a well-to-do audience in the West End of London, and a gentleman who had great possessions wrote to her,

'My life is full of nearlys—nearly repentant—nearly confessed—nearly saved—nearly all things to God—but never more than *nearly*.'

I have asked Evangeline Booth whether she was ever conscious of undue pressure on her mind and will on the part of her parents who were so prayerfully anxious for her conversion and inclusion in their Army. She denies that any such pressure was exerted at any time. The words that she uses to define the position are influence and example. Day by day, what her parents said and did and were brought her face to face with what Carlyle called the decision between the Everlasting Yea and the Everlasting Nay, the question—not what do I believe, not which is to be my Church, not am I to go to college, not what is to be my occupation, not do I wish to marry, but this—to whom do I belong—whose am I and whom do I serve—and the day came when she gave her answer. She writes:

For some reason my mother suggested that I visit the gallery where paintings by Gustave Doré were on exhibition in London. The artist was at the time enjoying his greatest vogue. I was ten years old and had no particular taste in art, save that I did strongly object to the vivid red of the cook's hair and was corrected by my mother for being too outspoken in the matter. "Well," I promised, "I won't mention it again but will you not ask her to wear black instead of her brick-colored dress?" However, holding our housekeeper's hand, I found myself gazing at the immense picture, *Christ Standing Before Pilate*. There before my eyes was the unyielding majesty of Jesus, infinite patience and tender forbearance manifest in his firm and silent lips. The slender figure in the seamless robe, the eyes that looked on the screeching, maddened mob with fathomless compassion. I shivered as if I were cold.

My mother had told me in words of the crucifixion, and on another canvas I now saw the scene. I burst into tears.

"Will no one come out to help Him?" I asked. "Why does not some strong man shoot them down?"

The housekeeper—she was Miss Berry—drew me to yet another picture known as *The Vale of Tears*.

"No one," she said, "is hurting Jesus here."

The Redeemer was holding His arms outstretched toward a motley throng of men and women, decrepit in body, miserable in soul. One victim of calamity was torn by evil spirits and I felt that I must go to his aid.

"Why doesn't he throw them away from himself?" I asked.

"You can't throw evil things away from you without the help of Jesus Christ," said my companion.

"Do they cling too hard?"

"Yes."

In this picture my child's logic saw the reason for the cruelty to Christ on the Cross, and my own future spread out before me. My life should be lived for the poor, the wicked, the helpless—they should have my life—have it all.

It was time for lunch but I refused to leave the picture. My companion insisted but I still refused, and

a lady who happened to be standing near broke in with,

"Excuse me, can I be of any assistance? Let me take care of the little girl while you run out and get her something to eat."

"Will you stay with the lady?" asked my companion, and I answered,

"Yes, I will, if the lady will stay by the picture."

On returning home I poured forth my experience to my parents who were never too busy to listen to their children.

Years later I had to face a great temptation—wealth, jewels, a position near the Court, passionate adoration—all that a young heart could desire. He was a Christian too. It was then that my father reminded me of Doré's paintings and my refusal to go to lunch when I was hungry. [We sat under an old tree. In the scarlet of a setting sun I saw again the picture. I wrote the next day: *I am not coming.*]

The way in which this event in the life of Evangeline Booth has been put by her on paper somewhat strains chronology. For it was years before marriage became a problem that she had to face, and she states, "I always sent the proposals to my mother." It was when she was twenty-nine that the big test came, and the suitor was Prince Galitzin, belonging to one of Europe's historic families. It is hardly necessary to point out that the allusions to Russia in what follows refer to the Russia of fifty years ago when the Czars were on the throne, closely related to Queen Wilma. Prince Galitzin's disappointment when her refusal was found to be absolute is reflected in two notes:

Paris, April 2nd, 1894

My Dearest!

Commissioner Clibborn and everybody here are indeed very kind for me and they do their best—but it is not *my dearest*—and *I cry!* When I remember what you are for me and that you are so far away, *I cry!* When I look at my dear little watch, *I cry!* Why? Because *I love you* and because I know that you pity me!

Here I try to do my best for the work! And I hope to do the same in Russia. Here I am working under the name "a Russian friend" and in a quiet way. I will also be very prudent because we have to be prudent sometimes. I will stay here only some days more and in Germany also a few days—and afterwards Russia—that means troubles and persecutions probably.

Goodbye to all! And to you, *my dearest, always with you and fully yours, G.*

Paris, 1894

My dear Dearest,

I am still here trying to do my best to forget you a little, and to be able to go more bravely then to Russia. But it is not easy to forget you. I am working here very hard and seriously—in a *private way*. I have been much blessed, specially with the *cadettes* in lecturing. Tomorrow morning I have to go to a little water-place near Havre on the seashore for about two days and afterwards Paris—Berlin—Petersbourg . . . and, I hope, *not* Siberia or Caucasus. It is hard, very hard, because it means Goodbye to you, my dear Dearest. I was thinking to go to London to see Mrs. Tucker and perhaps somebody else, but the *first* thing, I fear to meet somebody of the Army in London, and the *second* thing it is too hard to say you Goodbye. My poor heart knows that experience . . . Tell, please, the *Little Lamb* to send me a few lines—dear sweet Little Lamb, MY Little Lamb—is she? *is she not tired of me?*

God bless you!

Yours in Jesus,

Galitzin

For years Evangeline Booth was pursued by rumours of possible marriage. "Go to it," she would say to the gossips, "and watch the press so that you won't miss the wedding!"

And now we must return to the child not yet in her 'teens for whom romance lay still in the future. Hour after hour, one night, she tossed in her bed, sleep much disturbed, and it was morning at last. She was still in her nightgown but she had to tell somebody about it. She burst into her parents' room and the words came. She had made her choice. Her whole being had

been surrendered to the Saviour of mankind. William and Catherine Booth were filled with gratitude to the Holy Spirit Who had guided their daughter. They knelt at the bedside with Evangeline between them, and not without tears they gave thanks.

Surveying in retrospect the many occasions on which, with thousands present, she has been the central figure, and the large affairs that have been influenced by her judgement, Evangeline Booth has been inclined to impatience over what she has called "the little girl stuff." Yet there is a certain fascination in the contrast between her 'teen age and girlhood in our later day, and one conclusion is obvious. Whatever of modern education she missed, she did at least escape the shades of the prison house that envelope and sometimes stifle personality. She did remain herself and was not required to be anybody else. She carried no sheepskin but she was graduated for leadership.

She was an impulsive child. She has always had her moods, and often her health, though robust on the whole, has been uncertain under exceptional strains. But never for one instant did she flinch from her decision to be what the Salvation Army means by a Christian. With an inflexible purpose in her heart she set forth on a new path through the world around her nor at any time did she stray from it. Many a change was wrought in her time—many a social order shattered to chaos by war and revolution. Many altered ways of thinking swept like shadows over the pages of her Bible. But in the last long eighties Evangeline Booth, making allowances for inevitable weariness of spirit and the effects of prolonged dealing with the harsh realities of a sometimes selfish human civilisation, is what she had been when she was eighteen and younger—essentially unchanged. Nor did her parents doubt the reality of her conversion. They had prayed for it and God had answered their prayers. As He had called the child Samuel, so had He called the child Eva, and when she answered, "Here am I," He had taken her at her word, and for time, for eternity, it was a pact.

Here and there through the years lived on some aging person who remembered that scene of long ago when Evangeline Booth made her début. It was a crowded hall. The audience was seething with an excitement that even William Booth could scarce restrain. Amid cries of "Hallelujah" and "Praise

God," sinners advanced to the penitent form, and the General called for quiet. There was a hush.

"My Little Eva will sing for us," he announced and for the first time in her life the child stepped forward and gazed on a sea of upturned faces. She looked fragile—there in her brown smocked dress with her face shaded by one of those large hats like an inverted saucer that were popular in those days. She was quite collected and sighs of sympathy rose from the women in front of her, "God bless her." Her voice was untrained—some will say that it scarcely needed it—for it kept true to the music and as her father wished you could distinguish the words. The people joined in the chorus and raised the roof in their exultation. It was as if the prophet Isaiah were in that building—he who had foretold that "a little child shall lead them."

At the age of fifteen she was measured for the uniform of a sergeant. The bonnet that her mother had designed was fitted by a mother's hand to her head with its auburn hair, and the riband was bound under her chin. So did she receive her commission at the very lowest rank in the hierarchy of the organisation to which she was to give all that there was of her, and with it came a kiss from Catherine Booth to whom henceforth she was to be more than a daughter in the flesh—a fellow comrade in the conquest of the world for God.

ENGLAND

IT WAS into a movement already surging through society that Evangeline Booth was plunged. We have seen that in 1861 her parents left the Methodist New Connexion. That was four years—let us recall—before Evangeline was born, and the first important revival of the parents after they had cut themselves adrift from the Churches was in Cornwall. The use of chapels was often refused for their meetings and scorn was poured by clergy on “the perambulations of the male and the female.” “Is not a Cornish miner as much worth converting as a Chinaman?” was Catherine’s devastating reply, and the people rose in their thousands. They tramped over hills to attend the meetings. Across the darkened seas around their rocky coasts they rowed their boats, and with cries and groans that embarrassed the evangelists they threw themselves on the rail where sinners were saved. It was a revelation of the unsatisfied depths in the restless soul of man at last finding peace.

From Cornwall the Booths invaded the midlands. At Walsall there was a desperate character—prizefighter, drunkard, gambler—who required half a dozen policemen to land him in jail. “This is the boy,” he shouted through the bars, “who will never give in.” William Booth tackled that man and his cry changed. “The lion’s tamed!” he boasted, “The Ethiopian’s white! The sinner’s saved! Christ has conquered.” At Sheffield appeared a Hallelujah Band. It marched through the streets in

red shirts and the Garibaldi was a dealer in white mice and pigeons.

So it went on until 1865, just before Evangeline's birth, when William Booth arrived at two decisions. He must concentrate his attack on London, and he must only use the pavement and the street corner as a preliminary means of getting people into a hall for more concentrated attention. There was a burial ground of the Quakers off the Whitechapel Road, dark, dank and deserted. There William Booth took his stand on a soapbox and there he raised a tent. It happens that we can visualise the actual scene. For when Evangeline Booth was General of the Salvation Army and was at work in England there came a weary evening when she declined positively to talk with one other person. Nobody, she said. But a policeman, backed by all the majesty of the law, told her that somebody must see her. The car had broken down, it was drizzling and they had thrown a blanket around her as she stood impatient on a rickety platform in the open air.

"Then let him come here," she said.

"He can't come," said the policeman.

"Why can't he come?"

"He can't climb those stairs."

"Why can't he climb the stairs?"

"He's ninety three years old, General."

"Ninety three years old!"

"And he's come two hundred miles to see you."

The tired out General clambered from the rickety platform to the ground. She greeted a very aged man, bowed and crippled.

"I'm a lamplighter by trade," he explained slowly collecting his thoughts. "And I'm the boy that helped your father in the tent on the burial ground."

"How did you help my father?" asked Evangeline Booth.

"I strung the lamps on a rope," and he seemed to wish to say something further. At last, the words came,

"Your father said something to me. He said that one of these days they would be stringing lamps just like that around the world. That's what your father said."

And in sixty countries or more it had come true, a forecast that would have been forgotten if the man to whom it was

addressed had not come two hundred miles that wet day to meet the Founder's daughter.

The tent collapsed and William Booth attributed the mishap to a gale of wind. But one of his helpers had a look at the tent ropes, and this man had a reason to know. He reported sabotage by roughs who had cut the ropes. The cemetery thus dedicated to resurrection is now a children's playground.

William Booth was now like the Founder of his faith wandering around without anywhere to preach his Gospel. He made use of a vacant chapel, a stable, from which he was evicted because his services were a nuisance to a sparring club next door, a carpenter's shop, a shed adjoining a pigstye, a pigeon shop and a skittle alley. His organisation was known first as the East London Revival Society, then as the Christian Mission not confined to East London and, finally, as we have seen, as the Salvation Army.

The change from General Superintendent to General was verbally trivial but William Booth soon found that it aroused comment. For the moment Queen Victoria was annoyed. Hers, after all, should be the only army in her farflung empire, hers the only generals. Huxley, the scientist, poured scorn on "corybantic Christianity"—poor Huxley. Many clergy considered that the Army was an irreverence, and the people themselves had to be won to their own peculiar expression of faith. In Croydon an Irish Catholic hurled a heavy saucepan at the street meeting but his aim was inaccurate. The black coats of the Salvationists were daubed with whitewash, they were pelted with flour in paper bags, with mud and stones and cabbage stalks, even with pepper in the eyes. At Harrogate, the health resort in Yorkshire, Sanger's Circus found itself in close proximity to the Salvation Army. Drums and cymbals, supported by the trumpeting of a large elephant and two camels, drowned the voice of the speaker, and one enthusiastic fellow beat a Sanger drum with great energy. Only afterwards was it disclosed that he was an ally of the Army who carried a penknife concealed in his hand. It was war and the Salvationists made no secret of it. With a humour that never deserted them they would sing:

The devil and me, we can't agree;
I hate him and he hates me.

And then they would break into the chorus:

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

At Chatham a publican emptied a pail of water over a Salvationist lassie. She wiped her face and said,

"May the Lord save that dear man," and the little company added a fervent "Amen." Thus dishevelled, bleeding and begrimed Salvationists marched to their halls, mounted the platforms and proclaimed dauntless deliverance from sin.

In 1863 Kingsley wrote his classic *The Water Babies*. The hero of the phantasy was a chimney sweep who now appears faintly on human memory as a mythical being of the bad old days. But in 1843 there had been born at Coventry a child who really was what Kingsley described. He answered to the advertisement, "Small Boys for Narrow Flues." They put calico over his face and a scraper in his hands and forced him from the fireplace to loosen the soot above. He started work at four in the morning and from the age of six onwards he was plied with liquor. When he was seventeen he took up boxing as a pastime.

With his partner in the ring, he spent a Christmas at Warwick watching a public hanging. The bodies were dangling in the air and the other fellow said, "That's what you'll come to, Lijah, one day." The lad was afraid. He gave up tobacco, liquor, swearing and everything that his Methodist grandmother had condemned. Elijah Cadman was converted, and no mistake. The village of Lutterworth, once the home of Wycliffe, was aroused by a handbell. It was rung by one who announced himself as "Mr. Cadman, the Sober Sweep from Rugby," and he shouted that 60,000 people were "lost, lost, lost," in the year through drink. He would run out of the house saying, "I've seen Jesus Christ," and in the street he would repeat, "I've seen Jesus Christ."

He swept the chimneys in the home of a master at Rugby where Arnold was headmaster and Tom Brown went to school. There was a pretty parlormaid in that house and the Lord told Cadman to marry her. He was quite illiterate but he managed

to get some kind of a note into her hands, and when he asked her what she thought of it, she answered, "Nothing at all." He replied briskly, "Let me know 'yes' or 'no' by tomorrow morning's post. I can't stand any longer waiting." The letter came and it said 'yes.' The marriage was perfect and it lasted for fifty-seven years.

Elijah Cadman was an institution in the Army. On the platform he seemed to overawe everyone else, the Booths included. He carried a Bible with the words "Cadman's Sword" on the flyleaf, but he could not read it and often holding the volume up-side-down he would recite verses that he had learned by heart. He would even sit astride the rail in front of the platform to show how people wobble over salvation.

His posters were characteristic:

WAR! WAR IN WHITBY! 2000 MEN AND WOMEN

Wanted at once to Join the Hallelujah Army
That is Making an Attack on the Devil's Kingdom . . .

.
The Battle is Begun; Thousands Killed and
Wounded; a Few Saved from Death . . . Captain
Cadman will Lead his Army . . . and will Throw
some Hot Shot into the Enemy.

HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED

and All who Want to be Healed from Sin and
Freed from the Devil. Come in Thousands.

On the impressionable personality of the child Eva, this strange saint, Cadman left an ineffaceable memory.

Those were days when Salvationists were a law unto themselves. Converts would embroider gospel texts on their clothes and so appear in the streets. There was a terror of a woman whose heart was changed. She wore a placard on her back with the words, "I am Happy Eliza" and happy she really was. For with fine insight St. John Ervine insists that William Booth

"appealed to the joy in the English poor," the inexhaustible jocularity that sustained the Tommies in the trenches. Happy Eliza was acclaimed in songs of the music hall, dolls were named after her and bought in the shops, and Happy 'Lizas were sold as sweets over the counter.

The whole idea of Salvation was that it turned darkness into light, sorrow into joy, death into life. One of Cadman's devices was a little slip of cardboard, recalling the railway, for instance:

Hallelujah Ticket
Leicester to Heaven
First Class

And at Leicester he had a field day. For—the year was 1877—a man called John H. Starkey was there hung for murdering his wife. Without a moment of hesitation Cadman announced that in the evening General William Booth would preach his funeral sermon. The hall was jammed with the crowd and the crowd interrupted the proceedings by stamping their feet. But when William Booth managed to get in the words, "John H. Starkey never had a praying mother," there was silence.

Yet he could be gentle—this rough man—in his imitation of Christ. At Barnsley in Lancashire an outspoken woman sold oranges. Cadman spoke to her and she seized a fish from a near by stall in the market and struck him across the face, driving home the insult with her customary ribaldry.

"Glory be to God," he cried, "God bless you. He can save you."

And saved that woman was, becoming a Salvationist.

Salvationists did not complain of the resentment they aroused. It was the Devil fighting back, nor was the animosity wholly spontaneous. Of all the financial interests in Great Britain, coal, cotton, steel, shipping, the most powerful, politically and socially, was liquor, and liquor did not like what was going on. "That woman," complained a publican at Middlesborough in Yorkshire, "has spent seven or eight shillings many a Sunday, and it's no joke that she's saved, taking away custom like that." Sadly said William Booth as he looked into the bars where the trade was going on, "The poor have nothing but

the public house." And it was true. For in those days there were no moving pictures, no soda fountains, few schools, only the roughest games up and down what Robert Blatchford, the Socialist, in bitter anger, described as "Merrie England."

In 1882, when Evangeline Booth was seventeen, her father braved a head-on collision with the Trade. On City Road stood a public house called the Eagle Tavern and an adjoining theatre. William Booth bought up the unexpired lease and so ended a notorious resort. There was uproar in the district. Salvationists were robbing the poor man of his beer, and the other public houses in the neighbourhood distributed free drinks to a mob that bombarded the Eagle Tavern with stones, bottles and stinkpots. Within the edifice knelt men and women amid the glass of broken windows.

Against William Booth was invoked the law. The owners of the freehold argued that by refusing to sell liquor on those premises he was endangering the renewal of a valuable annual license, which, under the law, he was forced to maintain and he found himself in a cleft stick. He had staked money entrusted to him by the public and he could not withdraw from his investment. Under compulsion of the Court, therefore, he set aside a small room as a bar and painted his name over the door—William Booth—licensed to sell alcoholic liquors!

Large were the sums of money spent by the "trade" on hiring ruffians to defeat the Salvationists, and the money talked. It was two centuries since John Bunyan in Bedford Jail had written his *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory second only to the Bible in Victorian England as a plan of Salvation. Thackeray adopted Bunyan's Vanity Fair as the title of a novel descriptive of high society in the days of Waterloo. No fury and no folly described by Bunyan and Thackeray surpassed the excesses of blasphemous ribaldry that assailed the Salvation Army.

Above smooth mown sward rose the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, painted by Constable and one of the loveliest things made by man. Under the shadow of that spire lay Salisbury's police court where stood a poor widow accused of preaching the Gospel. "I exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come," she explained and, led by His Worship the Mayor of Salisbury, the magistrates broke into laughter. "The Lord bless you, my lord, and save your precious soul," said the widow, and the

merriment was renewed. She was exhausted and could only add, "Lord help you!" at which there were roars of ridicule. Who now wants to know the name of that mayor of a cathedral city with its ecclesiastical reputation? But as long as the Salvation Army lives and works throughout the world, the name of Sarah Sayers will never be forgotten.

For many of these years an important friend of the Booths was William T. Stead and Evangeline knew him well. He was a journalist and he founded the *Review of Reviews*, for which monthly he interviewed the Czar himself in his palace at St. Petersburg. His career ended on the *Titanic*.

"You work your people too hard," said Stead to William Booth. "Of what use to you is an officer when he is dead?"

"It's a bad general," was the stern rejoinder, "who spares his men and loses the battle."

It was a discipline from which William Booth did not spare his own children. They who only know the Salvation Army in our own day get the idea that the Founder favored his own flesh and blood in making his appointments. The fact is, of course, that he had nobody else to help him in their particular fields. Bramwell, shadowing his father everywhere, was a glutton for work that somehow had to be done. Ballington—handsome, genial, the sweetest of singers—with the fiddle that he played as he liked and the concertina that he had really mastered—went forth bearing a name that filled any hall. In Cornwall he followed in his parents' footsteps and with similar results. Once more there were the "Glory Fits" that somewhat disturbed William and Catherine Booth and might be compared with the attitudes of the Holy Rollers. After one evening of conversions the offerings on the penitent form included seven feathers torn from women's hats, three pipes not again to be smoked, a fine pin, an Albert chain for watch and waistcoat, a tobacco pouch and two rolls of twist for chewing, one of them twenty-four and a half inches long.

It will be recalled that Catherine Booth had been educated in cloistered seclusion from the French language. Many were the mutterings, therefore, when it was found that her daughter, Katie, was working hard at her French, and people asked what it meant. They were told that William Booth was encouraging the girl to seize the weapon wielded so wickedly by Balzac and

Rabelais, and turn its edge against the Devil. Defensive was reversed into offensive.

Salvationists were not alone in regarding Paris as the City of Destruction. Its prevailing religion was not Protestant but Catholic and the Catholic religion did not always prevail. In 1871 the Seine was lighted up with the flames of an incendiary Communism, while every heresy, religious and political, was rampant, and some indecency. It was into this Paris that William Booth was to send a girl of twenty-two years who had never been out of the country before, and powerful friends protested. To all who came to him, the Founder answered quietly, "Kate knows the Lord." Hers was the first landing of the Army, not only in France but on the continent of Europe, and France, after raising her eyebrows over the spiritual escapade, as Paris regarded it, was polite. Catherine the Younger was addressed as *La Maréchale*.

Evangeline began her Salvationist activities by selling *War Crys*. She claims that she became the champion seller of *War Crys* in the Army, and her position was on the pavement outside Liverpool Street Station close to a big public house. She reduced her business to a system. First, she read the current issue of the paper with careful intent. Then, she made a list of all the countries and towns mentioned in its columns. This list she committed to memory, and she would then pursue passers-by, telling them that there was an interesting piece in the *War Cry* about this or that place. Over and over again it meant a sale, and she had to give two-pence a time to a boy who brought her further supplies of the periodical, bundle by bundle. She just sold those *War Crys*.

It was in her seventeenth year that Evangeline Booth—to quote a later phrase—went over the top. Her comrade was none other than the redoubtable Elijah Cadman, the chimney sweep converted into an apostle, and they were a noticeable pair. On the one hand strutted a squat little man, stunted in stature by mistreatment in childhood, bearded and broad in the beam, with a face beaming with benevolence, full of love for sinners but terrific in his shattering attacks on sin. On the other hand walked a girl, with pale and serious yet eager face, abundant auburn hair and a voice, untrained and unspoilt, that we who have heard them both compare with the "golden tones" of

Sarah Bernhardt. Twice did the two of them sally forth together, but not the third time.

Over insults to himself Elijah Cadman behaved like the saint he was. But the spirit within him was sorely tried when he saw boys trounced by magistrates for no reason except that they were trying to live as they ought to live within the Salvation Army. Like Jonah in Nineveh he dealt out judgement in no uncertain terms. Suddenly he would appear on the doorstep of the city fathers' residence, would drop on his knees and awestruck passers-by would hear him pray, "Lord take him—take him away."

And the record is that in one case after another the blinds in the house had to be drawn.

Evangeline spoke to her father about it. How to restrain Cadman, claiming to be guided by God, was, however, something of a problem, and firmly the girl insisted that God was guiding her in a different direction. She and Cadman parted, each into a distinct sphere of activity.

Evangeline Booth found herself at Whitchurch in Shropshire. It was an ancient place with six thousand people and the making of turret clocks which were much admired. The Mayor was Melville Porter and he saw no reason why his bailiwick should be disturbed by Salvationists, in which view the neighbours agreed.

The young captain persuaded a local butcher to give her a ride in his cart. The vehicle offended the proprieties by drawing up at the Mayor's front door and the butler was even more upset by the Salvationist uniform right on the step. She wanted to see the master of the house. Most unusual, said the butler. She insisted that the master of the house be consulted and reluctantly the butler paced the hall to the library, unaware of tip-toeing behind him. She walked into the room and there was nothing that the Mayor could do about it.

She asked him why he was so hostile and it was not long before she was kneeling on the carpet in prayer. The Mayor was a gentleman and in courtesy he knelt beside her. He offered to send a guard with her back to the town but that, she said, would not be necessary. For there was no further trouble in Whitchurch.

The leaders of the Salvation Army in those early days were

working a seven-day week, often the clock round. The amazing thing is not that occasional incidents occurred over which there may be more than one opinion in retrospect but that such incidents were so few and far between. As to one such case there has been a discussion extending over half a century, and it enters into this story because it was Evangeline Booth, then a girl of seventeen, who was called upon to handle the situation.

There was a gipsy boy called Rodney Smith. He came under the influence of William Booth who saw that, despite his wild upbringing, there was something to be made of him. Soundly converted he accepted service in the Salvation Army. He was a gentle and lovable man, albeit emotional, and he was gifted with a voice that, singing or speaking, sounded forth what has often been called the wooing note. His success as an evangelist was immediate and sensational. In December 1881 he was asked at Headquarters where he wanted to go next. "Send me," he said, "to the nearest place to the bottomless pit." With a wife as young as himself, one child and a second expected, he found himself at Hanley in the potteries. At first, being a Salvationist, he could hardly get lodgings but within a few months he was drawing crowds and selling 10,000 copies of the *War Cry* every week.

It is, perhaps, no wonder that it went to his head. Never in his life had he been trained to respect Orders and Regulations, nor did he see that for such discipline there is usually a reason. In his autobiography he has confessed quite frankly that on two occasions he wrote out his resignation from the Army and, on his wife's advice, tore up the letter. He did not "like the uniform" and felt that he "was a little bit too respectable for the Army." It was decided to remove him from Hanley to another sphere of work. The wife was expecting her baby and sympathetic women in the town asked Mrs. Booth as wife and mother to postpone the change, which request was granted.

Hanley was on Gipsy Smith's side. At a public meeting the people gave him a gold watch, with £5 for Mrs. Smith and another £5 for their sister. There was no doubt that William Booth had set his face against such presentations, nor, as we can now see be held in the high respect accorded to it in our own day if such generosities, however well-intentioned, had been encouraged. What happened at Hanley was that the

recipient of the watch refused to give it up and incurred dismissal.

There were indignant protests and a deputation to London. But the dismissal took effect, and when William Booth heard of the uproar, he uttered two words: "Send Eva."

The girl of seventeen arrived on the scene. The few stalwarts who were left to the Army stood by their Flag and the crowds followed the bands elsewhere.

"What are you going to do about it?" she was asked.

"I shall preach the Gospel," she answered, "as I always preach the Gospel," and preach it she did, night after night, to empty pews. Then happened the incredible. Of their own volition the bands and the crowd marched back to their familiar hall. The Salvation Army had won, and Evangeline Booth, with the old head on young shoulders, had helped the Corps to weather the storm.

The letters that have had to be examined are full of coincidences. For fifty years later when Evangeline Booth was in the United States she was the recipient of a very desirable wrist-watch with her name already engraved on it. The donor was a Salvationist officer whose means enabled him to make the gift nor was there the slightest suspicion that his motives were other than entirely innocent. But the wrist-watch was declined. Another and very difficult case arose when a number of American officers asked permission to give their Commander a new harp. She would have used it on the platform and also in the composition of tunes for hymns. But she decided against accepting what was so well-intended.

Gipsy Smith always admitted frankly what he had owed to the Christian Mission and the Salvationist influence. He had a way of showing his watch to his audiences which was, perhaps, small-minded. But he did a great day's work for the Gospel, only ending his career in 1947, and with dignity and gentle kindness. A passenger on the *Queen Mary*, making her maiden voyage after reconditioning as a civilian ship, he died on board.

It was in her eighteenth year that Evangeline Booth received her next assignment, and it was formidable. Just north of Westminster lay what is now the Borough of Marylebone. A little stream called Tybourne, later built over, had flowed by the church of St. Mary, whence the name, and the water so

blessed had reflected the gallows where, for so many years, criminals had been hung, drawn and quartered in public. Charles Dickens had his home in Marylebone, Madame Tussaud had her waxworks, not forgetting the Chamber of Horrors, and Sherlock Holmes there had his rooms on Baker Street. Marylebone was an area in the metropolis where the middle-class lived within a stone's throw of slums, not yet scheduled for clearance. In Marylebone stood a Salvationist edifice known as "the white elephant." It included the Great Western Hall—the largest auditorium owned by the Salvation Army at the time.

What she first noticed is significant of the whole spirit of the Salvation Army. That the children in Marylebone were often ill-fed and ill-clothed was obvious. But what cut the young Captain to the heart—fresh from the magic garden of infancy—was the fact that they had no toys to play with.

Some carpenters were astonished when a Salvationist lassie in her bonnet called on them and asked what they did with their sawdust. They agreed to let her have all the sawdust that she wanted. She visited a toy factory. Didn't they have discards—heads and limbs of dolls that were imperfect and had to be thrown away? Yes, was the answer and, again, they would be at her disposal. Next she had to win over a bustling woman worker in a linsey dress, and finally she secured a cellar. On the outside of the cellar was posted:

ALL BROKEN TOYS MENDED HERE
DOLLS MANUFACTURED

Thus years ahead of his poetry did Evangeline Booth anticipate *The Everlasting Mercy* of Masefield, Labour's Laureate, and especially his lines:

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes Joy-bells ring in heaven's street.

Heaven's street, it must be confessed, became something of a pandemonium and the bits of treasures brought to the doll's hospital were pitiful. One customer deposited white mice that were sick unto death and was delighted to receive white

mice, alive and well, on the following day. Here, of course, was sheer miracle, for which and other reasons Little Eva was canonised as the "White Angel of the Slums."

The girl was conscious that a line was drawn between herself and the people at the base of society that she wished to win. She must cross that line and feel within herself what it is to earn a living on the pavement. Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* was a flower girl who was turned into a lady. Evangeline Booth decided to be a lady turned into a flower girl. She clothed herself in a ragged costume and took her place on the steps of the fountain in Piccadilly Circus.

The other flower girls in their shawls did not know what to make of her. Her hands were smooth. Her voice was gentle. But her boots were worn, her stockings were darned, her dress was tattered and her demeanour was wistful. They pitied the "dearie" who had come down in the world so low as this. Not that she was slow at the game. She sold as many flowers as the best of them.

One late afternoon William Booth was told that a young girl in great distress wished to see him. He always had time for those who needed his help and he listened to her story. When she disclosed who she was, he laughed as he always could laugh at a joke against himself.

One late afternoon she found herself in Rotherhithe, selling matches for her living. It was a rough neighbourhood and there was a rough looking man on the pavement with a stove in front of him. He sold hot potatoes for a half-penny apiece. She held out her coin.

"You don't belong here," he said brusquely, "go back to your mother—go back to your mother, I tell you."

She tried to make her voice as rough as his and she told him to mind his own business. Go back to mother—not she.

He became earnest in his persuasion, and he told her his story. He had been a drunkard and had made a hell of his home—striking his wife in the face and kicking his children around like footballs. But that Salvation Army had got hold of him and he'd been what they called saved—converted—if she knew what he meant. He was spending no more money on drink and his home was now decent to live in. If she wouldn't go back to her mother, he begged her to try the Salvation Army.

It must be one or the other—one or the other. And he “wouldn’t charge her nothing for the potato.”

It was incidents like this that developed within Evangeline Booth an unshakable confidence in the potentialities of the under-privileged. “If the rich would help the rich,” she has said, “as the poor help the poor, it would be a different world.” Profound was her belief that a man may be down, but never out. If he falls, and falls, and falls again, he must go on rising again after every fall until he finds his feet and stands upright.

Scraps of a scrawled correspondence tell of the intensity with which a young girl called Nellie Eglinton struggled for decency and faith. Here is a cry from the depths:

Dear Captain, you ask me in your letter—have I given up the drink? This is the truth—I have neither smoked a cigarette or drank a drop of spirits. It was not because I did not want some. I was craving for it when I saw it. But I love you and I thought if I drink and Miss Eva knows, she will not love me any more.

In another letter she tells her story:

Just before you came to the Great Western Hall my father said to me—“If you don’t give up the Salvation Army you must give up me.” I had been going to the Hall then for over two years and I felt it very hard. So I did not take any notice of what he said. I thought to myself he will forget all about it soon. But he didn’t. The first Saturday night you was there, you remember you took us all into the Hall. My father was watching you talking to me round the march. The next week I took your jersey home to mark. My father caught hold of it. I asked him to give it to me. I said—“If you don’t I will kill myself.” He said if I give it to you you must leave your home.” This seemed very cruel as I had a very nice home. My father keeps a large house, and he is very well to do. I did not have to do any work while I was at home. But my love for the Army was too great. I said—“Give me the jersey it is not mine and I will work for my own living.”

Nellie had a little money and for a time she stayed with girl friends one of whom had a sister "on the street." We read:

While there I was offered (sum cannot be deciphered) to go to see a gentleman but I said I have more respect for myself. I would sooner starve. . . . I did not taste drink until that Easter Sunday when I was so wicked to you, but I have signed the pledge. Now I am living with my sister. She hates the Army but I am bound to stop here, because I shall be out on the street if I don't. And may God in His mercy keep me from that . . .

Her great moment came when in the twilight Evangeline was limping home along a back alley. After a hard day with the flowers she was weary. An old man was moved to sympathy by her appearance. He suggested that she should apply to the Salvation Army for assistance.

"Do you think," she asked doubtfully, "that they'll do anything for the likes of me?"

The old man thought it quite possible.

"I was worse than you," he said, "I was a real bad 'un. They took me in hand and pulled me out of it. You go to them, my lass. They'll help you—don't be afraid."

The anecdote went round the world.

There was great concern in those days over what were called "the lapsed masses." People did not always go to church. As a Salvationist Evangeline Booth saw the situation the other way round. Going to church with her meant going into the highways and hedges where there were souls to be saved.

She managed to scrape together a few shillings with which she presented herself at one of those pawnshops that her father had known so well. How much would that guitar be that hung in the window? After a little bargaining the guitar was hers. She bought a nice new riband and hung the guitar round her neck.

The public houses were doing business as usual. The customers, as Wodehouse would say, were draped by their elbows along the bar. Softly the swing door was pushed open and there was amazement. Many a wife had sought to retrieve

a husband and their money for housekeeping. But this young woman was different. She thrummed her guitar and sang. They listened. The barman told them to stop their swearing, and no rude jests, please. It was what Evangeline Booth meant by going to church.

She states that never in her life has she, as an individual, encountered personal insult. Always she has commanded and received the courtesy due to her. But organised rioting had to be faced.

The liquor trade enrolled what was called the Skeleton Army. Its flag was the Skull and Crossbones of piracy on the high seas and its aim was to break up Salvationist processions in Marylebone. Thus was the Blood and Fire Flag challenged—Blood for the redemption that flowed from the heart of the Redeemer on the Cross, Fire for the Spirit of flaming love that glowed in the hearts of those who went forth in His name.

They snatched at the ribands on her uniform, and on one occasion Evangeline Booth was struck by the missiles and stunned. With blood flowing from her forehead she was borne away for first aid. Another day she was seized by an angry constable who twisted her arms and dragged her roughly to the police court. The charge against her was disorderly conduct and the officer behind the desk declined to enter such a charge on his pad. She was released. The people resented being "told by a lady," better off than they. They threw hot water from their windows, followed by curses and jests.

In handling opposition the Captain, for this was now her rank, pursued a certain strategy. She kept her eye on the ring-leader. A young fellow bent on making trouble would be asked innocently for his co-operation. "Walk by me," she would say, "I need you." And suddenly he would be transformed from a rioter into a bodyguard. So with his gang. They still followed him, but right about face.

A particular worry was Whipsie. This youth was as handsome as they are made and he earned occasional money by sitting as a model for artists who painted his face and his hands. Otherwise the Adonis lived by his wits and incidentally drove a donkey cart. The youth fancied himself and the Salvation Army aroused within him the seven devils of mischief. If

Evangeline Booth felt whiskey trickling down the back of her neck she would know that Whipsie, with the countenance of a choirboy, had had something to do with it.

She sent a message to Whipsie and asked him to see her. She received a note that she always treasured:

21 Suffolk Place
Lisson Grove
Marylebone

Dear Miss Evea

I dont now if it is write but ginger told me that you wanted to see me at 6 oclock and I thought he was having a a game with me so I thought I would just drop a line to see weather it was true so will you send word weather it is true.

Whipsy

She asked Whipsie if he would do her a favour. He was taken by surprise but quite agreeable. Would he drive her around in his donkey cart and tell her all about Marylebone? He was, as we say, tickled to death and he polished up his cart until it shone. His donkey barely survived the grooming to which it was subjected, and proudly the three of them did the district. Whipsie's friends were informed that things were now changed. Anyone annoying the Captain would have to deal henceforth with him. For he was converted—soundly converted—and wore the Salvationist jersey.

It is in Evangeline Booth's words that we have the story of Bones:

I was living no longer at home but in the midst of the slums where I commanded the corps. It was Christmas and my simple quarters had been crowded with poor guests. With heart full of joy over this celebration of what was also my birthday I laid me down to sleep that was deep and refreshing.

"Take that, you . . . !" and a crash, a woman's scream and the smash of broken glass awakened me.

I jumped from my bed and looked down into the street. Two men were fighting and, a few feet away, a baffled policeman sprawled in the gutter. His baton had been snatched by the girl who had screamed and

she had run away with it. One fighter had been felled with a blow.

I did not wait to put on shoes but hastened as I was, barefoot, into the snow, only throwing a cloak around me. What I felt in that chill darkness was the Presence that had never failed me when in difficulty—that Fourth One of Whom I had read in the Book of Daniel—the Companion of the three in the fiery furnace.

With my two hands on his shoulders I said to the taller man,

“Don’t! Don’t! I want to speak to you,” by which time the smaller man had vanished from the scene.

“You’ve got the goods, miss,” from the policeman as he adjusted his helmet, and he drew forth the handcuffs.

“No,” I pleaded, “it is Christmas night and you mustn’t lock him up. I will take him home. Who is he?”

“He’s Bones,” said the policeman, “and he’s a terror.”

Bones had so little flesh on him that I understood how he came by his nickname, and his clothes were so torn that it was a mystery how they hung together. I kept him waiting for a few minutes while I dressed for the expedition, after which, drunk and disorderly according to the law, he led me into a resort called Bell’s Court which had been shunned for years by the respectable. Tousled heads and bleared eyes appeared dimly in windows that concealed many a criminal secret.

We dived into a cellar, which was the only home that Bones knew. Not a stick of what could be called furniture, no window save a grating without glass, damp walls that oozed and rats for company—that was his residence. And for the fun of it he would catch the rats and roast them alive. I bound up his bleeding temples and left him on the makeshift of a bed with a tin can of water at his side.

On the morrow I visited him and was greeted by a grunt—quite a compliment from Bones.

“Who done this?” he asked, indicating the bandage. “Thought I’d wake in the lock-up. Who brought me here?”

"I did."

"You!" he ejaculated. "A little bit of a thing like you! Well, all I can say is, you're a chunk of pluck."

He sat silent and docile while I took off the bandage, and he gulped down the bread I had brought him as if he had not tasted food for days. I talked to him about drink.

"Drink!" he replied. "It's the only friend I've got. Wrong to kick a man? I was kicked into the streets when I was seven years old and me father it was that did it. Me mother would come sneaking after me in the shed with a crust of bread. Reckon I don't owe no man nothing."

I asked Bones how he made a living and he answered,

"Selling chips," meaning, of course, the fried chips of potato that accompany fish beloved of the people.

"But if you've no chips . . ."

"Steal," he answered as if it were a matter of course.

I left him in the cellar for I seemed to have caught some kind of a fever. They put me to bed and I woke from a troubled slumber. I was amazed to see Bones at my bedside.

"How did you get in?" I asked, for there had been, as I knew, someone watching at the door.

"I knocked him down," he explained.

He held a paper bag that he was carrying. It contained grapes and I asked him where he had found the money to buy them.

"Sold my jacket and waistcoat," he answered, and he invited me back to the cellar where, he said, he had something to show me. In due course, I accepted his invitation and he drew from the straw and rags that were his only bed three soiled leaves from the Bible. They were scarcely legible but I noticed that two were from Matthew and the third from Isaiah.

"My mother give them to me," he said. "It was all she had to leave me. She said they were enough to take me where she was going and she would wait for me there."

I read the Beatitudes in Matthew—*Blessed are the*

poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven.
And then I read from Isaiah, *He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities . . .*

"Little Captain," he said, "He didn't fight for Himself, did He?"

Bones was finding his mother's Saviour.

Converts in the Army are known as trophies, and one trophy usually leads to another. Alexandra Palace was the rival in North London to the Crystal Palace in the south. There was held the first of the Army's International Congresses. William and Catherine Booth occupied the reviewing stand. Radiant with pride was the face of Evangeline Booth as she stood before her parents and offered two of her trophies, Whipsie and Bones. To continue what she has written:

Years later I was in London on work for the First World War. I revisited the old battleground against sin, and a woman pushed her way through the crowd. She thrust a crumpled scrap of paper into my hands with the words:

I read: "Him as wrote that died just two hours since."

Dear Little Captain, I am dying now with your picture and the Bible leaves close beside me . . . I can die happy now that I know you are near. I shall tell mother how you saved me. In heaven I shall look for you all the time.

Bones.

England in those days was a paradise of the pedestrian. The only mechanically propelled vehicle on the highway was the steam roller and a man with a red flag had to walk in front of it. Riots permitting, therefore, Salvationists were free, more or less, to parade the streets to and from their citadels. They formed circles on the pavement. They blew their trumpets, they beat their drums, they shrilled their tambourines, they prayed their prayers, they declared their testimonies, they shouted their Hallelujahs. Never had there been seen anything quite like it in the annals of religion.

This was the daily procedure at Marylebone, and Evangeline Booth's little congregation began to grow. She who had

begun her oratory by preaching to her dolls had a way with her that won an audience. Voice, smile, youth, sincerity, understanding of others were passports to popularity. But with a facile success she was never satisfied. Never was she one who thought that any old way was all right for the greatest message ever proclaimed by God to man. "The best is good enough for me," was what Arnold Bennett the novelist said of his creature comforts. Nothing less than the best preaching was good enough for Evangeline Booth.

Her first audience in the vast hall consisted of fourteen persons. But she spoke to them as if her life depended on it, and a boy walked to the penitent form. She put her hand on his shoulder and he was converted but he seemed then to drop out of sight—this her first trophy in Marylebone. Fifty years later she heard of him again. He was Cuthbert Shepherd, the Borough Missionary of Southend-on-Sea, a man whose career as free lance of evangelism had become known to the press. Mr. Shepherd received a letter of thanks from George V—and when Evangeline Booth as General of the Salvation Army wrote to him, he replied that hers should be framed and hung by the side of "the King's."

Evidence of her zeal for the message she had to deliver is an old, worn but still serviceable book for manuscript, bound in red leather, with a place for a clasp that has disappeared. On the sumptuous pages she inscribed notes of addresses, some on *Salvation*, others on *Holiness*, the headings sub-lined in red and the handwriting faultless. About that idea of preaching there was nothing hasty, slapdash or superficial.

Those were days when the impromptu speaker had things all his own way. No manuscripts had to be sent in advance to the press and reporters took down what was said in shorthand. There was no radio for which the script had to be approved. For the resultant out-pouring of rhetoricians with a gift of the gab, Evangeline Booth had a genuine admiration. She wondered how they did it. But afterwards she would remark, "I can't remember one thing he said." Her view was that "a sermon should stick."

And it should be a sermon. By training her father was a Methodist minister. It was from the text that he preached—

first, secondly, thirdly—and in this conservatism his daughter firmly believed. Even an unprepared address should have a point and the point like a nail should be driven home. Hard-pressed for time, the Captain would join the procession leaving the citadel and as she marched would look around her, seeking for a topic. For instance, there might be an advertisement on a billboard—*Pills for a Weak Heart*—which was just the thing for a discourse—how to get the best of a weak heart. Another of these billboard texts, was “Blood, to Cure All Ills.”

Paul the Apostle urged his disciple Timothy to “stir up the gift that was in him,” and it was thus that William Booth encouraged Evangeline. “Plunge in the sword, Eva,” he would say, “plunge it in to the hilt. Reach the soul.” Words should be weapons wielded with what she was fond of calling “passion”—a surging emotion that, however restrained, kindled every phrase to fire. The weapons should be shining with polish. Gold and jewels are lavished on altars, no loveliness wasted where the scene is adoration. Thus did this young missionary of the Gospel lavish on her messages of hope and comfort and warning the thought, the aptitude, the literary grace and clarity, the elocution that acting dedicates to dramatic speeches on the stage. “Why,” asked someone of a great tragedian, “do people crowd your theatre when churches near by are empty?” He replied, “I will give you the reason. In the theatre we actors recite our parts as if they were truth but in your churches you preach your truths as if they were a part.” Evangeline Booth never made that mistake. So absorbed were her audiences in her sincerity that she was able to stand silent before thousands for a minute at a time amid a profound stillness. “If anyone had coughed,” said one listener, “I should have fainted.”

To officers who were inclined to be rough spoken in their revivalism, she would say, “Do not tread on velvet carpets with hob-nailed boots.” Where there had been sin and sorrow in families with consequent estrangements, let the touch be as tender as the wounds to be healed. Not for an instant did she allow it to be thought that the common people were common in the sight of God. They were approached with the respect due to their status, even if it be a lost status, as men and women made in the divine image. Drawn into the citadel they were met

with a tact and a consideration for their feelings that became a truly redemptive hospitality. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him."

Meetings to which the poor had been invited, began to be attended by all classes, and in that hall at Marylebone appeared a man who seemed to be apart from others. His was a stout, solid figure and his overcoat was drawn up to his ears. His face was leonine, pale and with sideburns white as the abundant hair on his venerable head. Again and again would he listen to the girl, so many years younger than himself, and when the meeting was over, he would come up to her to make sure that she was well wrapped after her effort, before facing the chill air outside. "Take care of yourself, my child," he would say, "with that voice of yours, and do not overtax your strength." For in such matters he had had experience.

He wrote to William Booth in similar terms. He must be careful of his young daughter and not tax her energies too severely. "Keep her in cottonwool" was what he advised. She was, after all, only at the start of what might well be a life of value. The mentor was John Bright, England's Quaker statesman and her conscience in public life. And for John Bright to the end of her days Evangeline Booth has cherished a reverent gratitude.

Eminent friends were gathering around William Booth, and among them was Lord Onslow whose peerage was founded by an important Speaker of the House of Commons in the eighteenth century. He heard accounts of what Evangeline Booth was doing in Marylebone and his curiosity was aroused. The name of the Captain was thus discussed in the smoking room of the House of Lords. Earl Cairns, Disraeli's Lord Chancellor, was also an admirer of the Booths and in the group was the ever memorable Earl of Shaftesbury, the William Wilberforce of his generation, and perhaps England's finest exemplar of caste overcome by love of the poor.

Years before the recognition of trade unions Shaftesbury fought in the House of Lords against the wrongs of labour. Multitudes of ragged children were gathered under his protection and, standing on a soapbox, he preached Christ to passers-by. Wherever there was good to be done, there he was, ready to help.

Onslow, Cairns and Shaftesbury wanted to know more about this girl hardly out of her 'teens, Evangeline Booth. How did she get hold of the people? They would like to meet the girl.

The Captain received word that she must go to the Palace of Westminster, better known as the Houses of Parliament. She was conducted into an inner lobby where she was seated in an armchair lined with red leather.

"Come, my child," said Lord Chancellor Cairns, "just talk to us as if we were listening to you on the pavement."

"Look on me as a drunkard," added Shaftesbury, impeccable as he was immaculate, "what exactly would you say to me?"

"I should tell you that you are a fine fellow," answered the visitor, "and I should want to know why you treated yourself like that—spoiling your looks and making yourself ridiculous. I should say to you that you are worth more than that and it is time you should know it."

"But if I replied that I couldn't help it . . ."

"I should ask you to kneel with me and pray for God's help."

"If I was not quite convinced . . ."

"I should remind you of Christ on the Cross. He died to save and He did not die for nothing."

"That is what you mean by the Gospel," said Earl Cairns gravely.

"Yes, sir. That is what we mean by the Gospel?"

It was surely one of the most remarkable conversations ever heard in those surroundings, and the statesmen remembered that they had been dealing with a girl who, after all, had her human side. They took her down to the terrace by the Thames and she was regaled with afternoon tea, including Parliament's famous strawberries and cream.

Not long afterwards Lord Shaftesbury died. The site chosen for his memorial was the fountain in Piccadilly on the steps of which Evangeline Booth had sold her flowers. It happened that way.

The day came when the Little Captain was ordered to leave Marylebone, and Marylebone did not like it. The police sent a deputation to the Army's Headquarters where a petition

was presented to the General to reconsider his decision. Even the public houses hoped that she would still remain in the neighbourhood. They pointed out that the customers dropped their cursing when she was around. In the bar itself she had stood for the dignities of man.

From time to time a letter from Evangeline's mother, Catherine Booth, seems like a candle illuminating the whole situation. One of these letters, in its severity, its sound sense and its profound appreciation of a brilliant daughter's temperament and opportunities, is surely a classic, and it affected her outlook on the future.

78 Marine Parade,
Brighton, Jan. 20th
(1886)

My dearest Eva,

Your letter has been long in coming but I was very glad to get it and sat down to answer at once but was hindered. I am very sorry to hear that you have been in such a down condition. Why did you not send me the letters you speak of? If your mother cannot enter into your feelings, who is to do so? . . .

I cannot understand about you being so down. What is it about? Face the question for yourself and look at your mercies. You are only twenty. Your health is improving. You have already such a position as many, even public women, don't reach in half a lifetime. You have the love and care of parents and brothers and sisters such as few have. You have the chance if you will use it of improving yourself as much as you like, and you have such an object in life as no other girl in the world has!! Now why with so much should you be so down?

If it is the state of your health, then the state of your health must be improved, and that can only be done by improving your habits. . . . First, get up to breakfast and if you get tired lie down a bit after dinner. Secondly, walk part of the way down every morning. Thirdly, don't drink too much hot drink. Eat what you know you can digest and nothing else. Go to bed as early as you can and make a law not to talk after in bed.

Now these look simple rules and would require a bit of determination to carry them out but they would pay and you would reap the advantage of better sleep and improved condition all round, and through all your future life. Now could you not begin? Is it not worth the effort? . . .

Do something for your mind. I shall never forgive myself for being weak enough to let you give up school at the time you did. I might have known what it would come to. You see you have not kept your promises. You perhaps say 'I could not.' Well, that is what I ought to have foreseen and so not have allowed you to go into the circumstances [active service for the Army]. However, it is of no use regretting the past. Will you begin now? By the time you are twenty-two you may make yourself a comparatively educated woman. I am ready to do anything possible to help you. . . .

Perhaps you will say, 'But see how down you get.' Yes and therefore I can better counsel you—not to give way to lowness while you are young. I had fifty thousand times the cause to be down when I was your age and yet I struggled above it and made myself what I am without any idea of ever having any sphere of acting it out. I am worn out with long strain such as I hope you will never know—some of it known only to God and myself. But you are young and have had no great troubles such as I had when I was sixteen years old. Don't allow [yourself to think that yours are] imaginary but rise up in the strength of God and resolve to conquer. Do. My love for you makes me desire your highest good. How can love desire less? Anything that desires less is selfishness, not love. You may have others who will be more demonstrative but never who will love you more unselfishly than your mother or who will be willing to do or bear more for your good. I shall keep your little flower and cherish it believing that it represents more than you can speak.

Your ever loving mother,

C. B.

Mind where you put this.

Thus wrote the Mother of the Salvation Army, and a

comment on her letter is inescapable. Nothing that Catherine Booth endured when she was sixteen compared with what Evangeline Booth had to face in her twenties—that was true—but not at all in the sense that Catherine Booth intended. For whatever her troubles may have been, she had her William Booth and as wife and mother she fulfilled her personality. But Evangeline? Time and again, she turned aside from the blessings that her mother had enjoyed and faced the sacrifice of herself with nobody at her side to be a companion. Never did Catherine Booth have to go through that experience.

About the farewell letters of "affectionate roughs" in Marylebone as some of them signed themselves there was a pathos—such desperate attempts to express themselves, such limited caligraphies. Couldn't they see her again just this once? Would she be careful to smile when she was photographed—they liked it when she smiled? One signed himself:

From your obedient servant, one of the rough smooth
down with emery cloth,
God bless you Captain Eva,
Moggy.
You must excuse these letters as i have never wrote any
before.
Burn this after read.

That letter has not been burned. For sixty years it has been preserved. "Jack the drummer sends his love to you," was one message—"there ain't no good Samaritan to give me a good cup of tea in the afternoon" was another. "If," he wrote, "the Vestry was to go and see some of the starving poor in Marylebone instead of paying for decorating the Edgware Road for the Queen to pass through, there would be some sense in that, and buy them some food to eat. This is all I have to say at present."

The withdrawal of her personal influence had repercussions:

Dear Captain, me and fuller has not been in the hall nor around the march since you have been gone. Dear Captain, I nearly got into a scrape on last Saturday night but as luck would have it the copper went

over on his head but two of the lads got locked up. One got 7 days the other 7 days or 7 shillings.

A private of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers stationed in Ireland thanked her for the letter she had written him. "A great many of the men," he wrote, "squander their money in the beer, but since I went to your hall I have not tasted any, and I hope, please God, I shall not have any more, and I am much better without and great deal of money in pocket . . . Thank God For Miss Eva Booth."

Fitzie was a persistent "fan," and quite in earnest about it:

I have not got much time to write a long letter for you this morning as I have to go to work. I prayed for you last night and always will pray for you when I see you so dull. I know you've got a lot of troubles to get over, but cheer up, Captain, Fitzie will do his best for you. . . . I like to see a smile on your face.

In these ill-spelt unpunctuated letters there is revealed a spiritual experience as deep as sanctity among the canonised:

I am sorry to say I have been a backslider but I have been to Jesus and He has forgiven me for all. It is three months now, Dear sister, God has been speaking to me very much since I have been saved. There is a verse that is always ringing through my ears—Go he (ye) out into the world and preach the gospel to every creature. I have been down on my knees before the Lord with that verse, and I prayed to God and asked him if he would show me a verse that I may think about. As I opened my bible my eyes fixed on that same verse. Dear Sister, I feel I can't thank you enough for speaking to me about my soul when you came to Wotton Underedge.

The influence of this girl's parents—they were Baptists—was against their daughter joining the Army but even in the chapel attended by the family she heard the beat of the drum.

Of Wootton-Under-Edge one who became an officer's wife in the Army has written as follows:

It was in the year 1886, in a little hired hall in the small town of Wootton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, that I first saw and heard Miss Eva Booth. I vividly recall the day, it was for me a great day—the impression made upon my young heart and mind has remained until now.

It all happened in this wise. We were a party of young people from a distant town lured by the peculiar announcement [of the Army], and the fame of Miss Booth. We hired a wagonette and drove to where she was speaking, although at the time riding on Sunday was very much against our scruples. However, we thought that our purpose would justify the act. When we reached the hall, what crowds, men, women and children, all eagerly pressing forward to get a sight of this wonderful woman. Never shall I forget when Miss Eva sang to the accompaniment of her guitar this verse:

Sinner for thee, a pardon so free,
Though dark thy career may have been,
Thy burden shall roll from thy guilty soul
When the light of His Face thou shalt see.

Then followed a more wonderful address, and I fancy I can hear the ringing tone expressing such words as these—'Don't run risks with the Salvation of your soul.'

I remember my reasoning as to how these apparently refined young women can talk and sing with such unction and power. There must have been something very genuine and strengthening in their faith and love for Christ that enabled them to wear such plain bonnets—and what a size they were, too! Then there were the glaring red jerseys with buttons all down the back.

Here was what Evangeline Booth has called straight hitting. "The gun," she once wrote, "is no more than the formation of the sermon. It is the shot from the gun that does the shattering of the defences which the soul has erected against God. The shot without the gun is useless. Worse than useless is the gun without the shot. It is to be condemned as a de-

ception." Over the wording of her letters she was even in those days especially careful. She set a high value on the person to whom she was writing, and in so doing she set a similar value on herself. One such letter, dated October 9th, 1893 and sent from her office of Field Commissioner in London, is among the earliest preserved, and pasted onto supporting paper it was evidently treasured greatly by the recipient. We read:

My Dear —,

I must send you a few lines straight from myself to tell you how deeply I feel for you in the sad and crushing sorrow that has overshadowed your home. I can fancy that as yet you feel too much stunned and overwhelmed to realise that is not an awful dream, but in the midst of all I thank God that you know to Whom to turn for help and support. He will not fail you now, and His arms of love and tenderness will bear the sufferer over the river to the land where pain and separation cannot enter.

Do not fail to let me know if there is any service or assistance I can render you, and think of me as bearing you and yours continually before the God Who can alone fully realise and comfort you at this time of grief.

Yours in the Kingdom to serve

Evangeline Booth.

The fact was that the Little Captain had been doing quite too much and needed a rest. For eleven months she had to recuperate, and only when thoroughly rested did she resume her rôle of leading forlorn hopes.

Adjoining Hampstead Heath lay the prosperous suburb of Highgate. The Army had been doing well in Highgate but one day the citadel was burned down and there had to be a new one. "Oh yes," said Evangeline Booth, recalling the occasion, "we got the money—lots of it."

The custom had been to set the big drum on the ground and invite the onlookers to throw their pennies and shillings onto it. But Evangeline Booth preferred half-crowns and, at Highgate, she needed even bigger contributions. So she laid on the grass a sheet with golden edging. Within that edging nothing must appear save half-sovereigns at the least or bank notes

worth even more. The crowds were interested but something was needed to start them off. So the young Salvationist slung a snare drum to her waist, saying she would beat the drum if the cash began to come. Beat it she did, and not as an amateur. Her rolls and her taps were a *tour de force* and funds for the new citadel were forthcoming.

They sent her to a market town in Buckinghamshire called High Wycombe, and in this sleepy place the Salvation Army had not been getting on too well. She gave one look at the angular streets and then she enquired,

"Where do the men work?"

She was directed to brickfields on the outskirts of High Wycombe and to the brickfields she made her way. A horse was harnessed to a pole and it walked round and round a vast sea of what looked like mud that was being stirred by huge flanges. Given a horse, Evangeline Booth usually found something that needed to be done, and the men were astonished to see the Salvation lassie accompanying the creature and bestowing on it an attention that, shaking its mane, it evidently appreciated. Soon she and the men were sharing lunch. When she left High Wycombe there was a thriving corps in the Army.

It was thus not at Headquarters but in the Field itself—face to face with the people—that she learned what it means to be a Salvationist officer who is up against it. Only when she had served this exacting apprenticeship was she promoted to higher commands. She was put in charge of the International Training College at Clapton in London, and she became Field Commissioner for what England knows as the home counties around the metropolis.

Of secular education William Booth had been suspicious. He much preferred an untutored person who was wholly God's to scholars and scientists and artists who were half and half. It was the soldier who could fight without flinching that would win the battle, that would do his duty without a doubt within him. Drunkards, gamblers, utter heathens, if soundly converted, would win the world.

This meant, however, that kneeling at the penitent form was only a first step. The convert must be taught what it means to be a Christian. There must be "a deepening of the spiritual life." Careful instruction of Salvationists in the whole wealth

of their heritage as reborn followers of the Saviour was thus from the first an essential of the Army's system. In the evening the Gospel was preached to the unsaved. But in the morning there were Holiness Meetings which, according to Evangeline Booth, are often more significant than the public rallies.

At an early date in the Army's progress it was found that these Holiness Meetings were not enough for the training of officers whose whole time would be given to the active service under the Flag. In 1880, therefore, when Evangeline Booth was fifteen, her sister, Emma, was entrusted with the care of thirty women cadets. The experiment was a success and Ballington was withdrawn from his revivalism in order to take charge of selected men. Thus developed the International Training College at Clapton over which Evangeline, at the age of twenty-three, was called upon to preside. In addition she was in command of operations in the metropolitan area of London as Field Commissioner.

"Very often," wrote one of those early cadets, "I would meet her in the passages with her arm around a cadet, encouraging her not to leave her God-given post in the Army but to be faithful and win through. I used to wish sometimes that I had done something that would make her put her arm around me, but I do remember on one occasion that she gave me such an artful look as though to say, 'Never mind. I have got my eye on you.'"

She was insistent on the high standard of personal appearance which is now the accepted rule in the Army and the cadet recalls how in those early days years ago she would say quite plainly:

Never appear on your public platform with dirty finger-nails.

Always maintain a clean appearance when presenting the Gospel to your audience.

The Mother of the Army and of Evangeline Booth would sometimes address the cadets. One of her topics was *Love, Courtship and Marriage*, and she said:

Dear Cadets, before coming to this meeting I asked the General, 'William, tell me what to say to those

young people on this subject.' He answered, 'Tell them from me not to think of marrying the fool who pulls the strings first, but to put a circle round them, and make everyone feel they fall in step inside that circle. Be friends with all and intimate with none.'

To a young officer who was much discouraged by the results of her work, Catherine Booth said, "My dear, it is not so much what you do, what matters is how much you love, for *love* is the fulfilling of the law."

The four years that she spent in the realm of education appear in retrospect as a fairy tale. Never had she herself been to school—never to any kind of college—never had she studied pedagogy for in those days people did not use such a word. Yet she left her mark on what, throughout the world, has proved to be a method of training the individual which admirably suits the purpose in view. It is more than a training for service. It is a training for sacrifice, for consecration, for the Gospel.

It was not until 1870 that education in England became national and even so it was only elementary education. At Clapton, therefore, some cadets were as illiterate as the redoubtable Cadman and had to be taught to read and write. They had to be carefully coached in accountancy and instructed in the why and wherefore of the Army's regulations. And there was something further. It was William Booth's hope that Salvationists would marry and have children who, like his own, would carry on the work of the Army in years to come. But it was found that the girl cadets had been often more carefully brought up than the boy cadets. The motto of Winchester College, *Manners Makyth Man*, thus became a principle in the Salvation Army. There were hints as to eating at table, personal cleanliness and general deportment.

In the Training College, Evangeline Booth was both teacher and pupil. She led her cadets into the streets, accompanied them in their labours at the penitent form, watched over them as babes in Christ and upheld them when, as sometimes happened, they wondered whether they could carry on. Thus did she learn the inner mind of those on whom the future of the Army would depend. She acquired the patience and sympathy which, mingled with inflexible firmness, accompanied

her later administration. She was growing, day by day, into what she was to be.

She was still a child of irrepressible initiative, filled with the fun of giving others a surprise. Regent's Hall was delighted and amused one day when the first woman's band in the Army took the platform with concertinas and other instruments. People asked, "Why?" to which the Field Commissioner gaily replied, "Why not?" She was the first Salvationist woman to defy convention by riding a bicycle, and in looking over the papers one comes across a note that Bramwell Booth and his Florrie spent a well-earned holiday on the East Coast also riding their "bikes." The last instruction received by their sister before she left the Training College was to make sure that all cadets before commissioning as officers were able, as she was, to ride a bicycle. The record of her height, by the way, was five feet ten inches, and of her weight, one hundred and fifty pounds.

Education in the Army was thus practical. Nothing was included in it unless it served the needs of the Kingdom. But its origin was spiritual and it arose out of the instinct within the Booth family. The choice of the name Bramwell expressed this instinct. For it had been the name of a certain Reverend William Bramwell who had died in 1818. He was the very personification of what was meant by holiness, a man of persevering devotions, monastic austerities and unceasing evangelism—revered and ridiculed as a modern saint. Bramwell Booth would be, so his parents hoped, what William Bramwell was.

The Holiness Movement was sweeping the Churches. In 1875—just ten years after the Salvationist Movement began—a summer tent was raised in Keswick, Cumberland, the heart of the Lake District. Every year onwards there was held in that tent the Keswick Convention where clergy and laity abandoned ecclesiastical distinctions and met as "one in Christ Jesus." Thousands of missionaries went forth from Keswick to the ends of the earth. Piety within the Salvation Army in those days was thus atmospheric.

In her attitude to all of this Evangeline Booth reflected the mind of her father. Together they stood for piety and against impiety. But they had no use at all for sanctities which were merely an escape from actualities. "People pray all night

over an emergency," Evangeline Booth would say, "and are too tired next day to deal with it." Most blessedly true is it that Our Lord will again come to earth. But He is not coming to be crucified a second time. He is coming to reign and the hope of His Coming is thus a call to get busy. In the Salvation Army, therefore, prophecy has been more than an inspired plunge into an apocalyptic future. It is an immediate summons to take the next step.

Within Evangeline Booth's experiences there was a philosophy on which often she would give her belief. She distinguished between the heart and the head. Doubtless there was a good deal of heart in the head and of head in the heart. But the heart, not the head, is the pacemaker. The heart acts and the head follows up the action. The heart is the pioneer in the trek towards a better world.

It was the heart that drove her to mingle her life with the poorest of the poor in Marylebone, and in due course there arose at Oxford and Cambridge what the head had to say about it. The Salvation Army thus anticipated the foundation of university settlements like Toynbee Hall and Hull House in Chicago. The doll's hospital has long since been superseded. But here again the idea behind it bore fruit in play centres. The face of Evangeline Booth was towards the light.

The uproar against the Salvation Army during these years was still heard in the land. There were riots, there were arrests. In Sheffield stones were thrown against William and Catherine Booth themselves, and the band was pelted with mud. The champion wrestler of Northumberland, Lieutenant Emmerson Davison, rode a white horse and when he was attacked, he cried, "Anything for Jesus." They tried to pull him from the horse but failed. For some tugged at his right leg and others at his left leg and between them they fixed him more firmly in the saddle. "If it had not been for the grace of God," he said ruefully, "I'd have been equal to half a dozen of them." In the struggle Evangeline Booth played her part, encountering disorders at Eastbourne and other places. It happens that there are detailed records of one such disturbance—at Torquay—and we will proceed to that somewhat lively affair.

TORQUAY

THERE are two ideas of religious liberty. The first may be described as static. Good people are to be allowed to wear their own labels, believe their own creeds and sit in their own pews. That is what we mean by toleration. The second is dynamic. People are permitted not only to hold their faiths but to spread them, not only to sit in their pews but to change their pews, not only to accept their gospels but to preach their gospels, and to preach them anywhere and everywhere and at any time that others are willing to listen. It is not enough for faith to be orthodox. It must be evangelical. It must be a salvation that saves in order to make salvation known. It must be more than a theological tenet. It must be glad tidings.

This was the issue fought to a finish by the Salvation Army throughout the world, and the fight is still on. The war was waged at times in the least expected battlefields. Take the little town of Torquay on the south coast of Devon, with its fishermen, its visitors, its coves and its caves, its ancient church, its bathing beaches and its medical baths. Who would have imagined that Torquay of all places, so sheltered by its headland, so relaxing in its leisurely enjoyments, would suddenly become the scene of a struggle that filled the local prisons, disturbed the serenity of western England and finally aroused the reluctant attention of Parliament itself? Who would have thought it possible that at the crisis on so strange a stage would appear a young woman, still in her early twenties, called Evangeline Booth?

First, let us state the law. According to the 259th section of the Public Health Act of the year 1875 a town like Torquay

was empowered to adopt a measure forbidding processions accompanied by music in the streets on Sunday. In 1885 Hastings, also on the south coast, obtained sanction for this regulation, and in 1886 Torquay followed suit. The argument was expressed in a petition signed by certain ratepayers:

It is our wish that the town of Torquay, which is much resorted to by invalids and visitors, should be protected from the continuance of these processions on Sundays.

In January 1888 summonses were issued by the police against the Corps Commander of the Salvation Army in Torquay, his bandmaster and several of the bandmen, who were charged with infringing the regulation. For years they had been marching to music, and it happened that the Friendly Societies of the town had hired a band to enliven their parade on the Sunday in question. After a hearing in court the Friendly Societies were let off with the nominal fine of 10 shillings for each offender. But each Salvationist was fined no less than £5 for identically the same offence.

The Salvationists could not pay their fines and, in any event, had no intention of so doing. They were committed to prison at Exeter for one month, and if on this occasion they only served a day there was a reason. A local vicar could not sleep that night. The imprisonment of Christians who had done no wrong upset him, and early on the morrow he went to the police court and paid the fines. The case, based on a Salvationist playing a concertina, was appealed to London where the High Court, finding a convenient technicality in the town's procedure, quashed the entire proceedings. The Army, having silenced its music pending the legal decision, held that it was again free to blow the trumpet and beat the drum. The police took down some names but *The Torquay Times* of January 27, 1888, expressed the view that "with their past experience" it was very improbable that the Local Board would "again take action in the matter."

However, on February 3rd, the Local Board, a little more careful of the technicalities, decided by eight votes to two in favour of more prosecution, and summonses were served on

eleven Salvationists. The comment of *The Torquay Times* was outspoken. The Local Board was "out of harmony with a large number of the ratepayers." Their action "savours somewhat of persecution," and "the religious zeal and fervour of the Army will be no more quenched by a police prosecution than are the national aspirations of loyal Irishmen stifled by the imprisonment of their honoured patriots." The editorial continued:

The methods of the Salvation Army may be peculiar and such as not to command universal approval, but they should be regarded as a means to an end, and be judged by the results obtained; and it cannot be gainsaid that here in Torquay, as in every town and city in the Kingdom, the Army has been singularly successful in reclaiming the drunkard, the depraved and the irreligious.

On February 16, the case came up for hearing and the prosecution asked why a sect numbering only 229 in the town should disturb the other 20,000 inhabitants. The leading Salvationist was fined £2 and each of his comrades £1 apiece.

Thus began the Battle of Torquay that raged for six months. The bandsmen went on playing every Sunday, the Local Board persisted in prosecutions that became ever more numerous and with severer penalties. The streets were crowded not only by townspeople, but by spectators from the countryside, and sympathisers with the Army formed a bodyguard for the band, often sharing in the attentions of the police. The Salvationists gathered around them an immense congregation to whom they preached the Gospel that many in the audience badly needed. Hustling the prisoners to Exeter Jail became a problem. For the band would arrange for a Hallelujah send-off as the train drew out of the station, and at Exeter, when the prisoners were released, the Salvationists gave them breakfast and later in the day they told of their experiences behind the bars. Their arrival at Torquay was triumphal. Two brass bands of the Army escorted them from the station, handkerchiefs were waved and tambourines were beaten. Through the streets a procession made its way between lines of spectators on the sidewalks, the Salvationists decked out with red and white ribands. Some of the released men showed signs of what they

had been through under solitary confinement—what one of them called “seven days with God.”

So it went on—“fifteen more sent to prison” and “fifty summonses issued.” This was the kind of thing:

A great crowd gathered in Market Street, waiting for the men to be taken to the railway station. The Royal Hotel 'bus was hired, and the prisoners were placed in it in charge of four constables. The progress of the vehicle was greatly obstructed while proceeding down Market Street, and on turning the corner it was nearly overturned. The confusion was so great that many people, including two constables, were thrown to the ground, and the bus passed over the leg of P. C. Cole. He could not walk and, seriously injured, had to be removed to his home. The other officer had his arm hurt, his clothes were torn from him and his helmet was crushed to pieces.

Of the sixteen prisoners, one had his fine paid and was released, nine were in jail for a fortnight and six for a month. On March 16th there was received this telegram:

Your General praises God for self-sacrificing devotion for salvation of poor sinners, shown by the prisoners and relatives, and by those who voluntarily persevere. Confident of victory.

William Booth

By this time the Salvationists were giving attention to strategy. Their bandsmen in Torquay could not carry on the fight alone. They were well-known to the police and were often in prison. Bandsmen, therefore, from towns near by, Exeter, Newton Abbott and others, slipped into Torquay, marched and played, then vanished beyond the range of local authority. With feeling running high and largely in favour of the Army, there was little that magistrates and police could do about it. Within the Local Board which had to meet twice weekly the Army had two champions, Bovey and Mountstephens, and Bovey and Mountstephens made things exceedingly lively for the anti-Salvationist majority. A memorial signed by five hun-

dred and fifty ratepayers was sent to the Home Secretary in Whitehall but he replied that the Act, as it stood, allowed the magistrates to proceed as they were doing.

On March 26, 1888, William Booth addressed a letter to the Local Board at Torquay. He wrote:

I have neither the power nor the wish to cause any inhabitant of Torquay to do what will bring upon them a prosecution. . . . But I cannot fail to recognise, with the utmost sympathy and commendation, the conduct of all who do so act from a pure desire to carry on the good work which up to the passing of the Act (a local law) had gone on uninterruptedly for years. Nor can I suggest to those who value my esteem and advice (that is, Salvationists) that they should, for fear of this ill wind or ill-treatment which may be meted out to them, cease to do that good work which is permitted to go on unhindered in every other portion of Her Majesty's Empire. The experiment of marches without music has been fully tried in Torquay, and has resulted in the conviction that the music is essential to the gathering into our barracks of those whom it is especially our duty to care for.

Torquay was now split into opposing camps. There was the petition supporting the Local Board in its action. On the other hand, a group of the gentry, tradespeople and ministers of religion in the town appealed to the Board "in the name of order and Christian charity to take off their hands from these, our fellow townsmen and fellow Christians, and in the name of God let them go free."

So ended the preliminary skirmishes between the Board and the Army. Both sides now decided that they must give serious attention to their difference of opinion. The Army came to the conclusion that it would be wisest to withdraw from the firing line those units in Torquay who were not at the moment in prison. Their places on the march to music were taken by Salvationist reinforcements drawn from the rest of Devonshire—from Exeter, Crediton, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple and other resorts. The police on their side organised a counter-surveillance of any Salvationist who might be musically inclined. Whenever a notorious bandsman in some town not too

far from Torquay failed to appear at his home, a constable hurried to the scene of action and tried to indentify him marching behind a drum or trumpet. Sometimes the pursuit was successful and Salvationists over a wide area found themselves spending their days with God in jail.

One drummer was a great worry to the agents of law and order. He would march with the other bandsmen and then vanish. They sought him in Exeter, they sought him in Newton Abbott, they sought him everywhere within what Torquay in her guidebooks called the environs, but he could not be spotted, and public opinion surmised that he was some angelic phantom imported by the Salvationists from the celestial regions with which they were known to be familiar. It was only at long last that his secret leaked out. He had been lurking in Torquay all the time, employed by a resident on his estate. This drummer had been converted without anyone knowing about it and was making the most use of his somewhat surreptitious salvation. The police got him in the end. But he was not allowed to go to prison. Anyone who had given such amusement to so many people in the community, so it was argued, was entitled to his liberty and the drummer's fines were paid. He continued to be a Salvationist in good standing, serving as treasurer of his corps, and later he became an outstanding tradesman of the town.

Another Salvationist who greatly perplexed the powers that be had a way of disappearing after they had laid hands on him. They seemed to have him in the firm grip of the law. But it was found that such a man did not exist and they had to let him go to play in the band again. The police insisted on spelling his name, Cox, nor did the Army object. For the correct spelling of his name was Cocks.

But, despite these humours, it began to be a grim business. The summonses ran well over a hundred and the first enthusiasm of the resistance went off the boil. The welcomes home of discharged prisoners ceased to be a sensation. They still drew crowds but not quite the same crowds that had gathered earlier in the campaign. Young men flocked into Torquay from the countryside and indulged in rowdyism and riot. Salvationists, like their neighbours, did not approve of this disorder, and to make matters worse, some of them suffered in health from their

confinement in jail while their families underwent privation. William Booth decided that the thing could not go on like this and, once more, the order was "Send Eva."

It was playing high stakes. For there has never been a day when Evangeline Booth has feared to march to the music of the Gospel, and was she to receive a summons, to be haled before the magistrates, to be committed to prison? With such thoughts in her mind she stepped from the train at Exeter. A national symbol in her bonnet and cape, she faced the curious crowds.

Five Salvationists had been released after serving their month's sentence. Early in April she accompanied them to Torquay where there was arranged a tea in the Army's "Fort" on Temperance Street. Evangeline sat with these men at the high table and so many people came to the tea that there had to be two servings. A procession was formed with a strong brass band and it paraded the main streets of Torquay, drawing the crowds to the Royal Public Hall. Evangeline's aide-de-camp, Captain Nicholls, sang a solo for which she played an accompaniment on the banjo. She was greeted with enthusiasm. Captain Hopkins then related what had happened to him in jail.

Owing to an accident he had lost his left arm. Cries of "shame" arose when he stated that his wooden arm was taken from him. Feeling great pain on his left side, he asked the prison doctor for it, and his request was declined. Later he found that this treatment had affected his heart (more cries of 'shame'). Well, they had deprived him of his liberty but they could not deprive him of his Saviour. Great sensation was evoked when another speaker declared that he had heard of persons armed with implements he would not name who were lodged where they could prevent any Torquay Salvationist going to Exeter Prison that night. Evangeline Booth delivered an address which was described as "lengthy" and "forcible," the audience frequently breaking into a "high state of enthusiasm." A rising vote carried a resolution unanimously, and the platform was supported—among others—by the President of the Y.M.C.A. nor were finances forgotten. Not only was admission by payment but there was a collection, all on behalf of the families of the imprisoned men.

Evangeline Booth returned to London where her father was deeply stirred by her account of things from the firing line. He was asked to speak on behalf of foreign missions in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, and he sent forth his challenge. "We are," he said, speaking of Torquay, "all determined to go on, again and again—yes, again and again! Bandsmen are volunteering from all parts of the west country and when they have all done their best, if the opposition still goes on, we will send down officers and men from London."

Among influential journals in those days of small circulations was London's evening daily, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Honoured by the editorship of John Morley, the biographer of Gladstone for whom was founded the Order of Merit, and, sensationalised by the flair of William T. Stead, the friend of William Booth, the *Pall Mall* was at the height of its prestige when the Battle of Torquay was raging. The paper sent a special commissioner to the town who reported:

Rest and placidity are just now the very last things that a great many people are thinking of at Torquay. A little Iliad is there going forward; poor men, humble and obscure, are the actors in it and the bards who commit their toils and triumphs to posterity write in the rude pages of *The War Cry*.

The dispatch continued:

Everyone is sorry for the men, and among the candid assertions of their good work was one in a courteous chat vouchsafed by a member of the Board's legal firm. I then gathered that the Board originally acted on complaints from a class to whom they would naturally defer but who are not in any way on the procession route. Those who *are* on it signed a hasty petition in large numbers on the Army's side, and against enforcing the Clause.

Various opinions are quoted in the article. "We should like to let the thing alone," confessed a confidential constable, and the chambermaid in the reporter's hotel declared, "It's a very good band," on which the comment was:

And it certainly is, by comparison. There was at Torquay the usual man with a grind organ who said on a placard he was blind, and made you wish he was deaf. There was the brazen bronchitis of the inevitable German band. I heard them both and I thought the mission of the Army was to raise the taste of the town. The Army band at Torquay have their heart in their work. And it is not the least democratic side of the Army, that ideal of theirs—to foster music among the masses till it becomes an art for the people and by the people. The class at Torquay amid which, and for which, the Army works, seems to have grasped that it is fighting the battle of the masses. That is truth and it is recognised by the local press. On the other side are ranged local 'society'—black-hatted respectability, practical Toryism, the Army's 'betters' generally—everything that cries "Hush" when one asks for a law to prevent wrong, and "Law and Order" when one protests against a law which destroys a right. How will it all end?

"Ten pounds to the man who will quiet her," shouted irate proprietors of hotels along England's southern seaboard.

Certain released Salvationists appealed to the Home Secretary for redress of grievances. They alleged that they had been held at Torquay in police cells from three p.m. of one day to seven a.m. of the next morning with no more than two meals consisting of "a small bit of bread and cheese" with coffee they could not drink. Treatment at Exeter Jail was considerate but they had been detained there illegally for two days after the expiration of their sentences. Nothing apparently was done about these complaints, and a further setback was encountered when three members of the Local Board came before the rate-payers for election. All of them retained their seats and this victory at the polls was held to be a confirmation of the Board's proceedings against the Army. The Clerk to the Board wrote in this sense to General William Booth and expressed the hope that Salvationists would now comply with the law—"that more peaceful action will result." New summonses would be postponed pending "steps . . . to prevent further contention." The Founder's reply was negative. The fact that the Salvationists had been let alone for a fortnight, so he argued, proved that

"no evil can result, only good" from a continuance of that policy. The band still played and the Local Board, with two dissentients, resumed the coercion.

On the following Sunday matters came to a head. The Army marched to music. It was a nice fine day and there were crowds of expectant onlookers. In the morning the police tried to take down some names and that always provoked feeling. But the band reached the Fort without serious incident. Not so in the afternoon.

The Flag was carried by a woman. The band consisted of reinforcements imported into the town. At Market Corner a posse of police marching as if for duty broke into units and, led by a sergeant, fell foul of the procession. The band marched ahead and reached the Fort. The other Salvationists were involved in a riot, some of the "lassies" losing their tambourines. With considerable tenacity the woman held onto the Flag.

On the following day the prisoners were defended by counsel sent from London but they were all convicted, and the Chairman of the Bench exploded into a bitter harangue. He referred to the Founder of the Army as "Booth" and declared that "the responsibility for all this rested upon Booth who had absolutely refused to stop the processions." Addressing a defendant called Addison, he said:

You have willingly and knowingly broken the law and will have to be punished. No doubt you consider yourself to be a martyr, but I am of the opinion that you are simply a walking advertisement for getting money for Booth. There was nothing of civil and religious liberty in the matter but it is just a question of getting money for the Salvation Army.

That evening Evangeline Booth appeared in Torquay for the second time. She was welcomed by Salvationists from the districts around Torquay and by three visiting bands. Fifteen hundred people paid for admission into the Royal Public Hall, and there she stood in her simple uniform and a white sash over her shoulder. A dusky faced boy from Ceylon named Pouncee attracted curiosity. He wore a yellow turban and skirt and scarlet jersey, and he was introduced by Captain Eva

as a lieutenant "perfectly saved." She joined in the Army song, "Bound to Win." Verses were:

The Dawlish Board speak well of us,
But Torquay runs us in,
The L.B. says, on Sabbath Day
To play it is a sin.
And to bring about our fall,
With law do us assail,
But like Silas and St. Paul
We sing and pray in jail.
They grumble at the music,
They grumble at the drum,
They grumble at our marching
To make the people come.
They grumble at our uniform,
And say it's all display,
But still we are the people
That are bound to win the day.

The allusion to the neighbouring resort, Dawlish, is explained by the fact that its Local Board had written to the Local Board of Torquay to the effect that, with the same powers in law, it had been so convinced of the good work the Army was doing as to allow them to continue their marches.

The chairman of the meeting was J. W. Crossley of Manchester, one of England's leading philanthropists of that day and a warm friend of the Army. He admitted that the clash between the Army and the civil authorities was serious. If the Army was seeking to win a victory for its own sake, he had no sympathy whatever with the Salvationists. But if they were using methods to bring men and women to their services who never went to church, he was heart and soul with them against all the Local Boards and Governments in the world. Instead of trampling on the Salvationists by a local Act they should praise God that there were people who go out and collect drunkards and outcasts while others met in churches and were too comfortable to do such work themselves. The matter was very grave because success for the Local Board would hinder the work of the Salvationists in other parts of the country.

It was a scene swept by gusts of enthusiasm, indignation

and spiritual aspiration, every word from the platform greeted by outbursts of endorsement. The central figure on whom all eyes turned was the young daughter of the General, eager, full of zest and humour but self-contained. When she rose and said that she was herself staying in Torquay, there were thunders of approval. Of her speech we have but a brief report but it was to the point. She did not blame the ratepayers for the trouble. The offending clause had been smuggled through without their knowing anything about it at all. Salvationists were not against keeping the laws. On the contrary they had done as much as any other Christian Society to uphold the law, to empty prisons, to take work out of the policemen's hands. They had promised God that they were ready to go to death to bring sinners to Him, and they could not go back, therefore, and stop their work. They did not want to be antagonistic to the Local Board but as it was for souls they were fighting they could not allow any Local Boards, magistrates or governments to prevent them carrying out the work by which sinners were reclaimed. The Army was not responsible for the commotion in the town and if the Local Board dropped the matter, not another word would be heard. She told of people who had been converted at services to which they had been attracted by hearing the drum, and she was ready, if necessary, to beat the drum herself. For it was a weapon used by God for bringing poor sinners to Himself. She had been asked, "Why don't you stop?" She replied, "Why should Torquay be deprived of the same privilege as that enjoyed by Plymouth and nearly every other town in the country?" They were fighting the battle, not only for Torquay but for all the land and thousands were praying for them. When victory came, as come it would, the bells of heaven would ring.

About this time the situation, as we have seen, was complicated somewhat by a municipal election. Three members of the Local Board had to face the ratepayers and all of them happened to be opponents of the Army. The three were re-elected and this result was held to be an endorsement of the prosecutions. But, whatever the pertinence of this talking point, any idea of surrender by the Army was now at an end, and incidents suggested a certain bitterness in the air. There was an application for hire of the Bath Saloons, a large assembly room

owned by the town, for a missionary meeting to be addressed by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, Evangeline's brother-in-law. The reply was that the room could be had for the usual fee if the Army discontinued its processions. A somewhat youthful looking policeman was taken out of his uniform and told to march with the Army in plain clothes, so recognising particular Salvationists. He was somewhat rudely pushed away and told to "run along to his mother." The case was brought into Court but dismissed. The Local Board decided to order further prosecutions without comment and the Chairman received a letter:

You can depend that other people will comment and that in no uncertain terms . . . that long after your body lies mouldering and forgotten, the Salvation Army will be marching along, playing their songs of Zion more sweet, more loud, and Jesus will be their theme. Do get saved for it is appointed unto man once to die and after that the Judgement.

It was noted that the Llanelly Local Board Act, containing a clause identical in terms with the Torquay Clause, was blocked in Parliament by the sitting member.

Evangeline Booth spent her first clear week in Torquay visiting the soldiers in their homes, praying with them and cheering them. She then devised and explained a somewhat novel way of testing a new legal technicality.

On the following Sunday the town was prepared for eventualities. The two o'clock train to Torquay was crowded by five hundred passengers hopeful of witnessing whatever was to happen. The Salvationists met as usual in the street and Evangeline Booth joined with the local corps in the services. The spectators numbered many thousands.

Morning and afternoon the strategy adopted came as a surprise. The Salvationists met as usual at a strategic point in the street and nobody paid much attention to the fact that they were carrying two Flags instead of one. Evangeline Booth took part with the local corps in the preaching and praying, and at the end of these open air services suddenly the crowd marched in one direction towards the Fort. The lassies led with their tambourines.

The band, with Evangeline Booth and her concertina,

stood at attention for several minutes, and then marched in a direction different from that of the crowd. Two legal points thus arose. Was a band permitted to march if there was no procession behind it? And was the sound of a tambourine at the head of a procession to be certified as music within the meaning of the law? In the morning, there was no disorder but in the afternoon a cabman tried to lash his horse through the Salvationists and blows were exchanged. Also, roughs brought in from the neighbourhood and led by two policemen attacked the band with Evangeline Booth at the head. One casualty with a bleeding nose was reported. The Fort was packed to the limit and there was a milling multitude outside. In the police account the boy from Ceylon with his tom-tom was mentioned and Evangeline Booth was defined as "a female with a concertina."

A curious sidelight on the tangled trouble was the eagerness of the Local Board and the magistrates to exchange responsibilities, and the Board with alacrity thus evaded the legal puzzles devised by Evangeline Booth. The magistrates decided that her concertina was a musical instrument and that a band was a procession.

"You don't propose, I presume, to summon Miss Booth," asked the Clerk.

"She wishes to be summoned," was the answer, and without delay she received the now familiar blue paper over which she had a laugh, saying that she would have it framed. She was called upon to face the Court on the Thursday.

In the meantime she addressed to the Chairman of the Local Board a respectful letter in which she asked for a hearing before the Board that Monday afternoon. She was invited to attend, and was given a seat immediately in front of the Chairman. There sat the girl, her face surrounded by bonnet and bow of broad riband, tense, calm and determined, while opposite was the embodiment of the law, solid, obstinate, angry.

She suggested that a majority of the town favoured the Army, and the Chairman replied that the recent election had disposed of the idea. Evangeline Booth insisted that ownership of property had a great deal to do with the result of that poll, and there was a wrangle over the question whether the police or the Local Board were responsible for the proceedings against

the Army—and other legalities. Very great harm was being done to the Sunday Schools of the town, so it was alleged, and Miss Booth replied,

"I am really very sorry for that. It isn't my wish. But if the attraction of the Army is stronger than that of other denominations, they should start something themselves."

"Do you think it would be proper," she was asked, "for all the other places of worship to play music in the streets on Sunday?"

"Certainly," she replied, "if it brought more honour and glory to God."

"You are allowed processions six days a week."

"Then why sacrifice Sunday?"

"Some people," said the Chairman, "think that Sunday should be respected."

"It's an Englishman's boast that in this country men may worship God in any way they think best."

"The minority yields to the majority," persisted the Chairman, "but you do not seem disposed to do that."

"The majority in the world are sinners, and are quite against goodness, and I'm afraid it's the same in Torquay."

The argument was pointed on both sides, it led to no settlement and the struggle continued. The joy of the Salvationists was atmospheric. They went about singing,

I'm saved and happy on a Sunday,
Monday and Tuesday too,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Saved the whole week through.

And Thursday came when Evangeline Booth faced the magistrates. It appears that they did not press the charge against her and, like Portia, she spoke her piece.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you have seen some of these men. They have been brought before you in this Court. You have imposed penalties on them for far other offences than playing a trumpet or beating a drum. You have fined and imprisoned them for being drunk and disorderly, for thieving, for other wrongdoings. What is to be said of you as magistrates when these men who are known to you as offenders against the law

come back changed, sober, orderly, honest, and guilty of nothing but praising God with the instruments of music authorised by the Psalmist and blessed by the Saviour of mankind?"

The prisoners were convicted as usual.

For a third time Evangeline Booth faced a Sunday in Torquay. It was a hot and exhausting day and, in the afternoon at the Fort, she collapsed and had to rest quietly until the evening. Summonses were issued according to the rule and one was received by the General's daughter. On the Wednesday a farewell meeting for those ordered to be prosecuted was held in the Royal Public Hall and amid enthusiastic laughter Evangeline declared again that she was having her bit of blue paper framed. A Captain in giving out the announcements stated that the next meeting would be at the police station, eleven o'clock sharp. In an address full of cheerful jest amid serious appeal Miss Booth declared that there would be plenty of music in heaven, and if there were not she must take her banjo and introduce it there. They had two bands at Brighton parading on Sunday and surely Torquay could put up with one. "I led the band," she went on, "and if anyone gets three weeks, I ought to have six." If they paid her fine she would be very angry indeed.

Next day the Police Court was packed to the doors, and the first name called was Evangeline Booth. She stepped into the dock.

It was a dock that, at the moment, happened to be famous. At a place called Babbacombe there had been perpetrated a particularly brutal murder, and the convicted man, John Lee, had escaped hanging. Where had stood this abandoned felon, now appeared "the Angel of the Slums," and after defence by Counsel she was convicted. But, added the not very courageous Bench, no penalty would be imposed. Counsel asked the Magistrates to state a case for the High Court in London and when the Magistrates refused he intimated that he would apply for a mandamus compelling them to take the requested action. The mandamus was granted.

Things now began to interest the House of Commons. The massive Henry H. Fowler, Solicitor, was member for Wolverhampton and the most impressive Methodist layman of his day. Under Gladstone he became Secretary of State for

India in which capacity he is remembered by a single sentence uttered in Parliament. "All of us, Mr. Speaker," he said, "are members for India." He died Viscount Wolverhampton. This was the pillar of society who gave notice that if the Home Secretary did not bring in a bill to repeal Clause 38 of the Torquay Harbour Bill he would do so at the first opportunity after Whitsuntide. On that Whitmonday a meeting was held at the Royal Public Hall and eight of the released Salvationists appeared in prison costume. Evangeline Booth was most forceful in her presentation of the Army's case, and perhaps a little pointed in her banter at the expense of the Local Board. She couldn't understand why she had not been sent to prison like the others. "I suppose," she said, "that if a woman picked a magistrate's pocket, she would be let off." And the crowd enjoyed it to the full.

But there was a darker side to the drama. A bandsman named William Cowell had served his term, and now he had to face a distress warrant on some of his furniture. In the front room the sale proceeded by auction. In the kitchen sat a sick mother and two sick children, with Evangeline Booth helping out with care and comfort.

The Fowler Bill repealing the coercion clause forbidding processions on Sunday with music was introduced on June 4. In view of this circumstance the Local Board suspended its prosecutions and it was assumed that the processions would be peaceful. But someone tried to seize a Salvationist's instrument and there was something of a riot along the route, and the press continued to be interested. Even the comic papers joined in the fray, for instance, *Funny Folks*, which perpetrated a series of atrocious puns, referring to Torquay as "talkee" and asking whether the tyranny was "Tor-bay or not Tor-bay." Amid the confused sensations that followed each other day by day, Evangeline Booth was recalled to London. Her farewell to the town of her warfare was indeed moving. There was nothing in human expression of gratitude and confidence that was withheld from her by the crowds.

In London there was business to be done and for the second time in her still young life this girl in her bonnet was brought to the Palace of Westminster. For the Fowler Bill putting an end to the absurdity at Torquay was bound for a

Select Committee and Evangeline Booth was needed as chief witness. She was coached with the utmost care by the Army's lawyers. She must answer all questions with a simple "yes" or "no"—not a word beyond these and as she sat on the green leather chair facing the semi-circular tribunal of members, she obeyed orders. It was just "yes" or "no."

Something then happened. The Chairman of the Select Committee was a lawyer at the height of his fame. He was the defender of Parnell against charges of complicity in the Phoenix Park Murders by the Irish Invincibles. He was the persistent upholder of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence against the charge of poisoning her husband. He was the most dreaded of all living counsel by witnesses under cross-examination. He watched the witness in her bonnet and then said quietly,

"Now, my child, come up here and sit with me. Tell me all about it."

The crowded room was silent as the duet went on—the strong slightly rasping voice of the Queen's Counsel, the clear tones of the voice that conversed with him so freely. For the Chairman was Sir Charles Russel, whose honours were innumerable—an Attorney General, a Lord Chief Justice and Lord of Appeal, an arbiter in the Behring Sea dispute, and a great gentleman with tenderness in his heart amid the severities, towards whom, for the rest of her life, Evangeline Booth cherished something of a daughterly reverence.

The Bill was passed and the Battle of Torquay was won. The triumph was celebrated in London and within the town itself. General Booth led the rejoicings and in the Fort could be seen in later years two of the summonses framed on the wall as trophies of victory. It was after Torquay that Evangeline Booth was promoted to be Commissioner of the Salvation Army.

In 1927 Evangeline Booth happened to be in England and she visited Torquay. There was only two hours notice of her arrival but she was met in the City Hall by the Mayor and most of the Town Council. She was taken to the old court room where she stood in the box to plead the cause of the Army and saw the dock where Salvationists were sentenced to prison.

SORROWS

FOR William and Catherine Booth those eighteen-eighties were the golden era of the rapidly extending Salvationist movement. Every prayer that they breathed into each other's ears, seemed to be answered by God Himself. Every hope that they had cherished amid the storms and the floods of unpopularity seemed to be in fulfillment. In undisputed leadership they were together united, and everyone of their eight children were of one heart, one mind in unquestioning loyalty to the Flag they had raised. The great idea of a family dedicated as one domestic unit to the spread of the Gospel had become a fact.

Increasing numbers of people, hitherto critical and contemptuous, were won over by the sheer evidence of its victories to approving the Army. Even royalty began to be gracious. But beneath the surface of this friendly opinion there was an undercurrent of whispered scepticism. It was good—this crusade of the Booths—very good indeed—incredibly good. But might it not prove to be too good to last? By their obedience to Christ and His call to give up everything for the Gospel, the Booths had become—indeed, they have never ceased to be—fairly describable as unique. But even the Booths were human. They were subject to the inexorable law of what some people call nature and other people call Providence. One by one they would marry, as their parents had married, and for love. They would have children of their own for whom they would care as they had been themselves cared for. They would travel over land and sea, living for long periods in separation from the home in England and learning that the absent sometimes feel as if they were treated as in the wrong. Over the family would

steal the shadowy hand of death—first one parent and then the other would be removed from the earthly scene. All of this would develop a new situation, testing the strength of the Army and proving that it had come to stay.

The long saga, spiritual and clanlike, begins with the eldest son of the family, William Bramwell Booth. As a boy he gave his very being to his father, playing no games with the other boys, relaxed by no amusements usual to youth and swept by emotions which sought for sympathy. An overwrought youth of eighteen years found relief in a first love with a lady older than himself towards whom in his heart love allowed no reservations. A day came when his mother asked him to see her. She broke the news to him that the lady had decided to marry a clergyman, and Bramwell almost fell from his chair. He proceeded to play the part of a confirmed bachelor but his mother was uneasy about him. He wore his clothes carelessly and with a shabbiness that was somewhat of a trial to others. "We must find William a wife," wrote that mother to her daughter, Emma, and as Catherine Booth was addressing one of her mixed audiences of rich and poor in the West End of London a young woman slipped into a back seat. She went home and gave herself to God. "Everything else," she wrote in her diary, "seemed empty and cold—even my old idols, painting and music." She was Florence Soper, daughter of a doctor in Plymouth, and with others in her family she joined the Army. She first met Bramwell at a Holiness Meeting in the White-chapel Hall. He was handing round the Communion and his first words to his future wife were thus, "Remember the Lord's death till He come."

Against the wishes of her father, Miss Soper accepted Bramwell Booth's offer of marriage, and the wedding was celebrated in a manner that attracted notice. For the General announced that the ceremony would be performed by himself in the new Congress Hall at Clapton adjoining the International Training College. A sum of one shilling was charged for admission on which terms the number of guests were about six thousand. There was also a collection and the total proceeds of the happy occasion amounted to £8,000, the equivalent of \$40,000. The money was devoted to reducing the Army's outstanding liability on the transformed Eagle Tavern to which

already reference has been made. So did Bramwell and his "Florrie" sit side by side in the Congress Hall while blessings were showered upon them. Like all the romances within the Booth Family the union was indissoluble. Not one marriage in this family failed to hold until death did them part, and never was there a breath or a hint of a breath of anything approaching, however remotely, to impropriety.

The Rector of St. Anne's, Limehouse, was the Reverend Samuel Beddome Charlesworth. His kith and kin were literary as well as religious, and one of them, Maria Louise Charlesworth, wrote the widely read story *Ministering Children*. An aunt, Mrs. Barclay, was author of a book called *The Rosary*, to be distinguished, of course, from the song so named. Mr. Charlesworth had a daughter Maud who, with his consent, accompanied Kate, the Maréchale, to Paris. The trip was on the clear understanding with the father that she was to be in no way associated with the Army as a Salvationist. Unspeakable, therefore, was Charlesworth's horror when he learned that his "young and delicate child" had been selling *En Avant*, the French *War Cry*, in front of the Opera House, and had been ogled and quizzed in the street by the Parisians. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject for private circulation.

With Ballington Booth, his personal charm, his gifts as an evangelist, his kindness and sincerity, Maud Charlesworth was fascinated, and her love was returned in full measure. In writing to the Rector, William Booth made no secret of the situation between the young people or of his respect for the girl. Firmly the General stood for her right to join the Army and marry his son. On his side Charlesworth was no less candid. A Booth was not good enough for a Charlesworth—that was the long and short of it. Enough that Maud overruled the parental veto, and once more a wedding in the Army was a triumph for the uplifted Flag. The date was September 16, 1886 and the price of admission was raised to half a crown. Beaming with delight, William Booth evoked thunders of laughter by leading Maud onto the platform, kissing her and declaring,

"This is my bride."

Within a few months Ballington and Maud found themselves in New York, charged with responsibility for the Army in the United States.

One marriage followed another in rapid succession until six of the eight children were wed, leaving two to be single. These were Marian with her sweet disposition and weak health, and Evangeline Booth. There was no foreboding in any quarter that the clan, devoted to the Gospel, would fail to hold together in their Salvationist comradeship. On the contrary, each of the sons-in-law in turn added Booth to his surname, so enabling his wife still to use it. Emma became a Booth-Tucker, Lucy a Booth-Hellberg and Kate, the Maréchale, a Booth-Clibborn. It is not to be regarded as domestic glorification. The public wanted it. The Army wanted it. For the name, Booth, was magic, and the marriages were not considered to be a diversion of energies from the Army. They were additions of energy to the Army. Everything was still working out according to the hopes and prayers of William and Catherine Booth—everything save that which was in higher hands even than theirs.

In February 1888, Catherine Booth consulted a leading physician, Sir James Paget. He told her that a small tumour on her breast was cancerous, and he advised an immediate operation. The sufferer asked how long she might expect to live if the disease was allowed to take its course. After much hesitation the doctor replied, "From eighteen months to two years." Catherine accepted that period of retrieve and went on with her work as usual. On June 21st, she spoke for the last time at the City Temple in Holborn, the cathedral of Congregationalism which later was to vanish during the *blitzkreig*.

The misery of William Booth was unutterable and his only relief was a desperate intensity of concentration on the work of the Army. He happened to be crossing the Thames one night and he caught sight of homeless men and women wandering along the pavement. Next morning Bramwell found him half dressed, his braces hanging and his hair ruffled. The Chief of Staff was greeted with the question,

"Do you know that fellows are sleeping on the bridges? Sleeping all night on stone?"

After hearing a reply, the General burst out with the order,

"Go and do something, Bramwell! Do something!"

Anything would be better than nothing—a shed—a roof—a wall around their bodies, and from this conversation—what

psychologists would call an escape from mortal sorrow—developed the social programme of the Army which has affected so profoundly the outlook of statesmen.

During those two clouded years the great journalist, William T. Stead, assisted William Booth in presenting the needs of the "submerged tenth" and here there has been some confusion in the mind of the less instructed public. For there were other than Salvationist Booths in Liverpool and they ran not evangelism but shipping. Charles Booth spent his wealth on a masterly survey of *Life and Labour in London*, which became, volume by volume, a doomsday book of the under-privileged. It was cold, factual, objective. But the title of William Booth's manifesto was not only *In Darkest England*. He added the words *And the Way Out*. Something should be done about it.

As the Army developed its schemes of betterment, suspicions developed. Was not William Booth using the situation of the poor as a means of collecting money for his organisation? He invited, therefore, a Committee of Enquiry, over which Lord James of Hereford, a Law Lord, presided. Evangeline Booth was busy at Bristol when, unexpectedly, she was summoned to London. She was to give evidence.

The Committee took precautions against any attempt to coach the witness. She was to proceed alone to their room. They asked her how she raised money and what she did with it. She told them of the desperate need of many families known to the Salvation Army. She collected the money from those who were willing and able to give, and then she spent the money on necessities for such homes. Her statement was simple—even obvious—and it carried conviction. Her father thanked her for what had helped him to maintain the confidence of the public.

The sixtieth birthday of William Booth was celebrated on April 10th, 1889. There was a banquet of Salvationists in Congress Hall and in an adjoining room out of sight lay Catherine Booth. She heard the General at his best, indomitably humorous as he poked fun at himself, evoking gusts of laughter as he stated solemnly that he had inherited his mother's meekness and self-depreciation. Then there appeared walking through a side door a pale, frail woman, hardly able to steady herself but smiling and cheerful. The welcome that she received was also a farewell, and a whole range of affectionate emotion

was expressed in the demonstration that greeted her. She said one or two sentences, her face alight with the love of a lifetime, and insisted that her husband's description of himself was quite true. Many a time had she bolstered him up to efforts when he had hesitated. The audience laughed with tears in their eyes and graciously she left them in the hands of God.

There does not appear to have been any serious attempt to ease her pain with narcotics. Following the example of the Saviour on the Cross she insisted on remaining conscious to the last. During one terrible night she drew from her finger her wedding ring. She slipped it onto the finger of William Booth, saying, "By this token we were united for time, and by it we are now united for eternity." For eighteen lonely years William Booth wore that ring. When he was dying he kissed the ring and said, "Send it to Eva. Tell her it was on her mother's finger the Christmas morning she was born." Long and arduous were the years when she had it on her person, and the golden circlet travelled with her around the world.

On the ridge of Sydenham Hill there still stood the Crystal Palace, later to be burned down. It was the only building that could begin to accommodate the Salvation Army in its growing numbers, and on July 15th, 1890, 50,000 persons entered the grounds of whom 20,000—as Evangeline Booth well remembers—managed to crowd the vast glassy domed nave. In front of the great organ had been erected two immense rollers around which had been wrapped a long strip of calico. Slowly the rollers were turned and, word by word, the gathering read the last message of one whom they had hailed as "the Army mother."

Little groups of officers were admitted to the bedside in her home where they prayed and sang hymns of triumph, seeing for themselves what it means when a Salvationist awaits promotion to glory. As the end drew near the family gathered and heard her pleading voice, murmuring,

"Love one another, oh, love one another."

With the group standing around her bed she turned to Evangeline Booth and drew her ear close to her lips.

"My Christmas Box!" she whispered, "Don't fret. You'll follow me! I'll watch for you."

With her lips pressed to the lips of William Booth in a last long kiss she died.

Then was seen the first of the great public funerals which revealed what the Salvation Army had become. At Congress Hall the Army's Mother lay in state with her Bible, her bonnet and the Flag as her regalia. Fifty thousand persons filed past her. At the vast Olympia in the West End, there was held a mass service, and through the streets moved slowly a procession amid crowds of mourners only seen hitherto at royal pageants. In a closed carriage sat Evangeline with her sister, Marian, at her side—the much loved but weakly Marian who had been bidden by her dying mother to “mind the babies of the Lord.” In a swaying carriage, open to the air, William Booth stood for hours until he was exhausted. “Some may say that I made an exhibition of myself,” he wrote. “That is what I have been doing with myself for my Master's sake all my life, and what I shall do through all eternity for my Master's sake and the people's sake. And now I am restarted on the same path, the same work.”

The Salvation Army without its Mother—this was the position that had to be faced after the death of Catherine Booth, and the organisation had the feeling for a time that it was an orphan. But it went on from strength to strength, impelled by a twofold urge, the need of man and the call of God to meet that need. Year by year the Army achieved a magnitude and influence of which Catherine Booth, standing like Moses on the heights of her Pisgah, could only conceive as a promised land beyond the River Jordan that she was so soon to cross by faith, dry shod.

The immediate business, day by day, was administrative, and there grew up a system of Orders and Regulations of which a complete code was issued that broadly is in force at this moment. It is characteristic of Evangeline Booth's large view of her duty that not for an instant did she demur at any time to submit to the authority so expressed. She believed that the mind of her father was divinely guided, and with her father it had to be one thing or another. Her compliance with his decisions was thus absolute, and no issue ever arose between her and Headquarters in London over this discipline. She went

where she was told to go and she did what she was told to do. It has to be added that she enforced on others what she accepted for herself, and it was this unquestioning obedience that led her away from the England she loved, oversea to a new world where she was to spend so many years of her mature life.

The origin of the Salvation Army in the United States was as a seed sown by the wayside. In 1872 a man called James Jermy migrated to Canada. He belonged to the Christian Mission out of which developed the Army, and it was noticed that he preached the Gospel to Negroes who addressed him in the street as "Mr. Jermy, Amen." He made his way to Cleveland where he came across a small resort entitled: *Christian Chapel: The Poor Have the Gospel Preached Unto Them*. He entered the place and, once more, found a few Negroes. Their preacher was called James Fackler, and Jermy wrote to William Booth asking for advice. Booth read the letter and fell on his knees like King Hezekiah, spreading the communication before the Lord. Jermy returned to England and the two branches of the Christian Mission that he left behind him in Cleveland do not enter further into this narrative.

In October 1878 two soldiers of the Salvation Army left Coventry in England and settled in Philadelphia. They were Amos Shirley and his wife, Anna. Amos was employed as foreman in the Adams silk mill. There was also their daughter, Eliza, who was a trained officer of the Army with experience of service at Bishop Auckland under Captain Annie Allsop, known as "the Gospel Trumpet." The Shirleys started a corps of the Army in a vacant chair factory which resembled a stable, and in the birth of the movement at Philadelphia there was thus a suggestion of a greater event at Bethlehem. The Shirleys—mother and daughter—came to be known locally as "the Hallelujah Females," and their services were "The Female Minstrel Show." When William Booth read of it in *The War Cry*, he wrote in that journal:

WE MUST GO! This news has come upon us like a voice from heaven, and leave (s) us NO CHOICE.

An "advance" on the United States was immediately ordered.

The Salvation Army was still having to fight furiously for

its very existence on the home front. With the unconcealed complacency of Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, drunken ruffians were hired by publicans to assail the corps in that cathedral city with fists and feet but none of that deterred the Founder from organising an expedition oversea. It was led by the Army's first Commissioner, George Railton, with whom were seven young women officers. The meeting of farewell to the old country was characterised by a touch of legality, not without significance in view of what was to come. For the Army's solicitor read a document in which Railton pledged himself in these words:

I hereby agree that I will continue to be, and act altogether at all times, under the command of the said William Booth, and to carry out in spirit and to the letter the Orders and Regulations of the Salvation Army, and all General Orders issued from time to time from the application of which it is not expressly declared that America shall be exempt.

For Evangeline Booth the ceremonies had a personal interest. For among the gallant little company was to be seen none other than the staunch friend of her childhood, the red-headed cook. There she was, Emma Westbrook, singing, smiling through her tears, an instance of the social and spiritual transformation of the individual under the roof of the still undivided Booth family of which, as we have seen, "Polly" was another example. She had been classified with other domestic servants as humble within the community. But an atmosphere not of the world had breathed over her spirit of daily duty, and hers was now a missionary fervour, genuine as St. Ursula's, which enabled her to confront a new and quite unfamiliar world with the claim of Christ's Cross. She had something to say to others and she said it so that they heeded her words. In 1924—many years later—she was promoted to Field Major, and officers present when Evangeline Booth announced the distinction "nearly pulled the room down" with their cheers. Not until 1833 did Emma Westbrook end her earthly life at the age of eighty-five. She had been held in highest esteem at Syracuse, New York, a city that must have seemed to her to be

strangely remote from the scenes of her young womanhood.

On February 14, 1880 the little party set sail for the United States in the steamship *Australia*, and at Tilbury there was an immense crowd to see them off. Three of the sisters carried the Flag of the Pennsylvania Corps. The other four carried the Flag of the New York Corps. William Booth blessed the latest of Pilgrims and the multitude on the mooring cried, "America for Jesus."

Railton stood by the bulwark of the vessel and started the hymn,

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'll break through every foe,
The wings of love and arms of faith
Will bear me conqueror through.

The weather was atrocious but the crowd lingered. They announced that the Salvation Army had married the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. "Our prayer is," they said, "that the flags of all nations may soon be gloriously incorporated with the Blood and Fire." Brave and reckless words, it may be said, yet not so far from the facts after all. Where are the flags of all nations today without what is signified by the Blood and Fire Flag of the Salvation Army?

For three weeks they were on the ocean, and a cylinder burst in the engine room. Some of the passengers devised a "morality play" in which Railton was presented as "a Jesuit in disguise." He took it all in good part. On arrival in New York with the seven sisters he knelt at the Battery in New York and the crowd assumed that a troupe of comedians had landed. The Salvationists proceeded to the barber shops and asked the customers if they were saved. A saloon keeper caught sight of them. She was a German widow and she cried,

"Salvation! My God! Hans, lock the door."

From the first it was thus made clear to the world that the Salvation Army in the United States was to be within an international fellowship beyond itself, inclusive of all countries, all religions and all races, of which comprehensive movement William Booth as Founder and General was the challenging symbol, and that has been the basic principle from which, during her many years in this important and difficult arena,

Evangeline Booth was never for one single instant to swerve by a hairsbreadth.

Immediately after his marriage Ballington Booth was, as we have seen, assigned to the American command, and high were the expectations that his departure from England aroused. For the United States emerged from the west as an Eldorado of unimaginable wealth, and the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Mellons, appeared in a dazzling procession that outshone the Medicis, the Fuggers and the Rothschilds. To William Booth, unashamed as a most persistent claimant of money for purposes designed to benefit others, here was a new Field of the Cloth of Gold. What might not the privately controlled resources of the mighty plutocracy have achieved for humanity if made available for a trusteeship that asked nothing for itself save the opportunity to be of service where service was most desperately needed! Confronted by human sin and suffering and want William Booth could not have thought otherwise.

What Ballington had to face, was the whole attitude of groups in the United States towards Great Britain, her Empire, her institutions and her memories. There was the twisting of the lion's tail of which President Cleveland's message on Venezuela in 1895 was an illustration. There was the teaching in schools based on no taxation without representation. As the man on the spot Ballington was also entitled to his point of view, and over the increasing range of the Orders and Regulations he was worried. Things were happening in London while he was thousands of miles away.

With his usual wisdom William Booth decided that he would himself visit the United States and see for himself how things were going on. Americans love a great man and know one when they see him. The Founder's tours, which included opening Congress with prayer, were a triumphant success and he left behind him an impression of inspired audacity. But over his son and daughter-in-law he was, somehow or other, uneasy, and when he bade them goodbye it was a real separation.

John Wesley had said that nobody has more than one hundred and fifty good sermons in him. The Methodists thus had a three year plan according to which their ministers moved around from place to place, and in the Salvation Army the

General, whoever he may be, had vested in him the authority to move officers from one command to another throughout the world, and officers obtaining orders to "farewell" obeyed.

As the year 1895 drew to a close William Booth was abroad on tour. His Chief of Staff, Bramwell, acting for him in London, applied the above rule to members of the Booth Family. There was what has been called a game of musical chairs. Evangeline Booth was ordered out of England and into Canada, a change that affected her whole life for forty years to come. Herbert Booth was ordered out of Canada and into Australia. The Booth-Clibborns were ordered out of France and into Belgium and Holland. The Booth-Hellbergs were ordered out of India and into France and Switzerland. Ballington Booth was ordered out of the United States, and many leading salvationists have held that the order should have been obeyed. Other views prevailed, however, and on February 29, 1896 Ballington handed in his resignation. With his wife, Maud, he left the Army.

The news fell as a blow on the Founder. It was not only a break in the family round table. It was the first of such breaks, and William Booth, absent in India, cabled his wishes. They may be summed up in two now familiar words, "Send Eva," instructions that suggest his confidence in a daughter who had handled more than one difficult situation. For the first time, therefore, Evangeline Booth endured a voyage across the Atlantic, always an ordeal with her. For the first time she set eyes on the new world and entered a sphere of service widely in contrast with anything of which, up to that moment, she had had experience.

"So they've sent the pet of the family to convince me," was the not entirely uncomplimentary remark of a brother to whom Evangeline had always been a favourite sister, and Evangeline on her side made no secret of her expectation that the breach would be healed. Ballington might be assured that a fine opportunity of service to the Army would be his if he would stay by the Flag. It was, alas, too late. Ballington was already organising an alternative body, the Volunteers of America, into which Salvationists were invited.

The choice that faced Evangeline Booth was simple and painful. To whom did she owe allegiance—to her heart that

loved Ballington or to her duty that lay with the Army? There could be but one answer to that question nor did Evangeline ever hesitate when the issue was plain.

The Headquarters of the Army in New York were situated, then as now, on Fourteenth Street, where years later the present building was to rise in its dignity. Within the old building Salvationists had gathered at Ballington's invitation and he held the platform. The hope was that they would secede from the Army and form a nucleus for the Volunteers. Evangeline Booth decided to be present at that meeting but when she walked along Fourteenth Street she found that the front doors were closed against her. She was in a quandary, but not for long. Losing no time she hurried around the block to Thirteenth Street where, grim and inhospitable, the back of the building rose above her.

In the manner of a melodrama she ran up the fire-escape and, reaching an upper window, she managed to climb through it. Suddenly she appeared on the platform and demanded the right to be heard. Unprepared she spoke as seldom has she spoken before or since and the crowd of Salvationists, seeing and hearing her for the first time, listened in wondering amazement. She won them and Ballington left Headquarters never to return.

That Ballington and his wife, Maud, should have seceded from the Army in this public manner, caused deep grief within their family. The founding of the Volunteers of America with Ballington as General seemed to be a disaster of the first magnitude. William Booth returned from his world tour and in the Crystal Palace a vast audience welcomed him home. Bereaved by the death of his wife the old man was now stricken by a new and scarcely less personal misery. He spoke of "darkness and sorrow." But volleys of enthusiasm, renewed again and again, broke forth when he added: "My American Army has been true and loyal."

Not without reason had a father entrusted the fate of what he held so dear to the courage and wisdom of his daughter.

As Chief of Staff Bramwell Booth wrote letter after letter, filled with "eternal love," calling for "three cheers" and describing his sister as "a brick," "a heroine," "a veteran," "a

warrior," and one who would receive her "reward." Only over one incident was there criticism.

Many were they in New York who sympathised with the Ballington Booths and, at the moment, were not sorry to be anti-British. When the Army gathered a crowd at the Cooper Union, Evangeline Booth, appearing on the platform, was greeted with a storm of hisses. Denied a hearing, she left the platform, apparently defeated, but in a minute she was back again. The objectors were dumbfounded at seeing this erect young woman, a British subject, carrying on its staff the Flag of the United States. Allowing its folds to drape themselves around her uniform, she said to herself in the excitement, "Hiss that, if you dare!"

Then, accompanying herself on the concertina she sang:

Live or die, just as He pleases,
Where He is I mean to be;
If death could not frighten Jesus,
Then why should death frighten me?
Over Jordan without fearing,
He will leave me not alone;
On His breast so strong and tender,
He will bear me safely home.

The people were silenced, they listened and they were won over. The gesture turned the scale.

Evangeline Booth has always shuddered over this incident, different, as it was, from her idea of dignity on the platform. Her brother pointed out that the Flag of the Salvation Army is not national but international, on which basic principle she also has ever insisted. What one does notice in Bramwell's letters is an excess of language in allusion to the United States that revealed a somewhat insular attitude. Evangeline Booth was thus faced by a problem to which, more than any other person, she contributed the solution. How was the Salvationist Movement, originating in Great Britain, to be spread undivided and indivisible throughout the world and, especially, the English-speaking world? Every Protestant Church, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist and the others had passed out of organic unity to autonomous administration when it went oversea. So

had it been with the Bible Societies. So was it to be with the Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides and other organisations. It is the pride of the Salvation Army that it has been the exception to so general a rule.

For the time being Evangeline Booth, as the "man on the spot," was entrusted with plenary powers. But she was replaced by a Territorial Commander, Booth-Tucker, with his wife, Emma, of whom we shall hear more in due course.

Sentiment in the United States was now confronted by a clear cut issue. The Salvationist crusade was held to be justified at once by the need of the individual and society and by the bold efficiency that offered the remedy for the need. But was the country to have the crusade run internationally from London or nationally from New York? Which manner of evangelism was to be preferred? The Army or the Volunteers?

The issue was keenly debated, not in the council chamber alone but on the pavement. Army and Volunteers marched the same routes in the streets, competed for the use of the same stands and halls, dispensed the same charities and collected money from the same sympathisers. Feelings on both sides were often bitterly aroused, these being men and women of like passions with the rest of us and with each other. But amid it all the work went on and the public had no reason to be other than grateful for an exceptional service. What has here to be stated is time's verdict. The main stream of Salvationist effort flowed in ever increasing abundance within the Army's broadening channel.

CANADA

IN THE year 1896 when Ballington Booth left the Salvation Army, Evangeline Booth had just entered on her thirties. Into her British career had been crowded a lifetime of effort, emotion, controversy of every kind, even within her own eager, insistent yet disciplined self. She had seen her brothers, Bramwell, Ballington and Herbert, her sisters Emma, Kate and Lucy, successively married, yet she had remained single. Asked by the reporters for the reason why, she would say in later years that she referred all offers to her mother who gave the answers. But whatever her gaiety, it had cost something. Hers was not a secluded life nor was she bound by vows of celibacy. On the contrary, opportunity was ever at the door. Here then was a perpetual, conscious and deliberate abstention, the full cost of which was only realised with the passage of time.

One of the Queen's physicians—it may have been Sir James Paget who had pronounced the verdict on her mother—took a somewhat serious view of her health. He prescribed an immediate change of scene, the open air treatment as a corrective to consumptive tendencies and a special measure to counteract weakness of the spine. "If you want to keep her," he said, "there is just one thing you can do. Put her on the back of a horse for an hour or two every day." And William Booth obeyed orders.

Evangeline was relieved of her British responsibilities, and that chapter in her life, long, exciting and picturesque, was brought to a close. Her brother, Herbert, had been whisked off to Australia leaving Canada vacant. It was in the Dominion that Evangeline Booth started afresh as Field Commissioner.

A picture by Ford Madox Brown, painted in the pre-Raphaelite manner, reveals the chill at the heart of emigrants on the wind swept deck of their ship as they watch the skyline of the mother country fade away in the cold wet mist. There was nothing of this in the farewell of the Army in London to Evangeline Booth. In the midst of the bright lights stood Regent's Hall which had been her headquarters as Field Commissioner of the metropolitan area. Here they had hung her portrait on the wall, here were the bandsmen whose music she had selected for four years. Also, in the familiar Congress Hall during a long evening, prayers and praise and smiles and tears were showered on one who still looked "the White Angel of the Slums," still younger than her years. To her "precious comrades" she wrote "a few parting words which you may have to keep, and perhaps sometimes to look at, after I am gone." It was the letter of "your God-given leader," and it overflowed with proud gratitude for those who had "unhesitatingly striven to execute my smallest wish in the interests of the Kingdom." In a communication to be read after her departure she said:

"Canada is a long way off, but there is no parting in the Salvation Army. It may be long before you see my face again but my spirit will be with you, my prayers will ever be around you, for I shall always plead with God on your behalf."

On reaching her destination she received a letter signed by her former bandsmen in which were the words: "You trusted us."

In train and ship—what the Founder called "one of those ancient steam tubs"—they said it with flowers. Many a Salvationist, waving good wishes, had the feeling that things would never be quite the same again, and they were right. For Evangeline Booth had symbolised the first fine rapture of the revival as a youth movement, and her departure meant that the era of resolute maturity had arrived.

The story of the Salvation Army in Canada, as elsewhere, had been a romance of spontaneous revival. In 1882 two young men, converted in England under the Flag, had found themselves, unknown to one another, in London, Ontario. Each of them supposed that he was the only Salvationist in the Dominion of Canada. It happened that one evening they attended

a prayer meeting in the same church where they became acquainted. There and then they decided to start activities on the lines with which they had been familiar in the old country, and when in due course they were visited by an interested commissioner, "Jack" and "Joe" greeted this officer with a hundred converts. The pioneers proceeded to serve the Army in other fields but in Canada the work developed until the number of stations when Evangeline Booth arrived ran well above three hundred. It was no small enterprise for which this young Field Commissioner became responsible.

On June 11th, 1896 the mission boat *William Booth* on Lake Ontario was seen to approach Toronto, the citadel of Canadian Protestantism. Crowds were awaiting her arrival and among them was a carriage with white horses. It was decided that the horses were superfluous and twenty staff officers drew the carriage to the Pavilion, with the new Field Commissioner standing as "a splendid specimen of sanctified womanhood." She spoke and what she said was followed by scenes of reconsecration.

She had little time for the nostalgia that afflicts exiles from the homeland, and her first occupation was househunting. For she wrote in one of her letters that she had with her two of her favourite dogs but apparently this was a picturesque overstatement. Still she and her dogs needed a roof over their heads and in seeking for it there was that in her which scented a bargain from afar. The house must be a mile or two from headquarters which would allow for daily rides on horseback, in accordance with the doctor's express orders, it must accommodate the horse and, other things being equal, the dogs. No such residence would have been within her slender means, had it not been for one providential circumstance. A house had long lain empty. For it was haunted by a ghost.

Evangeline Booth was not nervous over ghosts and she offered to rent the house for ten dollars a month. "For how long?" she was asked. "A year?" She froze. Was the Salvation Army to pay ten dollars a month and after restoring the good name of the house in addition give it back in a mere twelve months? No, no, they must try to do better than that. So the lease was for five years.

The Army moved in, and the ghost did not like it. The

dogs started barking in the middle of the night and weird shadows appeared on the landing of the stairs. However, the officers on the Field Commissioner's staff subjected the phenomena to what scholars in universities call higher criticism and the ghost became a memory. The house regained its good name and, when the Salvation Army had done with it, the place became part of a civic improvement.

It was not a very commodious residence. The building was old and difficult to heat. There were no proper sanitary arrangements, and communications were non-existent. The Field Commissioner could not afford a telephone and the village near by could not afford a telegraph office. "I have been sensitive over spending money on myself," she wrote, and it was with an apology that, when the time came for leaving Canada, she handed over what furniture she had to her successor, keeping "not so much as a chair or a counterpane"—only the family photographs on the walls.

She had already learned to ride, jumping her first hurdles in the Royal Stables at Buckingham Palace, and as Field Commissioner in a Dominion where the horsemanship of the Mounted Police is regarded as a national achievement, she was noted daily as she appeared in uniform, proceeding back and forth between her home and Territorial Headquarters at James and Albert Streets. She breathed in the fresh air that her lungs needed. At night she slept in the garden under canvas, so justifying the wisdom of the medical advice on which her father had acted.

She was putting in three times the work expected of an average woman, and by the inexorable law of cause and effect she had to be assured of those small creature comforts without which such effort cannot be long maintained. That she was taken care of by others is the fact. It is also the fact that the Salvation Army would not be what it is today if she had not been taken care of. It had to be a rested woman, a self-prepared woman, a woman dwelling amid the dignities, who could go forth to meet all the varied prestiges of public life, political, scientific, literary, artistic, dramatic, ecclesiastical, on equal terms, who could hold her own for the Army she represented in a prolific and competitive era.

At the outset the Dominion was startled by an announce-

ment. This still-young Englishwoman who had recently arrived, was, of course, already interesting. But it was surely courageous of her to engage the Massey Hall in Toronto—the largest auditorium in the country—for an address to the people. Here, indeed, was a challenge, and Canada liked it. Every seat in the Massey Hall was filled, and could have been filled twice over. The Field Commissioner was given the hearing of a lifetime.

About the eloquence of Salvationists there is a quality that transcends the person speaking. Even the humblest of officers or soldiers utters a message not his own. He or she stands by the Flag and the Drum as the envoy plenipotentiary of God in Christ, the Redeemer of mankind. Such speaking is not rhetorical alone. Among the uneducated, it may have been uncouth. But it has always been sacramental, and the speaker, however humble, is a priest of the Gospel, upheld by the prayers and hopes of his comrades—stirred to the very depths of his being by the sure and certain knowledge that his words are given him to utter as the Bread of Life for the hungry who starve unless they are fed. Imagine then the abounding sense of opportunity and responsibility that filled the whole being of Evangeline Booth to overflowing as she stood in strange solitude on the platform of Massey Hall and contemplated the multitudinous faces around and above and below her. All were expectant—some, of the blessing they needed so desperately for themselves—then, the sprinkling of Salvationists, of the blessing they sought so earnestly for others. Was it not Carlyle who somewhere said of Napoleon that his words were half battles? Words in the Salvation Army have won whole battles between life and the sin that destroys life.

That speech in the Massey Hall was an occasion when Evangeline Booth—to use one of her favourite phrases—was “granted liberty.” It was not only a success. It was a victory. From coast to coast of the Dominion the news went forth that here was one to whom it was a privilege to listen. Massey Hall became the centre of crowds that sometimes shut the Field Commissioner out of her own meetings. The Governor General of Canada was the Earl of Aberdeen who, with the redoubtable Lady Aberdeen, was a leader in all Christian enterprises. Nothing would satisfy them except hearing Evangeline Booth. They drove in their carriage to find themselves blocked

by a crowd from the Hall in the distance. A young Canadian was clinging to the top of a lamp-post enjoying the situation.

"Look, mister," cried this ragged urchin, "it's Miss Booth in there, and it don't matter who you be, sir, and she says we must all be saved."

On July 17th, 1900, she wrote to Emma:

. . . about our late trip . . . we had regular old Salvation times . . . the chief object of the campaign was to visit some very small and hard places where the getting of a crowd at all implies that you have the best part of the population out to see you. The people drove in for miles around to attend the meetings, and what with the immense audiences, sometimes stretching outside the canvas, and the almost suffocating heat, the effort was terribly exhausting. We had souls in nearly every meeting, though it almost killed us to get them . . . I lived those few weeks between the platform and the roads . . .

In the train she was treated as a privileged passenger. She could not visit the dining car for a cup of coffee without receiving special dishes from the manager free of charge. The conductor took care of her eye-glasses and other gentlemen sharpened her pencils, bought her papers and fastened and unfastened her box. The birth of a puppy *en route* was among the auspicious occasions. Over buying a horse she found herself in some difficulty, the seller knowing that she could not bring him into court over that kind of a deal. One of her complaints was the respectability of the crowds that thronged to hear her. She longed for "some poor old darkened scallywags to talk to about their sins and give a chance of heaven." At the Massey Hall, tickets were sold at five and ten cents and the ten-cent tickets went faster than the five.

One minor worry always annoyed her. There would be a great meeting and she would have put her whole heart into pleading with the people, only to find that some chairman—even a Salvationist officer—dismissed the audience without final appeals to the unsaved. She liked to be assured that souls had been brought to the penitent form and straightly dealt with.

During her command it seemed as if there was never a dull moment. It happened that in 1896 the Armenian people

were suffering the massacre which was systematic under the orders of a Sultan who, moody and suspicious, was denounced at the time by his generation as Abdul the Damned. Indignation drew an aged Gladstone out of his retirement to deliver in Liverpool one final blast of his oratory against the perpetrators and tolerators of such atrocities, and William Booth—as we shall see, in touch with Gladstone over another matter—ordered a Salvationist Red Cross to provide relief. Into this mission of mercy Evangeline Booth summoned all in Canada whom she could reach, so setting forth her never ceasing belief that the Love of God, revealed in Christ crucified, is international. Another of her enterprises was the Bureau for Missing Persons, now familiar in the Army but not so well known in those days. Attention was given to Indians in Canada and the inspiration of the Army was felt in the most ancient of British colonies, Newfoundland, where schools for fisher folk were started. There were hospitals for women and children, industrial homes and immigrant aid stations.

In August 1896 gold was discovered in quantity along Bonanza Creek in the Yukon and a wild stampede of over-eager prospectors released the pent-up avarice of mankind. On April 12th, 1898, Evangeline Booth as Field Commissioner wrote to her sister, Katie, the Maréchale:

I cannot tell you what this Klondyke rush has meant to me. The opportunity is such a tremendous one—the chance of a lifetime—and we are straining every nerve to seize it in the full. . . . The teeming multitudes mad for gold whom I saw on my recent tour, all heading for Alaska—they are indelibly branded in all their unsatisfied craving on my very soul. There are most awful descriptions of the Godlessness and desperate wickedness of Dawson City.

The expedition of the Salvationists to Dawson City was arduous indeed. The officers rowed nearly five hundred miles in boats and their hands became so blistered that they could hardly hold the oars. They had to carry loads on their backs. They arrived on a scene that has often been shown by Hollywood. One saloon-keeper on Front Street in Dawson City had just paid \$1,000 in gold dust for a fine Holstein cow to provide

him with milk. On a single evening two thousand prospectors stampeded to Dominion Creek to stake their claims and later stood in a cue outside the Recorder's office, awaiting the doors to open in the morning. Amid the turmoil the Salvationists had fine audiences and when it came to be time for the collection the people poured gold dust into the plate. They cut logs and rip-sawed the timber with which to build their quarters on a site which was granted to them free of charge. Their first convert was a backslider who had gambled and drunk away about \$7,000 during his stay in the Yukon. He enrolled as a soldier. Through streets clamorous with ribald music floating out of saloons and boarding houses from mechanical pianos, marched the little group belonging to the Army, singing songs of home.

The mind of her brother Bramwell as chief of staff was negative when she proposed adventures but her father, William Booth, on hearing about Alaska, said in effect, "Let her go," and away she went, once, twice, thrice, up rivers where the boat fell apart, over passes and through forests. At one time the little party carried arms but they never used them. They were given special protection by the Dominion's famous police.

On June 1st, 1898 she wrote a long letter about Alaska to her brother-in-law, Booth-Tucker. She had proceeded to Skagway on a steamer called the *Tees*. The passengers included 200 sheep, with 15 horses and donkeys, but the voyage was delightful, for the Pacific Ocean was as quiet as its name suggested, and the world's worst sailor, much to her own surprise, was able to pace the deck in comfort. She was attended by whales, seals, sea-fowl and many kinds of fish while white-headed eagles swarmed over the rocks and cliffs. The glaciers were intense in their loveliness and the icebergs were formed for beauty. In the moonlight it seemed as if the ice breaking from the glaciers shone on the waters like white angels.

The captain put his vessel under orders from the Field Commissioner and she was able to visit the Indians in their own villages. Among them were no fewer than three hundred Salvationists along the seaboard of British Columbia, many of whom spoke English while others had to be approached through an interpreter. She addressed these Indians on the wharves of canneries where they worked, in barracks that they

had built for themselves with graceful architecture and workmanship, and in the homes of white people. She was much impressed by their sincerity, intelligence and willingness to come under the Army's discipline. They wore uniforms that in many instances they had made for themselves, and the whites testified to the change wrought in them by conversion, especially in respect of drink. They pleaded for officers to be sent them and for a life under the Flag.

Evangeline was deeply moved. "When I listened," she wrote, "to their hearty singing, 'His blood can make the vilest clean,' ringing through the woods where I conducted a midnight meeting in their little barracks, while the Captain held the boat, I found it difficult to see why we should hold back any longer from making them our own soldiers."

Skagway beggared her powers of description. Houses of rough timber were set amid trees and logs, and with a cosmopolitan population, the town had neither police nor military. The people were hospitality itself. Two log cabins were provided for the visitors and all kinds of old friends greeted "Miss Eva." The Salvationists marched to a corner between the Pack Train Saloon and "Soapy Smith's Place," two notorious resorts. The crowd blocked the streets, climbing onto planks and even the counter of the bar to catch a glimpse of the Field Commissioner. She wrote:

Sinners they were—the old and hardened—the young tenderfeet just from home and plunging into degradation—the once well-to-do but now debased—the once poor but now rich—the intelligent, the sharp and the brutal—there they all were, in western clothes with big hats—men on horseback—boys standing on their cayuse—a most striking crowd.

They clapped their hands as she started her address and it ended with them on their knees singing "Home Sweet Home." At half-past ten it was still light. "For," she wrote, "the sun scarcely set behind the mountain at the right of the Chilcoot Pass when it seemed to rise at the left over the White Pass Mountain, and the glow of sunset merged into glorious and golden dawn."

Soapy Smith, who owned the saloon, was quite a celebrity. He got his name in Denver where he sold soap at the street corners. Within certain of the packages were wrapped one, five and ten dollar bills, and with this inducement he did a roaring trade. The loaded packages, however, were handed to purchasers who were confederates, and with Soapy Smith they were hunted out of Denver, finding their way to Skagway where, by fair means or foul, they lured prospectors with money on them into a condition where they could be robbed. Soapy and his gang numbering some sixty adherents were a terror to the town. He was a tall dour man and Evangeline watched him during one of her meetings as he stood listening intently to what she was saying.

One evening in their camp among the trees the Salvationist party was warned that Soapy Smith with five of his body-guard was approaching. It was a case of firearms on both sides. "Leave him to me," said Evangeline Booth, and she met the party. Supper was over, she said, but she would be happy to give them cups of cocoa. They sat and drank the cocoa and the Field Commissioner took Soapy Smith aside. "Why don't you give up this kind of life?" she asked him, and apparently he was impressed. He said that if he surrendered to the authorities it would be death, and she spoke to him of a salvation that means victory over death. Amid the shadows of the forest they prayed together and Soapy Smith departed.

A citizens' meeting was held on a long wharf at Skagway. It was decided to clean out Soapy Smith and his gang. Soapy appeared in force and there was shooting on both sides. The town surveyor, Frank Reid, standing to guard the entrance to the wharf, was killed, which was murder, and Soapy was badly wounded. He was operated on by the surgeon in hope that he might live to be hung. But he cheated the gallows. Five years later someone happened to visit his grave. It was fragrant with fresh flowers. A strange man, he had been, and loved, it would seem, by somebody. For the Salvation Army he always had had a fondness. He told Evangeline Booth that his mother had taken him to its meetings as a little boy, and he had been eager to go because they allowed him to clap his hands.

The Field Commissioner wrote:

It has meant a heap of heavenly ingenuity to get money and men for the expedition—sufficient of the one and suitable people for the other. But God has helped us, and the little party which bade farewell at the Massey Hall on Thursday night are, I think, equal to their task, and well equipped for their mission. Six men officers and two nurses make up the pioneers. I go with them as far as Vancouver.

Dawson City swelled like a mushroom and like a mushroom collapsed. To plunge into the maelstrom of vice and debauchery was not a mere adventure into the spectacular. It was answering a claim of honour. Along streets deep in mud and swept by the roar of voices were heard songs of sanity—the music of homes on earth and heaven ahead—lilting melodies that recalled the long forgotten days when a mother, a father meant something to restless sons and daughters. It was a witness to the world that over the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human affairs the Cross of Christ throws its inescapable shadow.

In 1902 Evangeline Booth devoted ten weeks to a western tour of the Dominion. She was accompanied by a bodyguard consisting of "Knights of the Red Cross" and they travelled more than 8,000 miles. The attendance at ninety indoor meetings exceeded 30,000—this in sparsely populated regions—and the number of those who knelt at the penitent form was three hundred and fifty.

There were three railway accidents, the first of them dangerous. The Salvationist train crashed clean through a freight train standing athwart the track, the slow speed of the locomotive saving the cars from telescoping. "Gipsy," Evangeline's inseparable companion for over sixty years, was in charge of the commissariat and she supplied nice meals at small expense. Several of the Red Knights put on ten to fifteen pounds weight during the tour! In a contemporary account of the Field Commissioner we read that "she was certainly at her best":

Earnest in her pleadings and eloquent in delivery, Miss Booth throws her whole soul into her work. With a charming presence and a personality almost indescribable, she holds her hearers spellbound, and at the close of her remarks there exists a feeling of regret that she has finished.

The music was much appreciated and, not least, Evangeline Booth's playing on the harp. This time the voyage from Vancouver to Skagway was on the *S. S. Princess Mary*, a much more commodious vessel than the *S. S. Tees* of four years earlier. The trip took three days instead of six and the party visited the grave of Soapy Smith and also the monument erected to Reid "who gave his life for the honour of Skagway," as the epitaph has it.

There were found to be many converted Salvationists among the Alaskan Indians. They wore the uniform and they lived the life. At Skagway a man called Jim Hansen was saved and immediately he confessed to a double murder which had baffled the police. Nearly a hundred Indians of the Thlinget tribe were in the Army, and one of them owned the famous Stah-Wahn Knife which, for two hundred years, had been kept in the family for lethal purposes. It had been sold as a curiosity. Indian women gave the Field Commissioner one of their much admired spruce-root baskets which are the result of weeks of patient weaving.

It was decided not to proceed to Dawson City, and perhaps it was as well. For, as subsequent reports showed, the party would have included a case of smallpox and the Field Commissioner would have found herself in quarantine. Great courtesy was shown to the party by the Governor whose car with mounted escort, like his residence, was at Evangeline Booth's service. One little compliment was the gift of a gold nugget for the Army. She sent such a little memento to one of her nephews in London.

It was from her nearest and, perhaps, the dearest of her brothers, Herbert, that Evangeline Booth took over the Canadian Command. About the splendid aplomb of Herbert Booth as a spiritual leader there has never been any doubt. He preached the Gospel with his whole heart and soul. He composed music. He overflowed with ideas and coined phrases. He was electric with initiative.

But he sometimes upset people and in Canada he had had his tiffs and his tantrums. His successor had not been at her desk a day before it was apparent that under her leadership nothing of this kind would be allowed to happen. Happy, we are told, is the country that has no history, and this was the

good fortune of Canada under Evangeline Booth. There were sensations that got into the press. There was plenty of publicity. But it was backed up by solid, smooth and successful administration. Local corps were started. Older corps were built up. Mortgages were reduced. When the Dominion was visited by the Founder, William Booth, the occasion was triumphal.

With disciplined regularity the Field Commissioner reported to International Headquarters in London, and in 1902 her account of things included her tours in the west. As Chief of Staff, Bramwell Booth acknowledged this information in a letter dated December 22nd of that year. He wrote:

I note all you say with reference to Officers Councils. How good God has been to you! How mighty are the results of these gatherings we shall never know. I hope the Staff will follow them up.

I am more and more convinced that the greatest possible benefactor . . . is the firm and patient District Officer who goes round steadily, like the seasons, and inexorably insists upon certain things being systematically carried out, who takes no excuse, who knows no man after the flesh, who though he has a heart as tender as a mother's, has a will like iron, and a hand that can strike hard when it ought to strike, and a tongue given to reproof as well as praise. This is the man who is the real blessing and the true friend and the genuine leader. You and I make great impressions, no doubt, in our special gatherings, but then ours is a sort of tropical rain which pours down floods upon the thirsty ground, and while it is very valuable and very useful, it is nothing like so important as the frequent and constant shower which comes again and again and makes the harvest really possible.

He continues:

I am very much exercised upon the whole question of the Field Officer's religion. I am persuaded that many of the Officers are trying to do the Salvation Army without salvation—at any rate, with very little; trying to exemplify the principles of the most wonderful re-

ligious organisation that the world has ever seen with very little religion. They get into a formal or a legal way of doing things and go on doing them without any results or with very little results because the life and heat, and fire and passion are burned out or almost out.

The District Officers, I am afraid, in many cases go round and do everything for them except light the fire; they inspect and explore and advise, cheer them up, galvanise the thing, but what they do not do is to sit down with the officer and clear away his troubles, ferret out his backslidings and kindle again the holy zeal.

Now I am speaking, of course, generally, and I have no doubt that many of your Officers are very much more religious than those in the United States and than many in England; but this is a very real danger, and I am sure you will look out for it.

It was with exemplary patience that, on the whole, Evangeline Booth read the letters of this kind which she received. Her confidence was that the officers of the Army, though occasionally needing what she called a "jack up," did not deserve the sweeping condemnations bestowed upon them, and forty-five years of heroic piety throughout the world has justified her more sympathetic point of view. "Who is he that condemneth? It is God that justifies."

The Field Commissioner, when leaving the Dominion, reduced her farewells to an absolute minimum. So self-effacing was her attitude that, in writing to International Headquarters in London, she went so far as to apologise for references in the press which, a contrast to the "nasty cuts and cruel criticisms" of other years, approved of her Field Commissionship. Anything of that kind in the newspapers was, so she pleaded, "one for the Army."

The aftermath to her Canadian command was something of a sorrow to her sensitive spirit, and in a letter dated August 14th, 1928, many years later, she disclosed a somewhat surprising situation:

Although I spent nine years in Canada—nine years of the most arduous toils in my experience—not in twen-

ty-four years have I been permitted to cross the border to visit my old command, although repeated requests from different Commissioners and leading officers have been made for me. I visited Toronto for one Sunday and that solely upon my own account.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that she should have been treated in this way. Her obedient loyalty to International Headquarters did not waver for an instant but it was no assistance to her legitimate peace of mind that she should be put on the defensive.

CRISIS

K NOW all," wrote Thomas à Kempis in his *Imitation of Christ*, "and you will pardon all." Nobody, I think, could read the private correspondence of the Booths and escape from a sense of profound sympathy with all of these devoted people who, highly strung in their nervous temperament and by no means robust in health, were straining resources of energy to the limit. "The great friend of the Booth family is sleep," wrote Bramwell to Evangeline. But they allowed themselves little rest or time to think.

A fact has now to be mentioned that has been too little noticed. The Booths played their part in an era of revival. An evangelist as impressive in his day as William Booth was Dwight L. Moody of New England to whose worldwide ministry was attributed the ingathering of a million souls. He was accompanied by Ira D. Sankey, the singer, whose melodies were for a time as popular as the songs of Stephen Collins Foster himself. One of Evangeline Booth's treasures has been the American organ or harmonium which accompanied Moody and Sankey on their tours. There it has stood for many years in her home at Hartsdale, New York, and one thinks of Sankey's fingers touching the keys at that memorable moment when, called on for a solo, he improvised a setting of the greatest of those gospel hymns:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold

Curious that his fingerprints should have been mingled with Evangeline Booth's as she composed her hymns at that instrument, and especially *The World for God*, with its—I give my heart, I'll do my part—which chorus has been sung in palaces and by lepers and criminal tribesmen of tropical India and throughout the world.

The distinction between Dwight L. Moody and William Booth, therefore, was no matter of rivalry. They were comrades in the same struggle. But they had diverse views of what they considered to be God's will for them to obey. Moody held himself to be an evangelist and nothing more than that. He left the convert to the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the fellowship of his Church, whatever it might be. Booth, on the other hand, was convinced that he must follow up the conversion with a fellowship into which the convert might be welcomed and set to work. The problems that Booth had to face were thus far more complex and continuous than any that were recognised by Moody. Moody did not attempt to found a Salvation Army.

The influence of Moody in the universities and among the governing classes of England was, despite his pronounced Yankee accent, remarkable, and two notable men illustrate this whole situation. One of them bore the name of the Devonian seadog, Sir Richard Grenville—to give the old spelling—whose fight on *The Revenge* was celebrated by Tennyson in a stirring poem. Grenfell dropped into one of Moody's meetings and came out of it a changed man. He is honoured as Grenfell of Labrador. The second man was also born into England's bureaucratic purple. His grandfather had been a chairman of the East India Company and, like Grenfell, he surrendered to the call under Moody. Frederick St. George da Latour Tucker joined the Salvation Army.

Tucker of India—Saint and Sadhu, as F. E. McKenzie called him—was a man of classical scholarship. Like Lawrence of Arabia he could read Greek and write it as his mother tongue. It was by these attainments, to which law must be added, that he won a place in the Indian Civil Service where he was appointed Judge. The Government of India did not like him preaching the Gospel from a soapbox and he resigned his career. Barefoot, he married Emma in London and re-

turned to India to wear native clothes, eat native food and live in native quarters. The Government was no better pleased but Tucker went ahead with his absurd little processions, as they seemed to be, and one day the authorities met him in the street "in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen of England and Empress of India." Tucker replied "in the name of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords." He was arrested and, versed in the law, he defended himself. His plea in court was unanswerable, for he appealed to Queen Victoria herself. What was it that she had proclaimed to the Princes and Peoples of India when she annexed the country after the Mutiny? Tucker recited the words:

We declare it to be our Royal Will and Pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested, or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the Law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.

If that applied to Sikhs and Moslems and Hindus parading the streets, why did it not apply to the Salvation Army? The Indian Peoples backed up the plea and the Salvation Army was placed in the position of a religion persecuted by the British Raj. In later years Evangeline Booth visited the enterprise and with eloquent appreciation told the western world of what was going on.

For thirty years after her appointment as Field Commissioner of Canada she was a close friend of Booth-Tucker. On all the major issues that arose the two of them—both among the founders under William Booth of the Army—saw eye to eye.

In the critical year, 1902, as it opened, William Booth could survey with satisfaction the progress of the great movement which was developing throughout the world. All of his children and those they had married were engaged in making known the love of God in Christ; all save Ballington and Maud were following up their evangelism within the Salvation Army, and even the Volunteers of America, started by Ballington,

was tributary by imitation to the father's audacious conception of a militant order of married and unmarried men and women pledged to win a sinful world for God. The troubles within the Salvationist movement were a difficulty but they were the agonies of men and women who were winning not losing the battle.

Over the evangelism of Herbert Booth there have never been two opinions. The man was afire for souls. It was over organisation only that he became restive. His father wrote to him at great length and with great ability. The whole influence of his sister, Evangeline, was on the side of patience—sticking it out—and deep was her sorrow when impatience got the better of him. For in 1902 Herbert Booth seceded from the Army and went forth on his own. A second of the Founder's sons was "estranged," and there was worse to be faced. Kate Booth, the *Maréchale*, with her record of daring in France, was among the heroines of the cause. She was married to a man of great physical stature, Arthur Sydney Booth-Clibborn, whose position in the Army was so completely accepted that he was among those selected to speak at the funeral of Evangeline's mother.

Booth-Clibborn had Quaker blood in his veins and during the South African War he became an ardent pacifist. His wife the *Maréchale*, with her large family and her environment in Belgium and Holland, wrote as a critic of Great Britain and was known as a "pro-Boer." Thus did the Booth-Clibborns drift from the obedience required in the Army. Booth-Clibborn himself demanded the right to proclaim a "larger gospel" that included divine healing—on which subject William Booth wrote an able pronouncement—and the immediate coming of Christ in person. One thing led to another and Booth-Clibborn was drawn under the spell of a prophet of Scottish origin, Dowie, who posed as a second John the Baptist, reincarnation of Elijah. The "weathercock" as Booth-Tucker incisively described his brother-in-law, wrote a letter to Dowie, professing fealty to the latest forerunner, and Dowie gleefully published the communication in his paper. It cannot be said of Headquarters in London that they were harsh in their attitude towards their wayward mystic. For six months they tried to save things. But without success. The wife in Catherine Booth-Clibborn—with her exuberant and characteristic hand-

writing—overcame the eldest daughter and sister. She followed her adored husband—"a mighty man of God specially called and ably qualified" as she described him—out of the Army.

To Bramwell Booth the whole of this was sheer agony. On August 16th, 1902 he wrote to his sister, Evangeline:

It is awful, and so intensely do I feel the *wickedness* of it and the ruin it will bring to souls—what do you think of the ex-lieutenant in Paris who joined them and then fell into lying and stealing and hanged himself—that I have no longer any softness towards them.

It was this intensity of zeal that explained his appearance of severity.

Surges of rumour swept over the troubled scene and as to one fairy tale Evangeline Booth was emphatic. On August 4th, 1902, she wrote to her sister, Emma, as follows:

I do not know how Ballington came to think I was in great sorrow and leaving the Army. I am not in any sorrow, and I never more believed in the Army than today. I am not in it because I think it is the easiest place for serving God and my fellows. I do not expect there will not be any trials or uphill climbing. But I am in the Army because I believe it is the greatest movement in the world for lifting men and women out of their sorrows and sin, and seeing how it is doing this in greater numbers every day, love it better every day.

The verdict of William Booth as Founder of the Army was massive and final. He wrote:

The Salvation Army does not belong to the Booth family. It belongs to the Salvation Army. So long as the Booth family are good Salvationists, and worthy of commands, they shall have them, but only if they are. I am not the General of a family. I am the General of the Salvation Army.

In North America the full force of the troubles was felt

at first hand. In New York alone Herbert Booth addressed a number of audiences totalling 40,000. Much to Evangeline Booth's indignation, the Volunteers of America on the sidewalks fought the Salvationists, chorus to chorus and kettle to kettle. And there were domestic trials. Lucy was a mother mourning the loss of two young children and in desperate anxiety over her husband, Booth-Hellberg, a slowly dying man. Emma's little baby was called after her aunt, Evangeline, and to the anguish of the sisters the infant faded out. We see Evangeline in New York conducting a funeral service over the open coffin of her peacefully sleeping namesake.

Within the scene brooded a strange apprehension that nobody could explain. On September 25, 1903, William Booth wrote from England to his daughter, Emma. "I cannot help an awkward feeling," he said, "that you are not well, or that there is something unpleasant happening at (American) Headquarters." A month later Evangeline wrote to her sister, Emma:

Toronto Headquarters,
October 20, 1903.

Precious Sister,

Since writing you last, I have dreamed of you every night. Night before last I had a most dreadful nightmare, and *screamed* your name at the top of my voice, several times. I could not stop my heart from beating furiously for an hour. I thought I was calling to you to come and rescue me from a terrible trouble, and could not make you hear. Do take care of yourself. I know you are working too hard and it would be a great disappointment and calamity for you to go down ill for the winter. Do be careful, darling.

Yours in everlasting affection,

Eva.

On a morning one week later Booth-Tucker went to the Pennsylvania Station, Chicago where he was to meet his wife due from the West. Two Salvationist officers hurried him into a cab and at headquarters he learned that Emma was dead. He was prostrated by the shock.

About the story of what had happened there is a kind of

fatalism. Emma had arranged to reach Chicago by way of St. Louis but at the last moment the plan was changed and she came from Amity direct by the night train from Santa Fé. A little group of Salvationists saw her onto the train with fervent gratitude and goodwill, and it was past midnight. She had to face conferences for which she wished to be prepared, and it was recalled how she would begin such proceedings by asking, "Now who is going to empty their bucket first?" Hence, despite the late hour, she talked over her programme with Colonel Holland who was attending her. There was the engine pulling the train, then a baggage car, and afterwards a "dead-head" tourist sleeping car which was unoccupied by passengers. Here the Consul and Holland found a quiet nook for their talk.

The porter seemed to be uneasy and twice he told the Consul that her berth had been made up, but she was apt to be a law unto herself and went on discussing the papers. Rumbling below them was a faulty axle which, at a wayside station, jumped the facing points, derailed the car and threw it against a water-tank. Holland was picked up unconscious and badly injured. The Consul received a blow on the head which she only survived for a couple of hours.

Death in the Salvation Army is "promotion to Glory," and a funeral is celebration of victory. Salvationists gather as a family, sing, pray and praise God for His goodness to man. Tears are freely shed, hearts are sad with sorrow, but the note is a triumphant Hallelujah. It was the Salvation Army in New York that, acting for Booth-Tucker, arranged such a funeral for his Emma, and Evangeline Booth, arrived from Canada, approved the order of service.

There was, however, a tragedy of pathos in the ceremony. The Founder and father of the Booths in London was a man well on in his seventies and a widower, who, to use Booth-Tucker's word, was "withered" by his latest bereavement, and with him were the Bramwell Booths scarcely less stricken. In the United States the family was split asunder. Evangeline, her sister Marian and Booth-Tucker were within the Army. Ballington, Herbert and Kate, the Maréchale, were outside, and the bitterness of the schism—bitterness rather than enmity—the tearing asunder of heart strings—involved all of them in the pain of wounded affection.

Every seat in the Carnegie Hall was taken. The procession was forming. Outside had gathered a crowd of many thousands seeking admittance. The flowers and the ribands and the banners were over-shadowing the open casket where lay the Consul in uniform, a worn Bible at her side. It had been her mother's Bible and it had escaped injury during the accident. In the ante-room were gathered the leaders who were to conduct the service.

Into their midst stepped a man hardly able to control his emotions. It was Evangeline's favourite brother, Herbert. Within a few hours he was to print his grievance for all to read. Why had he and Ballington received no invitation to a speaking part in the promotion to Glory? Did not their father, the Founder, himself take pride in the fact that they were preaching the Gospel? Booth-Tucker, expecting a gesture of condolence was overcome by surprise. He replied that not one word should be said by Herbert over his wife's beloved remains, and then it was that Evangeline Booth rose to the occasion.

"But, Herbert," she asked quietly, "what do you intend to say?"

He was taken aback, but Evangeline was not to be denied. What did he intend to say? The answer, though reluctant, was explicit when it came. He would represent the estranged members of the family. What Evangeline suffered at that moment, need not be emphasised—this dearest of brothers in such uncontrollable distress, the Army to be exhibited before the world. With an authority that even Herbert had to recognise she declined to allow the differences to be mentioned across their sister's peaceful countenance, and she led Herbert onto the platform, seating him at her side. He pleaded with her to let him utter a few words of prayer. She restrained him from any such idea. That she loved him through it all, that he loved her, was apparent when years later his turn came to be promoted to Glory. Herbert died in Evangeline's arms.

Seventy-five thousand persons passed the open casket in the Hall. The New York *Daily News* had this:

It is said that the funeral was the largest held in the city for a woman, and that the crowd which followed her to the grave was the largest which ever attended any public funeral except that of General Grant.

The bands played a march composed by Booth-Tucker, and perhaps the most appealing figure on that day was a child of twelve years old. She faced the crowds and in her light clear voice she said:

O Lord, we thank Thee that our mother died upon the battlefield. She did not die at home. But there upon the prairie she left her sword. O Lord, don't allow us to let it lie there, but help us to pick it up and go forward, so that when we die, You may say to us, "Well done!" Don't let us live so that You will have to say we have just done ordinarily, or middling, but let us live so that you will say, "Well done! You have done the best that could be done!"—as you said to our precious Mama.

It was little Motee, daughter of Emma, who said those simple words—Motee who was to be the wife of Commissioner Hugh Sladen.

On the way to Woodlawn Cemetery, Evangeline Booth had a touch of brain fever. It was, perhaps, no wonder. For the consummation of Emma's life was the inaugural of her own, thirty years of service as Commander in the United States. The death of one sister meant a new life of vast opportunity for the other.

Out of the numerous letters that Emma wrote to her sister one passage of overflowing affection came as a draught of encouragement:

Eva, Eva, my best treasure and tender guardian, don't, oh don't lose heart. Beautiful service behind you rises to bless you now and to assure of greater blessing to come! Not only London but the whole world is to be your field, and your chastened spirit, taught and baptised in the furnace of affliction, is to come forth for the inspiring and blessing of tens of thousands.

Life isn't all dark and strange and graceless! Days aren't all long and lonely. God is a father with a tenderer heart than any who follow Him! And it arranges Canaans as well as wildernesses, and thinks of birds and flowers and sunshine as well as greater things. You are consecrated to Him, seeking life only for His glory, and He will therefore walk it with you, bringing all His richest graces and joy to make you glad!

UNITED STATES

THE story of Evangeline Booth up to the day she left Canada has been simple. With her arrival in the United States, she had, however, to face a sequence of concurrent perplexities, and how to tell the tale is something of a problem.

We shall proceed on three parallel lines, each of which continuities, it will be realised, affected the others. First, there will be her thirty years of Command in the United States, embracing one half of her active service in the Army. Secondly, there will be the work of the Salvation Army during World War I among the United States armed forces, especially in France. Thirdly, there will be the long crisis that led up to the calling of the High Council and a change in the Generalship.

To present a blow by blow account of the years, 1904-1934, when Evangeline Booth was Commander in New York, is impossible. The drives and the motorcades, the openings and enlargements of institutions—1500 in the first 20 years—the gifts and bequests that helped to finance them, the changes in personnel, the cases of discipline that once or twice arose, overflow the archives with a flood of detail. What here is attempted, will be an over-all survey of what in retrospect is seen to have been a great achievement.

Evangeline Booth succeeded Booth-Tucker, too stricken by sorrow to continue his command, and, in effect, his beloved wife, Emma. It was from "Fritz" that she received her title, Commander, and during the months of "farewell" and "welcome" the brother and sister-in-law were drawn close into

mutual sympathy. Throughout the long difficult years that lay ahead Booth-Tucker stood like a rock behind Evangeline. Indeed, of the two, she was on the whole the restraining influence on opinion and emotion.

That Evangeline Booth won and enjoyed acclaim in her handling of ever-increasing responsibilities is quite true. But hers was no bed of roses and from the outset she realised the need for farsighted wisdom. The enthusiastic champion of an inspiring cause, as she had been, was still enthusiastic, still inspired. But there was revealed in her a statesmanship, a caution, a persistence, that some of her admirers had not fully appreciated.

In 1904 the Army held one of those periodic International Congresses which were made possible by the long peace of the world since Waterloo, and were attended by Salvationists in Great Britain and from overseas. There were meetings, conferences, parades, interviews, and one detail of the business, as it was regarded, does not seem to appear in the correspondence here reviewed. It was the signature in 1904 of the Deed Poll providing for the removal of an unsuitable General, of which document we shall hear more in due course. Few officers gave that matter a second thought.

In 1904 William Booth was seventy-five years old. Everywhere he was wanted for public appearances. His eldest son, Bramwell, therefore, became more than a Chief of Staff to his father. His was the position of Acting-General, with executive powers not easy to dispute, and it was his desire to save his father from over-exertion. When, therefore, Evangeline was at the International Congress it was her wish to join Booth-Tucker in a day or two of quiet discussion with Bramwell Booth over the whole question of the Army's position in the United States. It happened that the health of Lucy's husband, Booth-Hellberg, was giving great anxiety to a devoted wife, and what with one thing and another, the time was not found for a conference obviously of vital importance. Bramwell in his letter was quite frank about it and accepted the responsibility. He would try to do better next time.

As she was leaving England for the United States an incident occurred which in itself was of no great importance. There had been some change in the personnel serving William

Booth in his home, and while she was driving in a cab with Bramwell to the railway station, Evangeline asked her usual question "Why?" The sequel to this hurried and incidental good-bye was a long letter from the Chief of Staff raising the issue of "confidence." Could it be called confidence if one of the parties wanted to have reasons for the decisions of the other? The task that had been laid on Evangeline Booth was arduous and she felt that she was being put on her guard. Not that all the letters were of this kind. Much that Bramwell as an older brother said to one whom he dearly loved, was good sound sense. She should look over the ground before arriving at decisions. She should be more than careful of her health. And so on.

From her father she received many letters abounding in solicitude and encouragement. For her first eight years in the United States this correspondence continued and it was full of humour. He would chaff her on the magnificence of her stationery and ask her humbly to forgive his own modest notepaper. He would report on the behaviour of his stylographic pens and he would ordain diets for his daughter which, he was sure, would ameliorate her ailments. Always her father made her feel that he was whole-heartedly on her side. One day she was astonished to see a primitive automobile parked at her door step. For years she had been a strap-hanger and she needed easier transportation. But she felt that she must refer the matter to the Chief of Staff who answered with a quick no. Automobile forbidden. She put the case to her father who said at once, "Accept it and don't break your neck." After all, it was equipment for work that had to be done.

On the possibilities of the Salvation Army in the United States William Booth had based high hopes. For in his advancing years he was seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Why not an international university? Why not worldwide emigration of Salvationists to lands of opportunity and especially Rhodesia? For all of this money was needed—big money—and in the United States it seemed as if the big money was available. What an outlet for surplus millions—an outlet where the wealth would be so administered as to do nothing but good. But unfortunately it did not always work out that way. Great foundations were inaugurated that were independent of the Salva-

tion Army and its projects, to which situation the minds of eager crusaders had to be adjusted.

There was also the inescapable bitterness and sorrow within the Founder's family itself. In one way or another, Ballington, Emma, Kate and Herbert were lost to the Army, whether by death or secession, and in every case the United States was involved. Ballington was there with his Volunteers. Emma lay there in her grave. Kate had surrendered to a trans-Atlantic Dr. Dowie. Herbert was a trans-Atlantic evangelist outside the Army. None of all this made things any easier for Evangeline Booth, either in her command or in her relations with International Headquarters.

On October 22nd, 1904, a lengthy letter was signed by her father. Comparison with his other letters indicates that his signature was in a measure formal. The letter with its thirty-one numbered paragraphs was a considered memorandum drafted by International Headquarters and in terms of the utmost emphasis. The letter opened:

I cannot but feel intensely anxious with respect to your proposed appointment to the United States. The strain imposed upon you physically and mentally by such a responsibility, and the heavy labour connected therewith, will be enormous; and when I remember the trying afflictions through which you have been called to pass during the last two years, I am instinctively led to fear the possibility of this great undertaking proving beyond the capacity of your natural powers, in which case, I should be open to the painful reproach of having laid upon you more than you were able to bear.

"Even at this late hour" he was hesitating over "the wisdom of the present proposal." He was encouraged by her record in "Canada and elsewhere." "You have striven," he said, "to make a real Blood and Fire Salvation Army to my very heart's satisfaction and content, and in a very wonderful manner you have succeeded." Evangeline Booth accepted the praise with all modesty, and admonition with exemplary obedience, only suggesting that her record in Canada had not been oratorical alone. Her activities at the desk should not be overlooked.

Her answer was achievement. When she arrived in New York the Army was gallantly fighting the good fight but amid much contention and criticism and under severe limitations of finance, the property of the Army being valued at \$1,500,000. The work was carried on as a rule in rented buildings which drained resources, then collected with great difficulty. People smiled at her when she announced an appeal for \$100,000. The smiles were no longer sceptical when the public gave many times such an amount. After thirty years of her stewardship she handed over to her successors a capital account of \$35,000,000 and property valued at \$48,000,000 on which loans and mortgages stood at \$12,500,000. The Salvation Army in the United States had an equipment and resources exceeding any to be found in an Army's territory elsewhere. In 1904, the Army in the United States had 696 stations. In 1934, the number of stations exceeded 1600, and the officers alone exceeded 4,500.

The Founder soon got over the misgivings of International Headquarters. On December 16th, 1904, he wrote a truly prophetic letter to his daughter:

Your career has been a remarkable one, but destiny, unless I am mistaken, has something in store for you more wonderful still. Anyway I pour out my father's love for you without measure or end, and thank God for the comfort you have been to me in the past and the stay and assurance you promise to be in the future—indeed, for the strength you bring to my soul when I ask the momentous questions as to what is going to be the mysterious *tomorrow* which so surely hides itself from our scrutiny.

Her first Christmas in New York was a revelation of poverty amid wealth. Even in London she did not think it could be worse. There were 70,000 children going to school without breakfast and the Salvation Army started relief somewhat on the lines of the "farthing breakfasts" in the old country. Thirty thousand fed by the Army on Christmas Day were in many cases pitiable. Later, this form of hospitality—the bread line—was changed to baskets of food that the people could enjoy in their own homes, 650,000 in 1933. During her first summer her

concern was the heat and the horses wearing straw hats. She was amused to hear how a horse standing beside another horse ate its hat with relish.

At International Headquarters things did not always appear in this light. The idea among some people was that everybody in the United States had "money to burn" and the cost of overhead in the Army was described as "appalling." Should there not be economies? The Commander was quite ready for economy as a prevention of waste. But she also believed in expenditure as an assurance of the future. A rapidly advancing movement could not be supported on a shoestring. She could see no justification for using the time and energy of carefully trained and wholly dedicated officers as collectors of money for the Army in the street, and the entire system of gathering revenues was put upon a basis according with the importance of the purposes for which the funds were needed. The music of the tambourine faded away into the past.

In 1911 an international officer examined the financial situation of the Army in the United States and with some severity pointed out instances where the accountancy could be rectified. Considering the rapid extension of the work the suggestions, even when well taken, were of minor substance. But the reply on behalf of the Commander was, as always, exemplary in its respect for the strictest correctitude, and adjustments where needed were made. It was to be regretted that the report included the grave charge that in the United States "nothing is done for either love or fear—there is no compulsion from any source, or for any other reason than self-interest." The passage is instructive because it illustrates how much harder on each other Salvationists sometimes are moved to be than any judgement by those who watch their witness and their work from the outside. National Headquarters in New York branded the accusation as "a libel on the devotion, and zeal and loyalty of the American field." The remark might "apply here and there, but to make this assertion to encircle the whole of our American work is grossly unjust and cannot be supported by evidence." On behalf of the many Godly, devoted, loyal, self-sacrificing, pureminded, wholehearted, consecrated men and women in the American field we protest. . . ."

After twenty years of Commandership, Evangeline Booth's

administration was put to the test, and the test could scarcely have been more searching. Under the influence of John D. Rockefeller, Junior, an agency known as the National Information Bureau of New York was investigating societies that depended on the use of public money. Mr. Porter R. Lee and Mr. Walter W. Pettit of the New York School of Social Work were thus appointed to scrutinise the Salvation Army. The Commander welcomed these emissaries and gave orders that they were to have the fullest facilities to look into whatever interested their minds.

In 1924 there appeared the report and conclusions which they had drawn up. It was entitled *Social Salvage: A Study of the Central Organisation and Administration of the Salvation Army*—meaning, of course, the Army in the United States. The finances of the Army were set forth in appendices for all to see for themselves, and the verdict of the investigators, despite criticisms of detail, was outspoken.

The Army was declared to be “fundamentally spiritual in its aim.” It “exists first, last and all the time for the purpose of putting men into a relationship with God and keeping them there.” That is its “sole purpose.” We read:

The Army through its magnification of the evangelisation of men and its detailed regulation of many activities of its officers and soldiers, has developed a self-contained brotherhood which has an enormous spiritual driving-power. Among both officers and soldiers there is a remarkable spirit of devotion to the Army's programme, and the morale which has been developed could well furnish material for study to other social and religious organisations.

This was the independent tribute by experts whose training and outlook were distinct from the Army's beliefs and point of view.

Yet the impression in some quarters that the Army was becoming a social agency among other and secular agencies sometimes lingers on, and on May 18th, 1931, Evangeline Booth repudiated such ideas. Her brief statement repeats in effect the verdict of the Rockefeller Enquiry. She wrote:

There are no men and women in any part of the world with a more devoted and self-abandoned spirit or who are more loyal to the teachings and traditions of the Flag. They are engaged in many social tasks and have to face difficulties of diverse race and religion of which Great Britain knows nothing. But the suggestion that their interest in the Army is other than spiritual is entirely without foundation. They are expressing their loyalty to Christ in preaching the Gospel as well as in the terms which Our Saviour Himself employed, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and bringing hope to the hopeless in prisons and in the darkest places of the earth.

By every means of expression, whether from the pulpit, in newspapers or by mail, public opinion in the United States endorsed a favourable estimate of what the Army was doing. Towards Commander Evangeline Booth there was shown an especial respect. She was received by successive Presidents, and on one occasion when she was speaking in Washington Mr. Taft slipped from the White House and appeared unannounced in a box among her audience.

She always attributed some of her success as a speaker to advice given to her when first she took up her command in New York. She lost no time in consulting John Wanamaker over the line that she should pursue, and that shrewd adviser warned her against wasting her gifts on small and unimportant engagements. She should reserve her eloquence for invitations that made her presence worth while. It should always be regarded as a privilege to hear her.

The known fact that it was hard to get Evangeline Booth to a meeting had something to do with the great receptions which acclaimed her appearance. Phenomenal were the crowds that, year after year, gathered to listen when she spoke and many times she was urged to repeat an address. It is no exaggeration to say that in city after city a royal hospitality was showered on her, and it was difficult for her in many places to pay a hotel bill. Indeed, she would refuse the offer of special suites in fashionable resorts because she did not want it to be thought that she was on a luxury tour—especially by those who,

unaware of the gratuitous accommodation, might suppose that Salvationist money was involved.

Some of the dates that she filled became truly memorable. Whether in Hawaii or in the Hollywood Bowl an amazing landscape of packed humanity stretched from the rostrum as far as the eye could reach. History may declare that the greatest of such moments was in Chicago where in 1932 she pronounced the invocation at the opening of the Democratic Convention. For a few unforgettable minutes politics were forgotten. The voice, the words, the uniform solemnised that vast and powerful gathering. It happened that her personal friendship lay with Herbert Hoover for whose way of looking at things she had a profound respect. It was thus by one of those ironies which transcend partialities that the wisdom sought for the delegates in her prayer led them to nominate Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the first of four momentous terms of office. The prayer was this:

Almighty God, Wonderful Counselor, Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, the Government is upon Thy shoulders. It is in Thy name we gather here to-day and in reverence and humility acknowledge Thee King of Eternity, Measurer of Time. The years perish, but Thy Throne endureth forever.

We plead for Thy blessing upon these Thy servants assembled in this Convention, representing all states and territories within this great Republic, which, in Thy gracious providence, Thou hast committed to her citizens as a most solemn and abiding heritage of responsibility.

In this tragic hour of the world's history we wonder if there is an interpretation of Thy will, written upon the walls of the nations in letters of want and sorrow, which we have not caught.

O God of all good, has the dark mantle which has enwrapped us been of Thy permitting? Has the swift drive of commerce, the on-rushing tide of unequalled progress, the ever-increasing resources of our country's wealth, been broken in upon by the call of sacrifice, suffering and want, **LEST WE FORGET?**

Forget that a nation's power is not alone to be found in its material advantages? Forget that the great-

ness of its fleets, its armies, the wealth of the treasury and the extent of its territories are not alone the measure of its strength?

But that Thou in the majesty of Thy unerring wisdom has decreed that a nation's power shall rather be found in its moral influences, in the authority of its enlightened teaching, in the righteousness of its policies, and in its ascendancy in goodness and truth. O Thou Conquering Jehovah, grant that these may be the forces which shall wave their invincible banners over the hearts and lives of mankind.

Dear Heavenly Father, Father of us all, we plead with Thee; give us light that will show the way; give to us courage that will overcome the seemingly impossible; give us wisdom that will unravel the tangled threads of national problems; so that by Thy divine guidance we may reach a realisation of Thy will, which will bring us out of the maze of distresses, losses, pains and tears, into a loftier understanding and a deeper insight of Thy divine truth.

Dear Lord, upon this stupendous occasion fraught with such far-reaching possibilities, give to our mortal eyesight immortal vision. Grant that we may hear new sounds, feel new sympathies, thrill with new love; lead us into a more vivid consciousness that Thou art in Thy world; that Thy presence is round about us as a healing breath; and at this grave moment in the annals of mankind, when the foundations of orderly commonwealths and assured faith are so deeply disturbed, O Rock of Ages, may our anchorage be in Thee.

Dear Crucified Lord, in the shadow of Thy Cross, may we receive that sacrificial fortitude which will enable us to combat the evils of selfishness, greed, indulgence and all unworthiness that would prevent our deliberations leading us to decisions for the highest good of the little village as well as of the great city; for the poor as well as for those who have plenty; for the places of hard toil as well as for the places in affluence; for those who are weak in the face of temptation, as well as for those who can stand strong.

Help us, dear Saviour, to remember that in this great throng this morning we appear before Thee as individuals, separate and alone. Be Thou the Captain

of our souls. Then if poverty comes we shall not be so poor, and if sorrow comes we shall not be so sad, and if death comes we shall not be afraid.

O Thou God of all nations, Jesus Christ the World's Redeemer, hear us we pray, for Thy dear Name's sake.

Amen

That Evangeline Booth was compelled by circumstances, including ill-health, sometimes to cancel engagements is quite true. Her worst disappointment, perhaps, was the peremptory veto of her doctors in 1934 on a carefully planned visit to Australia, and among the counsels of her brother, Bramwell, was a warning against filling up the schedule of her activities until no margin of time was left for uncertainties. But, barring accidents, she was adamant for the observance of that punctuality which has been called the courtesy of kings. At Hackney it had been said of her that she was first to reach the office in the morning and last to leave the office at night. So was it with her meetings. "If the people are good enough to hear me," she would say, "they won't want to wait ten minutes." On one occasion, she was told that the Governor of a State would arrive at 3:15 p.m. for a meeting announced for three o'clock. "If I can't begin on time," she replied, "I'm not coming."

In 1930 the appeal of the Salvation Army to the man in the street was demonstrated by an incident, at once dramatic and with a touch of humour. For some time the relations between West Point and Annapolis had been under a strain. The Army and Navy saluted the Flag of the United States but they were less inclined to play football with each other. How to resume the great game of the year was a matter of serious inter-service diplomacy, and the Mayor of New York appealed to Evangeline Booth as intermediary. Deep as were the differences over the gridiron, the Grays and the Blues were found to be united over the Salvation Army. They would hand over the proceeds of their contest to Evangeline Booth, as Commander-in-Chief. The price of tickets ranged from \$5.00 to \$50.00, and one up-to-date bank put in its application for the deposit. For the first time in her life, Evangeline Booth in the New York Stadium found herself amid the music and the marching and the other etiquette of a great football match in the United

States. Everybody who was anybody was seated in the vast arena, and it meant that, once more, the Salvation Army had been taken by the people to their hearts. The proceeds of the game, handed to the Salvation Army, ran into no less than six figures, and the whole affair was one of many instances where the Commander's capacity for smoothing out differences was effective.

Her office at headquarters was immaculate. Not a speck of dust was to be seen, not a pen was ever out of position, the portraits of her parents hung on the wall straight as a spirit level. And woe betide the officer who entered her presence with uniform in any kind of disarray. He had to be spic and span as the Commander herself, to the last button and thread on his braid. Salvationists working with armies and navies and police needed to learn nothing of the salute and of the way that under a flag things should be done. It meant method and it meant morale.

There is a humorous variety in the details that had to be dealt with. Should a girl in the Army be allowed to cut her front hair into a 'bang'? What about a design for a hot weather uniform? What about an allowance during furlough? And here was a question that gave food for thought. A woman was showing herself to be a wholly valuable Salvationist and in every way suitable for a course as cadet in a training college. But she had been divorced. Again, there were numerous men who had been won for the Army and even held commissions. But they had always been masons and membership of secret societies was held to be contrary to the tradition of the Army, partly on the ground that it was too expensive in time and money. In all of this there was a field for wise discretion and in all of this the wishes of International Headquarters had to be respected.

Specific cases can only be mentioned out of their setting. Two of them may or may not have occurred within the United States but it was Evangeline Booth who dealt with them.

A high official appeared to have allowed himself to indulge, in pleasures which were hardly in keeping with his profession as a Salvationist. Evangeline Booth saw him in private and he tried, it would seem, to pass it off with something of a threat unless she desisted. What he had to face was a

flame of indignation from eyes directed to his own, and words that shook his complacency. The honour of the Army was safe in the hands of her father's daughter and the officer left the Flag. But the Salvationist in him arose to a great height during the *blitzkrieg* over London when the heroic courage of this man won a recognition that public opinion applauded.

Two young and popular Salvationists so far forgot themselves as to fall into an uncommendable error. There were those who held that they should be required to leave the Army. They were met by a negative. "We save people outside the Army," said Evangeline Booth, "and we save people inside the Army as well—when they need saving." She sent for the officers. She talked to them. She remembered that they were still inexperienced in life. They were given new work to do and in doing that work they made good. May I say that of all the incidents in Evangeline Booth's life, none made quite the impression on me when I came across it that this did. Her whole attitude was firm, broad and constructive. How tactfully to intimate to boys in the camps that they must refrain from stealing cherries was another of the questions on which the Commander was kept informed and her advice sought.

The Founder's appraisal of his daughter's value to the Army grew year by year. He would say that she was "psychic" and could "see through a stone wall." And he liked the initiative in the United States:

The remarkable procession of drunkards (on Boozers' Day) has been reported not only in the British press but on the Continent. I told the story in my speeches in Germany, and although they flatter themselves that they are saints alongside the Anglo-Saxon sinners with regard to alcohol, still, drunkenness is there, and the story was interesting. I should very much like to know how far the thing was a permanent benefit. Our people in other parts of the world will be wanting to do something like it if it proved productive of good.

Over the letters that she received from her father in those earlier days of her commandship there spread a shadow of deepening pathos. His eyes, he would say, were beginning to worry him and like Paul under similar circumstances his hand-

writing showed what he meant. It became big and bold with sometimes a blot or two. This man of inexhaustible energy was becoming blind.

"I am going into drydock for repairs," he would say with the humour that never failed him, as he faced the surgeon, but the day came when he had tried to write a last letter but in vain. It was for his daughter, Evangeline, and no more than a pencilled scrawl. She stood with him by a window and told him of the sunset, glorious in its radiance. "I cannot see it," he said, "but I shall see the dawn."

May I be allowed a personal word? For I have seen William Booth. There he stood in his carriage, a strong yet stricken man, as he passed through our little town of Kendal in Westmoreland on his way north during a motorcade. Then, the Albert Hall, and what, I gather, was his last public appearance—at any rate, it was near the end. As a reporter I had to cover the occasion. It was hard to believe that the white-haired prophet who paced up and down the platform as he poured forth his warnings and appeals could not see a face in the front row. The voice, however husky, was the authentic voice of an apostle.

On August 20th, 1912, he lay in his bed silent and still. "This is death?" asked Bramwell. "This is death," answered the doctor. Bramwell leaned over and kissed the white brow. He placed in the hand Evangeline's final cable—"Kiss him for me." Lucy said to Bramwell, "Kiss him for Eva," and Bramwell again kissed his father on behalf of the distant daughter.

I had to cover the funeral. Never before had I seen the Salvation Army at close quarters, and it was strange to me. The Congress Hall at Clapton was decorated with colours as for a triumph. Officers were hurrying hither and thither on business that had to be transacted. In the midst of it all lay the open coffin and, unaccustomed to the ceremonial and a little estranged by it, I looked on a face that had been moulded afresh by the Great Sculptor.

The obsequies astonished the world. The streets of London were thronged by crowds outnumbering the million. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City stood within the façade of the Mansion House, gravely watching the procession as it swept by. Then there was Olympia holding its 24,000 people

and dim as one gazed on its shadowy distances. I sat through the long service but did not happen to notice amid the perspectives that one chair was vacant. Where was Evangeline Booth?

According to the press the date of the funeral had been advanced and this meant that the Commander was prevented from attending the great service at Olympia. But in New York she had bought her passage, she had packed her portmanteau and she had boarded a liner. She arrived for the final scene at the Abney Park Cemetery where, for the first time, I saw her, with her father's open grave between us. She prayed, and this was the first time that I heard the rich mellow tones of her voice. I marvelled at her control of her emotions and at the resonance of her eloquent language.

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William Bramwell Booth was now the second General of the Salvation Army. It was with him direct that Evangeline had to deal. Under her resolute guidance and with the support of her father, the Army in the United States had emerged out of the troubles of earlier years. The Commander was in a position to envisage the future and set her course.

Many commands in the Army had been changed every five years. In special cases so brief a term of office was inconvenient. For eight years Booth-Tucker had served as Commander in the United States, and for the same period Evangeline had served in Canada. Now that she was in New York, it was not only what the Army was at the moment that interested her. Her outlook included what the Army would be ten, twenty, thirty years hence.

She took a step, therefore, that cost much in terms of sentiment. Nobody could have been more closely identified than she with the people of England—few had been more beloved than she in the old country. Yet she ceased to be a subject of the King and became a citizen of the land of her adoption. The change of secular allegiance meant nothing to so internationally minded a body as the Salvation Army, where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, since all are one in Christ Jesus. But it did mean that she had burned her boats. She had come to America to win.

There was no doubt as to the value of the Army to the community. To quote from *A Catholic Dictionary*, edited by Donald Attwater and published under the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Hayes of New York, the Salvation Army has "a mode of evangelisation admirably calculated to appeal to the common people." Also we read:

The great achievements of the Army are a notable success in raising the standard of personal behaviour, and numerous benevolent works of great efficiency and worth throughout the world.

Take the handling of a new generation. There was the Cradle Roll in which was inscribed the name of a babe at birth in hope that the growing child would enter a re-born life with God. The Sunday School, at one time something of a Cinderella among Salvationists, was dramatised into a Band of Love associated with two groups, Chums for boys and Sunbeams for girls. What in many Churches had been known as the Epworth League or Christian Endeavour became the Young People's Legion, with Life-Saving Scouts and Guards. Brighter Day has been the Army's name for groups of converts in prison. In all of this the aim was hope for the hopeless and service for the spiritually and socially unemployed. Fill life with good and leave no room for evil.

It remained true, however, that narrow is the gate and strait the way that lead to so disciplined a self-surrender as life in the Salvation Army. When men like Cadman and Railton were saved, and a woman like Happy 'Liza, they could see nothing ahead of them save marching with the Flag. But it was not thus in the United States. South of the Mason and Dixon Line, for instance, many a "trophy" rose from the penitent form to be a different person. But when the convert was asked to join the local corps of the Army, he would answer, "I am a baptised Methodist or Presbyterian or Baptist—I do not need to join anything." So with the great cities further north. The Roman Catholic and the Jew frequently came under the spell of the Army, yet remained within his former affiliation. The work of the Army was not proselytism. It was Salvation.

There grew up in the country, therefore, a definite and unusual attitude on the part of the public towards the Army

which may be described as approval without affiliation, and Evangeline Booth made it her business to see to it that this broadening and deepening goodwill was mobilised behind the ever more arduous efforts which were put forth by the Army as the needs of the individual became more fully known. She invited men and women of experience and position who believed in the Army but did not feel the call to come under the Flag to join Advisory Boards which brought the Army into touch with the best and most responsible elements in the community. Salvationists were thus assured, not only of effective assistance in their work, but of wise advice from those who knew what they were talking about. The Commander set herself, moreover, to win and retain the confidence of leaders in every walk of life from coast to coast. Statesmen, lawyers, captains of commerce—anyone and everyone who made a difference to a neighbourhood and a right difference—found themselves among her friends. Through this policy of co-operation with the community a multitude of people of every faith, race and colour, have been enabled to feel that they can be helpers in an excellent and honourable labour of love. As years passed, they who sought help from the Army began to be of a different class. Two out of three of them did not need or ask for money. They wanted what money does not buy.

As she felt her need and saw the broadening scope of the Army's activities in the United States, she sought a home for herself and her immediate staff. In due course she found what she wanted and, as usual, it was a bargain. In Canada the house that she occupied had been cheap because it was haunted. Near New York was a property that could be had for a modest sum because it lay next door to a dog's cemetery. The house is small but it looks quite large owing to a turret that is no more inside than a circular staircase, and an inside garage which takes up the space. So with the rich foliage of the trees that impressed people in later years. They were chosen by Evangeline Booth for planting, and at little expense—well chosen. She called the house *Acadia* after the village where dwelt her namesake Evangeline of the poem, and in Hartsdale it became quite a landmark. Passengers in the 'buses along Central Avenue below were shown where the Commander lived and on the sidewalk people would stand for a while in hope of catching a glimpse

of her as she passed in and out of her door. By a coincidence that was fortuitous the grounds of Felix Warburg's great estate adjoined her own garden, and they were ever open to Evangeline Booth and her horse.

For the summer she built a two room bungalow for herself on the shores of Lake George, where Adolph Ochs of the *New York Times* was among her neighbours and personal friends. There was a house, known as Camp Cory, where her staff could be accommodated and also the succession of officers in the Army who visited her and discussed affairs in hand.

Over Lake George there were crises, and she wrote to her friend, Commissioner William Peart:

I feel that to go to Lake George and try to settle down to work in the midst of the noise and laughter and swimming and diving and tennis-playing of that small camp-ground, is folly. The height of folly! I couldn't do it. I am tired to death, and to find myself chained, as it were, to the galleys and compelled to look out on others who have not begun to work as hard as I, having the time of their lives, enjoying just what I should love to be enjoying, would be too much for my mortal strength. It would be like putting a saucer of cream before a kitten and saying she should not drink it.

Therefore! Therefore! Therefore! . . . I have bought a houseboat! *A houseboat!* A comical looking thing, old, well-tried, absolutely seaworthy, that with a little fixing up, will make a very attractive study—hermit's lodge—for yours truly. I shall be surrounded with water . . . with as much water as I like, can be as near to or as far from the rest of the camp as I like. . . . Do you remember ever seeing a peculiar looking contraption on the water called *It Suits Me*. Well, this is what I have bought. . . .

The houseboat was thirty-four feet long, it included a cabin, a kitchenette and a back deck under an awning. Its speed was eight miles an hour and it was renamed *The Ark* according to Scripture.

At Lake George it could be seen that Evangeline Booth was a natural athlete. For she added swimming to her riding, and the aquatics included the diving board. Of her plain

and fancy diving there is a photographic record, all of which helped the Army. For it made the Commander known, not only as a spiritual teacher of the stern realities of sin and its effects, but as a wholehearted advocate of the health and happiness that are possible when sin is overcome. She did not endorse all that was held to be allowable by boys and girls—all the things that they did and all their failure sometimes to do what they ought to have done. But at heart she was on their side, and they knew it. Physically and mentally she was what they wanted to be. And she was tolerant. "Don't judge her by a little bit of lipstick or the colour of her nails," she would say. "There's good stuff in the girl."

Her eager, adventurous way of living was not without its dangers, and the diving board nearly cost her the rest of her life on earth. Every precaution seemed to have been taken against undue risk. The plunge was made into a deep cove where there was plenty of water for the recovery. But one day the Commander did not rise as usual to the surface. Happily it was realised that something was amiss and a rescuer dived to investigate. It was with the utmost difficulty that he brought her struggling back to fresh air and she was cut in places to the bone. What had happened, was for the moment a mystery. There were no alligators in that pool—not one single octopus. But it seemed that a simple wire fence between properties had been submerged and into its coils the Commander had swum. It was a perfect death trap and the escape was providential.

Her vitality carried all before it, and one enthusiastic reporter accused her of having "the most expressive eyebrows in the world." Wrote he: "Those two thin ink-black lines are capable of running the whole gamut of human emotion. They expostulate, condone, command. . . ."

The truth is, I fear, that there are no such thin ink-black lines above Evangeline Booth's eyes. On the contrary her eyebrows are light in colour and inconspicuous. But the eyes—that is something else. They do tell a story. I hardly know how to put it on paper. For they are never the same from moment to moment. They flicker. It may be amusement. It may be sympathy. It may be flaming anger. It may be sorrow. However it be, it is the soul that escapes through those eyes.

In 1925 she was questioned by Mr. Bernarr Macfadden,

the apostle of physical culture, about health of which, despite her numerous ailments, she had become an exemplar. Her letter is something of a pronouncement on the subject:

Yes, indeed, I do agree with you that physical fitness is not only a great asset but a matter of primary importance, for it is the foundation upon which the superstructure of our lives is built. With regard, however, to my own particular methods of 'keeping fit' I am afraid that my example is of doubtful worth owing to the enforced irregularity of my daily living.

With a position calling for much travel, together with very heavy executive responsibility, any system of exercise is out of the question. However, the importance of keeping my body fit for the strain imposed on it is ever somewhere in the back of my mind, and I find myself, almost without thought, turning to some form of physical recreation in whatever spare moments fall to my share. It may only be the tossing of a ball, a brisk walk, or a run—in winter an hour's skating—but this one thing is certain, whatever means of exercise may be at my disposal I seize with avidity. I suppose I have a natural bent for athletic sports.

The secret of keeping physically fit is exercise—muscular activity adapted to one's constitution and strength. We must keep our muscles in constant training if they are to be strong, flexible and responsive. . . . My own theory is that as soon as one can perform one feat well, it is advisable to take up another, and so on, not confining oneself to any particular sport, but . . . looking around for other worlds to conquer.

She did not close this interesting letter without aligning her zest for exercise with the deeper purpose which governed her whole life:

If physical culture is to bring to men and women the very best results, it must be regarded as a means to an end and never confused with the end itself. For important and beautiful as the human body is, we must all admit that it is but the highest servant (a) of the mind, and (b) of the soul, neither of which can function without it. It should therefore receive every care

that can possibly increase its efficiency, but always with the view of the service to be rendered humanity, and as the medium through which is being worked out in the world the destiny of a soul.

“. . . the medium through which is being worked out in the world the destiny of a soul”—in those words you have Evangeline Booth at her best.

We have seen that it was over alcoholic liquor that William Booth differed from a majority on his original “conference” which managed the Christian Mission, the preliminary to the Salvation Army. Throughout her long and active career his daughter resolutely observed the rule of abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. With her experience of conditions among the failures in life she had no choice but to be no less resolutely opposed to the manufacture, distribution and sale of intoxicating beverages. In the United States she found herself, therefore, among the leaders of two associated movements. On the one hand, she was an outstanding exemplar of the womanhood that was growing into a fuller and a freer citizenship. No militant, she claimed and she used the franchise. On the other hand, she stood for Prohibition and rejoiced when this measure of national wellbeing, as she regarded it, was incorporated in the Eighteenth Amendment. Of the benefits resultant from that policy she was an outspoken exponent, nor has her testimony been seriously challenged. The Boozers’ Day when “drunks” were gathered in the streets and brought under a liberating and encouraging Gospel ceased to be worth while when the supply of boozers was dried up. There was substituted for it a festival for children. She could see nothing amiss with the new law save a reluctance in certain quarters to enforce it, and even with imperfect enforcement she asked, “Shall America go back?”

The nation decided against Prohibition and in the fury of the reaction the Army had to face some delicate situations. For on the Advisory Boards and elsewhere were stout supporters who agreed with the Army one hundred per cent save on this one issue. Typical of them were several in New York, crusaders for the Army, but out for Repeal. When James Speyer desisted from leading a drive, it got into the newspapers, and the

reporters gathered outside a closed door. Evangeline Booth and Mr. Speyer appeared in due course, and the latter said, "You see she smiles."

"Two important smiles," added the Commander, and someone remarked that the sun was shining on both sides of the street. "The incompatibility of belief," said the *New York Times*, "evidently is irremediable, but it is not often that two people with opinions so unlike agree so amicably to disagree."

The Wets defeated the Drys but this did not mean a blow to the Salvation Army. On the contrary, casualties from over-indulgence in liquor became again what they always have been, and this meant more work for the agency that has specialised on such individual and domestic disasters.

At International Headquarters in London the phenomenal growth of the Salvation Army in the United States was watched with a wondering astonishment. To General Bramwell Booth it came as a problem to be strongly handled, and in the later chapter on the High Council we shall see that he was somewhat disturbed. There is a record of what he considered to be the wise policy to pursue. The arrangements of the Army in America when the Commander assumed control in 1904 were two territories, eastern and western, with some American-Canadian corps along the border. For fairly obvious reasons, the Army in Canada became Canadian and the Army in the United States became American. A third or southern territory was delimited—afterwards a fourth, over all of which adjustments there was merely the usual administrative discussion.

What did arouse comment was the further proposal by General Bramwell that Evangeline Booth be recalled from the United States and that each territory be made independently answerable to International Headquarters in London. It is enough here to say that this did not come about.

FRANCE

HARD as it was for those who saw her to believe it, the year, 1914, as it unfolded its surprises, meant that Evangeline Booth, youthful as ever in spirit and purpose, was passing out of her forties. It was a year that, in ways of fundamental destiny, was significant for mankind, and with a significance of which the Salvation Army, regarded by society as a mere detail in the panorama of civilisation, was in reality a central symbol.

For this was the year, 1914, that completed a century since Napoleon was sent, defeated, to Elba, there to await his escape and *coup de grace* at the Battle of Waterloo. During this hundred years, roughly described as Victorian, many battlefields, Gettysburg and Sedan among them, were drenched with blood, but the conflicts, though desperately fought and decisive of far-reaching issues, were no more than regional in their range of destruction of spiritual, social and material values. It was a long and general peace that the world as a whole enjoyed.

The peace was accompanied by a progress and an enrichment of which there was no previous record in history. Steamships crossed the ocean with a speed and a safety unimaginable whether to the Negroes borne earlier from Africa or to emigrants from Europe. Cables were laid across the deeps of the ocean and trains ran on ribands of rail where no carts had ever before rumbled their muddy wheels. Little was it to be wondered at that society was lulled into what, in retrospect, is seen to have been a deadly complacency.

Voices were raised in warning. The Mendelssohns of literature were Tennyson in the old world and Longfellow in the new, whose popularity with the people evoked the sneers of envious but nonproductive intelligentsia. Tennyson talked of "heavens filled with shouting while there rained a ghastly dew from the nations' airy navies grappling with the central blue," and it seemed to be no more than one of his prettily polished phrases. Longfellow bluntly spouted Nordic, declaring that,

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it,
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth,
Still is it Thor's day.

To most of us it was no more than another of his Tales of a Wayside Inn. Wars were wearing themselves out. Look at the international exhibitions!

Founded in 1865, once more the year of Evangeline Booth's birth, the Salvationist Movement, by a coincidence, had been at work in 1914 for exactly fifty of those hundred years since Waterloo. During one half of the great peace, therefore, there was a concentrated witness within the community to the principle that such tranquillity is more than a time for pleasure, art, wealth, power, science, to spread from pole to pole. It is an urgent and spiritual opportunity to be seized at all costs lest worse befall and dedicated to immediate and intensive repentance. Now, cried the Salvationists, is the accepted time, now is the day of Salvation, and their message was proclaimed also by men and women of goodwill in the Churches who did not accept allegiance to their Flag. Had it been more generally heeded—how elementary it sounds—there would have been no World Wars.

For the Army was everywhere advancing, and 1914 came, therefore, as an *annus mirabilis*, a year of wonder, when brave men and women throughout the world cried out their Ebenezers—*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us*. Evangeline Booth was at the peak of her victorious gaiety. "Optimism," said she to the reporters, when they put her through her paces, "was

pinned on me as a badge from the moment I knew anything. I cannot concede the tragic conclusion of any situation. My Father used to say that my name should have been Hope. I am that, and I am merry too."

Merry? What did she mean by being merry?

"After we've had a very successful meeting sometimes, I feel downright merry—just as if I had been on a regular spree."

"I'm for the man who, after we picked him up from the gutter, falls again and again. God help him, he is only weak and very human. After many struggles he may finally win. They are only preliminary engagements to the final battle when he conquers himself. Oh, the task that is set for us, and the ways, through God, in which we can help!" And a favourite phrase of hers was "a man is down but never out."

Did she dance?

"No, I don't go in for dancing. Time can be much better employed. Besides it leads to bad associations for young girls."

Tobacco?

"We don't wish to rob a man of his pipe altogether, but at the same time we tend to teach that smoking is unnecessary. There are enough chimneys in the world without human beings making one of themselves."

She believed in militant Salvation and she was an Englishwoman by birth. Then did she approve of militant women's suffrage, such as was upsetting things abroad?

"I do not—no politics. That matter will be fought outside the Salvation Army and the Army's aims and pursuits. Women of England who burn and destroy property to gain their ends only thwart their object. I am a suffragist—I made that known long ago—men have not made such a good fist of it with the ballot that women would do any worse. But I believe that women's strongest influence is in the home. The Englishman much more than the American is convinced of that. The home principle is greatly revered over there. In the United States men treat women more liberally along many lines."

Religion?

"No, I do not take a gloomy view of the Churches in the United States. Religion was never more popular. The masses are hungering for religion in its pure, undiluted, uncorroded

state, dissociated from extraneous matters that have tended to confuse and confound the popular mind concerning it. This is a supreme moment in the history of the Christian Church."

What did she mean by Church?

"The Church is God's people organised. That takes in all Christian people. The Salvation Army is a part of this Church, and our responsibility is as great as that imposed on any other branch of the Church of God." She quoted Joseph Cook of Boston who had said that the nineteenth century had seen the world as a great neighbourhood and that the twentieth century would witness a great and worldwide brotherhood.

"Empty pews," she went on, "indifferent church members, unconsecrated officials and yawning audiences do not appal me. The Day of Pentecost followed a time of indifference to religion that has hardly a parallel in history. It occurred a few days after Peter had denied Christ and Judas had betrayed Him, and fear was scattering the disciples far and wide."

The revival that she foresaw was "coming from below." People were "craving for something better than ragtime in literature, ragtime in music and ragtime in conduct." Officers in the Army were reporting splendid prospects. Look at the problem of vice. The evil used to be regarded as indispensable and the Church wouldn't touch it. Medicine merely glanced at it. The law confessed itself powerless to repress it. But the problem was now being tackled. The felon used to be hopelessly lost. The man was clothed in loathsome stripes. He was a doomed man. Not now!

"It is not necessary for Christian tenets to be 'restated.' Higher criticism has had its day and accomplished nothing more than the solidifying of the forces who believe in the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures. Christianity is more popular in the world to-day than in any age since Jesus walked the seas of Galilee. To reach any other conclusion would be to close my mind to the evidence that is piling up every day."

In such terms was Evangeline Booth thinking as she administered the affairs of the Salvation Army in the United States, and in London her brother, General Bramwell Booth, was filled with the same sense of a confident advance toward

the Kingdom of God. For had not Longfellow himself added a stanza to the defiance of the Nordic Thor?

Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy Thee!

Gauntlet or Gospel, that was the issue in 1914, and, amid the rumblings and grumbings of approaching Armageddon, Salvationists, led by Bramwell and Evangeline Booth, let the world know what was involved in the alternative thus fundamental to civilisation. London watched a spectacle never before presented to that metropolis. Greater in rich magnificence had been, of course, the Golden and Diamond Jubilees of Queen Victoria—the glittering coronations of King Edward VII and King George V. But in the International Congress of the Salvation Army, there was a meaning nearer to essentials than monarchy and empire. For it was a display of the people themselves, those common people who, as Lincoln had said, must be loved of God or He would not have made so many of them, those mothers and fathers of children whose births had shown that God, the Author of Life—to quote Rabindranath Tagore—had not lost faith in mankind.

Included in the Congress were 40,000 Salvationists. Half of them were British of the Homeland. The other half had come to those shores oversea. Their dwellings in cottages, tents and kraals lay within over fifty of the world's four-score sovereignties, and to reach London they had crossed all frontiers, eradicated all prides and prejudices, obliterated all distinctions of race, religion and nation, shared the same repentance and redemption at the foot of the one Cross. Here were they gathered together, an apocalyptic multitude—Irish and English, Jew and Arab, Hindu and Moslem—all one in Christ Jesus, with His new song in their mouths.

Out of the slummeries of old London, picturesque but noisome, progress had cleared an area for the civic improvement known as Kingsway and Aldwych, connecting the great

arteries of the metropolis, east and west, Holborn and the Strand. Adjoining the Strand lay a temporary vacancy of land that awaited the tardy attentions of the architect and builder. The Salvation Army acquired the use of this site and built on it a wooden auditorium that impressed the passer-by. Even so, it only accommodated a quarter of the delegates to the International Congress—let alone visitors. It was decided, therefore, to commandeer the Crystal Palace on the ridge of Sydenham Hill and on the Fourth of July—a gracious compliment to the Salvation Army in the United States—there was a grand parade, led by five thousand bandsmen. The United States had sent over seven hundred of their people, of whom one hundred were children, and they swung along in their cowboy hats. Canada sent six hundred comrades.

Over the Canadians there was a wave of sympathy. For at the end of May one hundred sixty-five officers from the Dominion had set sail on the Canadian Pacific Steamship *Empress of Ireland*. The vessel sank in collision with the Danish collier *Storstad* and 1024 persons were drowned. Only twenty of the Salvationists were saved. The news came just as Evangeline Booth herself was setting sail and she cabled John Wanamaker: "Awful blow for Canada but the God of our past is the God of our present and future." The Canadians who reached England were in the march of the nations.

Conspicuous at the head of these great contingents rode one who looked like a girl, so erect and slim was she, every inch an officer in command, Evangeline Booth, proud of something that she had a reason to be proud of, with no apologies in her bearing for the Gospel that is the power of God unto Salvation, and as she advanced there were touches of pathos. For in the street arose voices. "Miss Eva! Miss Eva!" called humble folk, "Do you remember me?"

It was a pleasant month—that July—and the weather for multitudes at the seaside was perfect. Not an untoward circumstance of any kind marred the spectacular success of the International Congress of the Salvation Army. Distinguished indeed was the patronage that lent a certain secular distinction to the proceedings—the gracious notice of King George V and Queen Mary, the presence of Prime Minister Asquith and of Walter Hines Page, Ambassador from the United States. All

that the Army had to do was to go ahead—ahead—ahead—from there.

Only within the chancelleries of Europe was there a certain subdued uneasiness. For by one of those accidents that happen in the best regulated families the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife had been done to death at Serajevo with the obvious connivance of mischief makers in high places. The Prince of Peace, so it began to be rumoured, was not to have things all His own way. The God of War was awaking from his lengthy slumbers. In the face of the Gospel, as they used to say in the Wayside Inn, was clenched again the Gauntlet, and aeroplanes, foreseen by Tennyson, were getting ready.

Under darkening skies, Evangeline Booth, in the Steamship *Vaterland* of German register, and her American Salvationists steamed west, and suddenly boomed forth the thunder. It seemed as if everything for which the Army stood for had been laid prostrate in the dust for all the cynics and all the sceptics and all the scoundrels to trample on at their will. And why? A brilliant writer of that day was Augustine Birrell—one of the few persons who added a word, birrelling, to the dictionary, such was his peculiar wit. At Bristol he was beaten in a by-election and the reporters asked him why. "There were not enough of us," he replied with a dry smile. When the long peace broke down, it was because there were not enough of those who were making the right use of it.

On grounds of what she considered to be elemental justice, the whole soul of the Commander was with the Allies and against the military autocracies of Central Europe. But the United States was neutral and sharply divided over the policy to pursue. Many Salvationists of German origin were held deservedly in the highest honour. Not for an instant had they been responsible for a crime committed by a poisonous mediævalism rotting to its ruin in the modern world. It seemed, then, that there was little for an impatient Evangeline Booth to do about it. But she did inspire a gesture.

Mountains of munitions were borne over land and sea—guns, shells and the rest—and what could Salvationists in the States do to rival this avalanche of offensive? There happened to be just one thing that was needed and the Salvationists—

trained in human necessities—set to work on supply. They collected old linen that could be certified as clean. They stripped it into bandages of regulation size. Enjoying their up-to-date equipment, they sterilised the bandages and packed them in bales. They shipped the bales—masses of them—over-sea, and the Old Linen Campaign, a minor matter in itself, revealed the Army once more as a community that was ready to do anything—*anything*—to help the human race along. It was help at long distance—nothing more than this was possible—but it was help.

The record of the Salvation Army in Great Britain was, for the moment, more direct. For the British were belligerents, Salvationists among them, and they went into France for military, spiritual and social service with intrepid courage. Mary Booth, daughter of Bramwell, was in the forefront of the hottest battle, leading others who were doing their brave bit at a terrible time—a very brave bit.

Late in 1917 it became the turn of the United States to plunge into the fray, and this startling involvement upset the mind of the nation. Everything that had been attributed to the grave prudence of George Washington, that had been traditional in the lessons learned by children at school, that was instinctive in pioneers who had left the East behind them and, following the sun, gone West, cried out for independence of European quarrels and against sending the boys from the Mississippi to fight over people's battles on the banks of the Rhine. There were empty homes in America. There was a corresponding homesickness among drafted soldiers at the front.

Under Newton D. Baker as Secretary for War, one thing was made plain. The boys would be exposed to hardship, peril, death—that was a stern necessity—but not as mere cannon fodder. They had become soldiers but they had not ceased to be citizens. Every Church sent out chaplains and organisations like the Red Cross. The Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, were commandeered for improvised assistance—a compulsion that critics sometimes overlook. Amid an emotional turmoil scarcely conceivable to those who did not live through it, Commander Evangeline Booth sat at her desk in Headquarters, curiously

calm. She was under no illusions as to the magnitude of the disaster. "I think of England," she wrote, "where almost every man you meet is but a piece of a man." But she had no intention of sacrificing one least essential of the Salvation Army and its principles even to this supreme emergency.

That American Salvationists must go wherever American soldiers were ordered to go, face whatever American soldiers had to face, was obvious to her mind. Quite apart from special contingents, 80,000 Salvationists with not one shirker among them were in the draft. Proudly she remembered that so it had been during the South African War where Salvationists were to be seen within the sieges of Ladysmith and Mafeking. "Your men," wrote Kitchener to William Booth, "have given us an example how to live as good soldiers and how to die as heroes." Even so Evangeline Booth held her hand. She set aside the idea of sending into France *en masse* all of the excited women who volunteered to join the Salvationist colours. She would limit her contingent to the best—only the best—the very best that could be selected after full enquiry and searching test. Later she wrote:

We were not many, I admit. In France our numbers have been regrettably few. But this is because I have felt it was better to fall short in quantity than to run the risk of falling short in quality. Quality is its own multiplication table. Quality without quantity will spread, whereas quantity without quality will shrink. Therefore I would not send any officer to France except such as had been fully equipped in our training schools. . . .

a training that included the Red Cross Diploma.

Against Evangeline Booth in later years the whisperers, who always sneer serpentlike against outstanding success, indulged in the ungenerous suggestion that she did not herself cross the ocean and share the exploits of the girls under her command. The answer is that, quite apart from the consent of General Bramwell Booth which was withheld, she could not have left her responsibilities in the United States to take care of themselves. In June 1918, she made all arrangements

to visit the scenes of battle with the full approval of the United States Government. But at International Headquarters in London there was clamped down an absolute veto to which, as a loyal soldier under the Flag, she submitted. That is the answer, and in any event she was not exactly idle while she looked after things behind the lines, where her sagacious guidance was invaluable to the Army, at home and abroad. Nor was her position wholly devoid of danger. On the contrary.

Those were the days when the meaning of total war was slowly made clear to public opinion. As early as July 1916, when the United States was supposed to be at peace, the explosion of munitions at the Black Tom Dock in New Jersey had shaken a wide area. Over the influence and activities of Evangeline Booth, the Fifth Column in the country was much disturbed, and she was offered, but declined, special protection. There were incidents.

On Fourteenth Street stood one of the Army's Training Schools where girls bound for France were accommodated. It was a tall building of early design and without some of the latest safeguards against fire. Within a few minutes one night it broke into a sea of flame and lives were lost. The evidence of arson seemed to be clear, and very clever arson. For a staircase had been smeared with oil to lure the conflagration upwards, and one of the objects seems to have been to destroy the National Headquarters of the Army that adjoined the School.

For a few days later a detective was taking lunch at a small German restaurant in a side street, and there was talk at an adjoining table.

"Well," said a voice, "if we can't burn them out, we'll blow up the building, and get that damn Commander anyhow!"

It was a threat and not entirely without substance. At Headquarters one night the Commander was in her office working late. Word came from the elevator man that three ladies charged with a large gift for the Army were waiting downstairs, and the gift would be lost unless they saw the Commander without delay. The suspicions of the elevator man were aroused by the big feet of the visitors and although they

were allowed an interview, Evangeline Booth finally yielded to the advice of her secretary that they be told to call again in the morning, at which decision they displayed anger. The Army, they said, did not deserve the money they had to offer.

They were wearing close caps with large veils and long cloaks, all suggesting the automobile, but it was noted as they were ushered from the building that no automobile was awaiting their convenience. Striding down the street they made no attempt to maintain their disguise, and their heavy boots, their trousers, showed that they were men. An alarm was given and the kind ladies with their falsetto voices found themselves in custody—they and the weapons they were carrying.

"I'm sorry I didn't see them," said Evangeline Booth coolly, "I'm sure they would have done me no harm and I might have done them some good."

At Washington the doorman at her hotel was all courtesy and consideration and full of sympathy for the Salvationist Lassies oversea. "Where are your workers now in France?" he asked casually one day, and the Commander answered, "Oh, wherever they are wanted," and she reported him as a spy. It seemed absurd, for he had been at the revolving door for years. But that night, with five others, he was arrested, and he didn't get the information about the whereabouts of the American forces at the front.

Evangeline Booth gathered her first handful of workers into a room apart from the turmoil around them and there she administered to them their instructions. Before the Most High God she called upon them to tell her if any of them had in the heart any motive in leaving the country other than to serve Christ. She looked on the girls in the party and bade them to put away from themselves the arts and coquetties of youth. They were sent forth to love the souls of men as God loved them. Unless self be forgotten, their work would be in vain. If, at this final hour of parting, any faltered or felt unfit for the God-given task, let him—let her speak before it was too late. For they held in their hands the honour of the Salvation Army and the glory of Jesus Christ, and they were to be examples of His love, willing to lay down their lives, if need be, for His sake. They knelt and, heads bowed and hands clasped, they sang:

Oh, for a heart whiter than snow!
Saviour Divine, to whom else can I go?
Thou Who hast died, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow!

Wrote Commander Booth:

I would tell them that while I was unable to arm them with many of the advantages of the more wealthy denominations—that while I could give them only a very few assistants owing to the great demand upon our forces—that while I could promise them nothing beyond their bare expenses, yet I knew without fear I could rely upon them for an unsurpassed devotion to the God-inspired standards of the emblem of this, the world's greatest Republic, the Stars and Stripes, now in the van of the peoples of the earth—that I could rely on them for unsurpassed devotion to the brave men who laid their lives upon the altar of their country's protection, and that I could also rely upon them for an unsurpassed devotion to that other banner, the Banner of Calvary, the significance of which has not changed in nineteen centuries, and by the standards of which, alone, all the world's wrongs can be redressed, and by the standards of which alone men can be liberated from all their bondage.

It was an assertion of what may be called Christian efficiency—the value even of secular service to be measured by the willingness of the servant to sacrifice self to the Gospel.

In the choice of men able to carry out assigned tasks, Evangeline Booth has always been uncannily guided. It was Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Barker whom she selected to lead the Salvationists in France. "If," she would say, "you want to see Barker at his best, you must put him face to face with a stone wall and tell him to get through it. No matter what the cost or toil, hated or loved, he'd get there." And in mud that the French used, like Portland cement, for mortar, Barker, with but a single motorcar for kitchen, sleeping and headquarters, went at it. The farms around him had been there, little changed for centuries, and one styled "the new house" was two hundred and fifty years old.

The girls when they landed in France were greeted with garlands, and so steeped in crass ignorance is our western civilisation, that when *War Crys* in the French language were distributed the people were astounded at the mention therein of the Christ Crucified Whom they worshipped in their shell-ridden churches. That was, indeed, a surprise, and the American boys also had it coming to them. For the Salvationists did not butter them up with flattery that they were great heroes and all that kind of thing. They told them the truth—that they were sinners in the sight of God and were facing death and judgement—that they needed Salvation—that the Redeemer of mankind had died on the Cross to win for them that Salvation. Hundreds of those boys knelt at the penitent form, cleared the score against their consciences and rose to their feet humbler, happier and braver fellows than they had been. While governments were shattering institutions and homes and families, the Salvationists were winning souls, speaking and singing to thousands at a time.

Salvationists when on the warpath are a Scripture-quoting people and some of their favourite texts sound to outsiders with a pietistic ring. But there in France the familiar words were welded on the anvil of experience into the steel of realism. All things did actually work together for good to them who loved God and were called according to His purpose. Who would have thought it possible that a sentence of William Booth in the Foundation Deed of the Salvationist Movement dated 1878 would have been a factor nearly forty years later in saving young Americans serving their country in France from folly and vice? Yet so it was. The rule of strict accountancy imposed by the Founder on the Army meant that the organisation throughout the world was a sensitive instrument of finance available for immediate use just when it was wanted. There was no delay, no muddling, an instant and much needed service.

Here were these boys, most of them oversea for the first time, lonely, excited and reckless in their ideas. Into their hands a generous government thrust payments in dollars that meant wealth in France and the French were quite ready to help the boys to spend the money. There was French wine offered as a more hygienic beverage than unfiltered water, and

there were French women, practised in their fascinations. The Salvationists also put in a bid for those dollars and once handed over to the Army, often without receipt, they were entered on account in New York, and through a thousand outposts from coast to coast of the United States they were distributed to the boys' families, their parents, their wives, their personal credit as savings. It was a system afterwards extended far beyond the Army's activities, but the gesture of the Army coming at the outset was constructive. Not only did it save the cash, it saved character.

Confidence in the Army's financial rectitude became what might almost be called a fetish among the troops. Here were huts where they did not try to sell you cigarettes and chocolate at a profit, and while you were expected to pay at cost for what you bought, there was a generous allowance for "jaw-bone" or credit. "Jawbone" was not without limit and the boys were asked to clear up their debts, not as a matter of pressure but of honour, and with few exceptions they did it. One hut would receive sums of money on account of obligations incurred in other huts, and with an apparently easy-going goodwill the Army's funds were respected.

A personal anecdote may be pardoned that illustrates the effect of this. I was discussing literary business with a well-known Roman Catholic layman and I told him frankly that I was not of his Church. "I've always believed in the Salvation Army," was his somewhat unexpected reply, and I asked him why. "The war," he answered and he told me the story. He was in the south of France and had been granted a fortnight's furlough. But his pay had not come and he wanted the money to pay for a trip to the Riviera. He went to organisations much larger than the Army and with far greater resources but one by one they turned him down. So disconsolate he wandered into an Army hut and drank coffee. A man was serving and he said: "Son, what's the trouble? Has your girl thrown you over?"

He said there was no use talking about it—nothing could be done anyway. However, the Salvationist managed to get at the business—the boy wanted a hundred dollars and nobody would advance it to him. (Within a minute the money was in his hands and pulling out his wallet, he wanted to give his

identifications. No, that was not required. Just return the hundred dollars to any Army hut when the pay arrives. Go to the Riviera and have a good time.)

A week or two later the soldier handed over one hundred and twenty dollars to the friend behind the counter. "What's this?" he was asked. "You owe us a hundred and that's all you're going to pay."

"When I'm back home," said that boy, "you'll get it in your kettles."

This was by no means an isolated incident. Wrote Colonel Barker from France on May 13th, 1918:

One thing we did recently will interest you. Major Roosevelt's Battalion had not been paid for a long time and there was a prospect of their not getting any money until after their turn in the trenches. The men had no money and felt pretty badly when they could not secure anything from a nearby canteen. The Major presented the situation to me and I consented to send up several thousand francs worth of supplies which the Major sold to them on credit. This was a very unusual proceeding and they had not heard of anyone doing it before. The impression made was, of course, very favourable. Later on when they did get their pay they refunded the money but you may be sure that they will not get over talking of the Army's generosity for a long time to come.

In London it was very astonishing. They were quite sure that the American Salvationists would never be permitted by the military authorities to erect a hut. But somehow or other Colonel Barker obtained an interview with General Pershing and the necessary facilities were granted. Evangeline Booth would not have been her own human self if she had not been pleased about it. It should be made clear that Salvationists of military age were drafted like other men into the United States forces and sought no immunity. It was only when the work in France had proved its value that some Salvationists were released by the military authorities themselves to undertake this special and often dangerous service.

During World War I the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A.

made appeals for money in the United States to which the response of the public was overwhelming. But the Salvation Army as the Cinderella of the helpful agencies had to be cautious in its advertising of what was going on lest the military authorities should block the work. It was only after President Wilson, Secretary Baker and other authorities had written endorsements of the enterprise that the newspapers began to comment on the matter, and the real recognition came with the return of the "boys" themselves.

Any prejudice there may have been against the Army at the outset was allayed somewhat when General Pershing conferred on the Salvationists a military uniform, with epaulettes plainly declaring who they were, and their readiness to share the worst with the boys was unanswerable. Officers would suggest that the hard-pressed Salvationists should take some ease in more comfortable quarters but it was no use. Their place was with the private soldier and as one of the girls put it, "We can die with the boys but we cannot leave them." On one desperate occasion their unit was ordered ahead and no permits were available for the Salvationists. The girls hid themselves in a covered supply wagon and were unseen until it reached the firing line. Said one of the boys, "They'll be waiting for us when we get to hell to try and save us."

Quarters were so scarce in one place that the girls had to take their meals at the soldiers' mess. The boys laid the table for them as well as they could and served them with the best of everything provided in their rations. Nothing was said about it but 'cuss words were taboo. One fellow, not knowing of the situation, blew in with the usual vocabulary on his lips. He received a blow on the jaw that felled him to the ground. It was not long before the boys began to take over chores associated with the Army's huts. Wood was delivered ready chopped and so on. The whole enterprise became co-operative, at any rate, in spirit.

There was the tale of the silver ring, and it also was true. A boy could not break from drink and one of the girls prayed with him until it seemed to be no use to pray any longer. At last, he drew from his chest a silver ring, worth possibly thirty cents, and cut it from the cord by which it hung. "It belonged to my mother," he said, "and you must wear it for me." The

girl demurred but he insisted—only the thought of the Salvation Lassie wearing his mother's ring would keep him straight when tempted. She warned him that at the first hint of his drinking again the ring would be returned to him. But it was never returned. And by that strange reverence for a good and unapproachable woman the man was restored to his true self, and incidentally to a grateful wife who was glad to have him back.

It was no exaggeration to say that the work of the Army proceeded to the very gates of hell. The perpetrator of an atrocious murder was sentenced to be hung because shooting was too good for him. His violence was such that he had to be chained hand and foot. Chaplains visited him but he would have nothing to do with them. On the morning of his execution he asked for anyone from the Salvation Army who might be around. One called the Little Major came to the crouching figure and said, "You must be in great trouble, brother."

"You know what I'm here for and you call me brother," snarled the fellow, "why?"

"Because I know a great deal about the suffering of Christ on the Cross—all because He loved you so. Why shouldn't I call you brother?"

The man broke down and was reconciled to God. "Christ has pardoned me," he said. "Now I can die like a man."

With a smile on his face he went to his doom, thanking the military authorities for the way they had treated him and also thanking the Salvation Army. Major Roosevelt, who had watched the case, also paid tribute to the Little Major for the change wrought in an apparently hopeless reprobate.

Evangeline Booth explains all this in one word, training. Salvationist officers are trained to hardship and trained to suffering. They are trained in "those expert measures which enable them to handle satisfactorily those who cannot handle themselves, those who have lost their grip on things, who if unaided will go down under the high rough tides." On the one hand, they are trained "to obey orders willingly, and gladly, and wholly—not in part." On the other hand they are "trained to meet emergencies of every character—to leap into the breach, to span the gulf, and to do it without waiting to be told *how*." There is discipline and there is initiative. Salva-

tionists are under rule and they are a rule unto themselves. Their's is "the finest and most intricate of all the arts, the art of dealing ably with human life."

The finest and most intricate of all the arts as practised by the trained Salvationist was not without its humour. General Pershing was suddenly seized by thoughts of his home-town and he called for an apple pie. His *chef* from Paris took the order and, skilled in *cuisine*, produced a masterpiece which was everything that cookery should be except that of apple pie. However there were Salvation Lassies in the neighbourhood and the commander-in-chief was presented with an apple pie that he could recognise as such.

Then came that discouraging day when the girls found that they had nothing to offer the boys but coffee and chocolate. The weather was wretched and wood for the fire was damp. But an empty bottle served as a rolling pin, an empty can cut circles, and a coffee percolator out of commission cut holes within the circles. Thus was produced the first of the famous doughnuts, and when flour was needed to meet the demand, the finest and most intricate of all the arts was again called into play. Personally, a Salvationist handed in to the commanding officer a hamper with cake and doughnuts—a very elaborate cake, by the way—and there were no more shortages of supply.

It is all very nice to read about but the cost in sacrifice of youth, good looks, health will never be appraised. Here is what one of the girls wrote home:

Well, I must tell you how the days are spent. We open the hut at 7. It is cleaned by some of the boys. Then at 9 we commence to serve cocoa and coffee and make pies and doughnuts, cup cakes and fry eggs and make all kinds of eats until it is all you see. Well, you can think of two women cooking in one day 2500 doughnuts, 8 dozen cup cakes, 50 pies, 800 pancakes and 225 gallons of cocoa, and one other girl serving it. That is a day's work in my last hut. Then meeting at night, and it lasts two hours.

As the fighting became fiercer the girls were there under fire. Commanding officers laid it down that here was no place

for women to be exposed to sights and sounds of deadly import and orders were given that the girls must retire. The girls became mutinous and the word went forth, "Then let them stay," and in dugouts and caves where first aid was given to the wounded, boys, half mad with pain and shock, were tended and soothed. Many were killed, and there were women who laid flowers on their graves, who wrote about it to the bereaved families back home. Over Quentin Roosevelt's resting place they had a simple ceremony, Commander Evangeline's wreath being laid by Colonel Barker. At many a mound that meant so much to those left behind, the singing and praying of the Salvation Army were heard, mingling with music from the military band, and wherever an enemy German had been buried near by, the Salvationists walked over to his grave also and there knelt in prayer for his kith and kin.

Wrote the Commander:

The Salvation Army has no closing hours. "Taps" sound for us *when the need is relieved.*

With the signing of the Armistice, there was manifest a feeling that the services and behaviour of Salvationists in France had been something new in the record of war, that it should be recognised as such. Messages of appreciation were received by Evangeline Booth from President Woodrow Wilson, from Prime Minister Lloyd George, from General Pershing, from Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, General Leonard Wood and many others who had seen things at first hand. Marshal Haig's testimony, addressed to General Bramwell Booth, put the case thus:

The Salvation Army workers have shown themselves to be of the right sort and I value their presence here as being one of the best influences on the moral and spiritual welfare of the troops at the bases. The inestimable value of these influences is realised when the morale of the troops is afterwards put to the test at the front.

One old officer of the United States Army—a hardbitten regular—wrote:

I wish every American who stood on street corners in America and sneered at the work of the Salvation Army could see what they are doing for the boys in France.

They do not proclaim that they are here for investigation or for getting atmosphere for War romances. They have not come to furnish material for Broadway press agents. They do not wear, 'Oh such becoming uniforms,' white shoes, dainty blue capes and bonnets, nor do they frequent Paris tea-rooms where the swanky British and American officers put up . . . what I like about the Salvation Army is that it doesn't cater to officers. It is for the doughboys first, last and all the time. The Salvation Army men do not wear Sam Brown belts; they do as little handshaking with officers as possible.

Whatever the origin of the term, doughboy, it has been associated in the public mind with Salvationist hospitality.

"I sympathise," said someone of a good cause.

"How much do you sympathise?" was the answer. A grateful nation decided that sympathy with the Salvation Army should cost something. For instance, Will Rogers gave a nice little cut from his radio receipts.

There was received among many letters the following:

Cardinal's Residence,
408 Charles Street, Baltimore.

April 16, 1919

Hon. Charles S. Whitman, New York City.

Honourable and Dear Sir:

I have been asked by the local Commander of the Salvation Army to address a word to you as the National Chairman of the Campaign about to be launched in behalf of the above named organisation. This I am happy to do, and for the reason that, along with my fellow American citizens, I rejoice in the splendid service which the Salvation Army rendered our Soldier and Sailor Boys during the war. Every returning trooper is a willing witness to the efficient and generous work of the Salvation Army both at the front and in the camps at home. I am also the more happy to commend this organisation because it is free from sectarian bias. The

man in need of help is the object of their effort, with never a question of his creed or colour.

I trust, therefore, your efforts to raise \$13,000,000 for the Salvation Army will meet with a hearty response from our generous American public.

Faithfully yours,

James Cardinal Gibbons.

"You have mortgages," they said to Evangeline Booth. She admitted that the Salvation Army had borrowed money on mortgage.

"How much?" they asked. She mentioned a few millions.

"You have plans for extending the work," they suggested.

Yes, she conceded. They had such plans.

"How much?" She hinted at a few more millions.

"All right," they said, "leave it to us."

Governors issued proclamations, mailmen were authorised to act as collectors, and there were special parades. On the steps of the Treasury by Wall Street, a stove was set up and Evangeline Booth cooked a doughnut which was sold by auction for \$5,000 amid cheers and laughter. Then began a parade along Fifth Avenue led by the Commander and General Vanderbilt, holding between them a clothes basket into which were thrown bills and checks—the only ticker tape allowed on a lucrative occasion. The estimate had been a drive for the \$13,000,000 mentioned by Cardinal Gibbons. But the nation added a few dollars for good measure and the sum actually received ran around \$15,000,000.

Gratifying incidents followed the Army's record in France. At the banquet in New York to King Albert of Belgium on his visit to the United States, Evangeline Booth was the only woman present and the King thanked her with special emphasis. On the Red Cross Column in Washington appeared this:

To Commander Evangeline Booth and the Women of
the Salvation Army

They went where they were needed,

They did what they could,

They gave what they had,

And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A grateful Tribute from John Barton Payne.

At Madison Square Garden there was the horse-show and it happened that the Prince of Wales was the guest of the nation. The interest of Evangeline Booth in horses was widely known and she was invited to receive the Prince on his arrival at the great building. The entrance was lined with Salvation Army girls in bonnets and uniforms between whose ranks the Prince walked with the Commander at his side. On reaching the royal box Edward, by one of those gestures of which he was a master, brought forth thunders of cheers by himself setting a chair for Evangeline Booth, who remained at his side during his presence at the performance.

In October 1919, Evangeline Booth was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by President Wilson. The citation was as follows:

For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service as Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States. She has been tireless in her devotion to her manifold duties. The contribution of the Salvation Army toward winning the war is conspicuous, and the results obtained were due in a marked degree to the great executive ability of its Commander.

In 1927—the tenth anniversary of the entrance of the United States into World War I—the American Legion decided to celebrate in Paris. Thousands of veterans crossed the ocean and they carried with them Evangeline Booth as their orator and their emblem. To the French she was already known. There was the other day when she visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. She had been warned that religious rites at the national shrine were forbidden but there was an awkward silence when it seemed as if somebody ought to say something. With the gendarmes at attention Evangeline Booth stepped forward and they wondered what would happen. She said that she would like to follow the custom of the organisation to which she belonged and from a full heart she poured forth a prayer. The gendarmes treated her as if she were a creature from another world. Even Clemenceau, the old Tiger of France, was visited in his lair by Evangeline Booth and talked with her of goodness in the

world, sheathing his claws of cynicism in the velvet of courtesy—a sceptic but a gentleman.

The great thanksgiving was held in the Cathedral of Notre Dâme and Evangeline Booth was invited to attend. She arrived at the church and was drawn aside by officers into a side room. There she was welcomed by Foch and Pershing who greeted her with a surprising suggestion. They would like her to march between them up the central aisle towards the high altar. Many had been the historic scenes enacted in that ancient edifice—the Feast of Reason, the marriage of one Napoleon and the coronation of another—but here was something new to history. The Salvationist leader, clad not in her bonnet but in the hat and “very very warm” uniform designed for Salvationists in France by General Pershing, marched between a marshal of France and a four-star general of the United States. And she bore herself bravely.

Few who watched her had the least idea that this day of splendour was as sad a day as she had ever spent in her strangely unaccountable career. For she was to cross from France to England where she was to be greeted by cold disapproval. That she and her brother Bramwell should gather the Army’s stalwarts into the Albert Hall was not to be thought of, and an occasion of legitimate Hallelujah was allowed to pass by in ominous silence. What did happen, though few were aware of it at the time, was a heart to heart talk between Evangeline and the General at Headquarters on which more will have to be said. With distress for her companion she recrossed the ocean to the United States.

There was an unexpected sequel to all this which indicates what the name of the Salvation Army has come to mean in France. From the year 1928 onwards the Salvation Army advocated the abolition of the dreaded penal colony on Devil’s Island. In 1933 the Army was authorised by the French Government to undertake a programme of rehabilitation on the island—a work which happened to synchronise with the Generalship of Evangeline Booth to be dealt with later. In 1938 shipment of convicts to the island was discontinued, and by August, 1947, no fewer than 2386 of the prisoners had been returned by the Army to their families and friends. Out of 2000 of the repatriated after an interval, only three had com-

mitted a further crime. Some twenty others had been arrested but only on a technical offence—namely, in most cases, returning to the scene of their original crime which is forbidden by a regulation for the ending of which the Salvationists were asking. For victims of Devil's Island who were too far gone to be brought home, the Army organised institutions where a merciful care was substituted for the former régime.

HIGH COUNCIL

“THE day will come,” said Pierpont Morgan, “when bankers will live in glass houses.” For the best part of a century that has been the fate of the Salvation Army. Whatever befalls the organisation, however trivial, has been worth a paragraph in the press, and if the paragraph suggested trouble, headlines were a certainty. Especially has that been the destiny of the Booths, and an impression has been created that they are a sensitive and quarrelsome family, always in some kind of a dissension, whatever might be the larger interests of the Salvationist Movement. The fact is, of course, that they have worn themselves out, day after day, serving the public, and that their occasional differences of opinion, however acute, have not destroyed their contribution as a whole to the community. They may not always have worked together in the same organisation but this does not mean that they stopped working.

The crowds that gathered to see and hear Evangeline Booth on public occasions saw a trim alert figure, sensitive to impressions, even restless at times when waiting her turn to speak, but filled with an inspired eloquence as she set forth the Gospel of which she was an accredited ambassador. Little did they imagine that behind this honour and glory, as some of them considered it to be, lay a hinterland of incessant responsibility through which the Commander had to make her way with a mingled courage and caution that tested her highly strung and impatient temper to the uttermost. Deeply disturbed by perplexities and distressed by pain on account of

others, she wrestled with problems, personal, legal and ecclesiastical, on which depended the future of the Salvation Army as an international organisation.

This is a rough and tumble world, and the Salvation Army, a religion of the people, by the people, for the people, has always had to stand, chin up, on the pavement where men and women say what they think, however it sounds. Evangeline Booth was exposed to a peculiarly brusque insinuation—that she was making trouble for her brother, Bramwell, because she wanted herself to hold his high office of General. This kind of talk is reflected in certain letters and it even got into print. It was ignored by Evangeline Booth—under severe criticism accompanied by whispering campaigns she remained silent, and nor until these pages were written has there been any statement of the facts. Even so, only those facts are stated that are clear within the record and essential to a reasonable view of what happened.

When General Superintendent of the Christian Mission, William Booth was obsessed by the desperate emergencies of an unredeemed mankind. England was in sore need of what he had to offer, and his eager spirit rebelled against delays arising out of discussions with others. "Fancy the Russians having a committee to carry on their war!" he wrote in 1877 when Czar and Sultan were fighting it out.

As a former Methodist he had been brought up in the tradition of John Wesley's Legal Hundred on which model he had based a "Conference" for the mission. But in the Conference he was sometimes outvoted. He even lost a motion that members of the movement must refrain from the use of alcoholic liquors save under doctor's orders. "I am determined," he wrote, "that evangelists in the Mission must hold my views and work on my lines." He abolished the Conference, therefore, and assumed sole personal control of the spiritual and social enterprise. Strong action, you say. Yes, but without it there would have been no Salvation Army. It occurred when Evangeline Booth was in her twelfth year and quite too young to be consulted over the situation.

The Army as it developed did not any longer consist alone of evangelism at the street corner. It received gifts of

money. It acquired property. It had to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's as well as rendering to God the things that are God's. It became imperative that the position of William Booth, actual and prospective, should be put upon a permanent legal foundation, and thus was initiated a course of events which brought the Army into touch with a Master of the Rolls, a Lord Justice, various judges of the High Court, two Lord Chancellors, two Prime Ministers, a Viceroy of India and other dignitaries, with the Imperial Parliament saying the final word. About simple people praising God for salvation in Christ, there was found to be an importance that the highest in the land could not overlook.

We see the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission making his way across the quiet squares of the Inns of Court in the City of London. He was accompanied by a young man, his son and successor as General of the Salvation Army, William Bramwell Booth. They found themselves in the chambers of a lawyer, still in private practice, who later as Lord Cozens-Hardy was to be a Master of the Rolls and, as it was affectionately remarked, the ugliest little judge on the bench. There sat Cozens-Hardy behind a table piled with papers, and having just come in from court, still wearing a wig grey with dust. About this sudden contact between Law and Gospel there was thus a touch of the picturesque.

The Founder expressed his wishes and there was a careful conversation in the course of which Cozens-Hardy became increasingly restive. At length, he blurted out with some acerbity,

"Mr. Booth, you want me to make you a Pope, and I do not think it can be done."

Never at a loss for humour, the Founder retorted,

"Well, Mr. Cozens-Hardy, I am sure that you will get as near to it as you can."

The outcome of this interview was the Foundation Deed of the Christian Mission or Salvation Army dated 1878. General Booth was to hold his office for life. He was to be sole custodian and administrative trustee of all properties owned by the Army in Great Britain. One condition to this trust was added at William Booth's suggestion. He must present regular and certified accounts of the money for which he was responsible, and at the very outset of the Army's existence there was

thus ordained the strict audit which is a rule and a tradition of the Army throughout the world.

In the quaint legalities of the Foundation Deed of 1878 we catch a glimpse of the Army's obscure but interesting origin, a disused Quaker graveyard—we see how amid the smoke and shadows of that Whitechapel that had long ceased to be either white or a chapel but had become with the progress of civilisation the scene of exploits by Jack the Ripper with his knife for murdering women—how the tent was raised by the said William Booth—how “a number of people were formed into a community for the purpose of enjoying religious fellowship, and in order to continue and multiply such efforts as had been made in the tent to bring under the Gospel those who were not in the habit of attending any place of worship by preaching in the open air, in tents, theatres, music halls and other places, and by holding other religious services and meetings.” There was also a statement of the Army's beliefs, bold, clear and dogmatic as any creed or confession then in existence, which, unchanged, is in force to this day, no embarrassment to anyone whether in or out of the Army, and for a simple reason. The crew of a lifeboat on its mission of rescue has no time or inclination to wrangle over rules of navigation. Those rules have become instinct, and nothing matters save pulling for the shore.

Over one detail, as it seemed at the time to be, there was a certain curious and academic interest. How was the General to appoint his successor? Something had to be done about that and William Booth's method of getting rid of the embarrassment was as masterly as it was ingenious. A General, as soon as possible after assuming office, was to take a piece of paper. On this paper he was to write one of two things. Either he was to write the name of his successor or he was to write “the means which are to be taken for the appointment of a successor.” This paper was to be enclosed in a sealed envelope and handed to the Army's solicitor. It was to be opened on the death of the General “or upon his ceasing to perform the duties of the office.”

A careful reading of the Foundation Deed thus establishes two facts which, amazing to relate, have been largely overlooked. First, there never was the idea that a General should

hold office of necessity until death. He could "cease to perform the duties of the office" during his lifetime. Secondly, there never was the idea that of necessity he must name his successor. He could indicate "means" of making that appointment other than such nomination. Under the Foundation Deed a General might refer the choice of his successor to the Privy Council or to a plebiscite of Salvationists throughout the world. For that Queen's Counsel, Cozens-Hardy, when at work, was no fool, nor was William Booth without his full share of foresight and discernment. What was made clear, was that the decision to retire, to name a successor or to indicate means of appointing that successor lay within the discretion of the General in office. In any of these ways he was free to act and the duty of action was thus laid on him.

That William Booth intended his dictatorship to last for all time is hardly borne out by the record. Repeatedly he would say, "What I have done, I can undo," and he said these words, among others, to his daughter, Evangeline Booth. Not that it was she who raised any of the questions involved. She was, when that happened, thousands of miles away from International Headquarters—first, in Canada and afterwards, in the United States. The person who suddenly stepped into the picture was William Ewart Gladstone, the most impressive statesman of his day, four times Prime Minister under Queen Victoria, a scholar of Oxford and leading churchman, who, in dignified retirement, was awaiting his resting place in Westminster Abbey.

In December, 1896, William Booth was the guest of Gladstone at his country seat, Hawarden in North Wales. One of these great men was in his eighty-eighth year—the other was twenty years his junior—and they met in Gladstone's library, known as the Temple of Peace, where they were surrounded by the many thousands of carefully selected books which, no less carefully annotated, embodied the experience of mankind. By a coincidence, as we have seen, the General strongly supported Gladstone over the Armenian atrocities.

In the deep clear voice that had swayed cabinets and parliaments for half a century, and with the grave old world courtesy which was at once reassuring and difficult to resist, Gladstone confessed to amazement over the farflung organisa-

tion of the Salvation Army. How, he asked, did the General maintain so strong a hold over free men and women working at points so distant as the Antipodes?

William Booth explained the system under which the Army was operated, the annual budgets, the visits of his personal representatives to remote stations and the policy of terminable appointments extending as a rule for no more than five years. That, of course, was the item of policy which, as we have seen, proved too hard for the acquiescence of the Ballington Booths.

Gladstone was much impressed. With gracious tact and in a casual manner he enquired of the General how his successor would be appointed, and William Booth told him about the procedure of the sealed envelope which has been made clear. A very unusual arrangement, was Gladstone's comment. Even the Pope had no such power to determine the succession to the Pontificate. For each succeeding Pope was chosen by the College of Cardinals summoned for that purpose. And Gladstone asked a further question.

What would be the position if a General, let us say, lost his faith and became a heretic? Was there any provision for removing an unworthy or inactive General? The Founder had been quite too busy and sure of himself to spare a thought for possibilities so remote from the work in hand. He admitted that the point had been overlooked, and with some insistence Gladstone mentioned warning examples of the kind of thing that had occurred during the progress of Christendom.

The General had his answer. He was a trustee and so would be his successors. If a trustee fails in his trust, he can be removed by the courts. A very cumbersome method of proceeding, was Gladstone's comment, and it was based on cases in ecclesiastical courts that had been protracted and expensive. Surely there should be some less difficult way of dealing with such a contingency than resource to civil law. He referred again to the College of Cardinals in Rome and suggested that within the Salvation Army some such body might be found useful.

The Founder was quite too big a man to resent constructive advice offered in a manner so respectful and sympathetic, and backed by so large a weight of knowledge and experience.

He sought the assistance of three constitutional lawyers. They were Asquith, afterwards Prime Minister, Haldane, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Sargent, afterwards a Lord Justice. They had to break the news to him that what a man has done,—for instance, marriage—he may not be able to undo. The Foundation Deed of 1878, drafted by Cozens-Hardy and signed by a stroke of William Booth's pen, was law until changed by a higher authority than the Founder, that is, Parliament. The only question was whether any point had been overlooked in the Deed which might be filled in without altering its other provisions. Such a supplementary deed, therefore, was drafted, and a word must be said as to its terms.

Two clauses dealt with a number of contingencies—unsoundness of mind, mental or physical infirmity, bankruptcy or insolvency, dereliction of duty, notorious misconduct or "other circumstances," but neither of these clauses concerns this outline. For neither clause was ever invoked. There was, however, a third provision according to which the Chief of Staff with four other Commissioners or seven Commissioners without the Chief of Staff might call together a High Council consisting of the whole body of Commissioners and Territorial Commanders. By a majority of three-fourths this High Council was empowered to adjudicate a General "unfit" and remove him from office. A General so removed by a High Council could not resume office or appoint his successor. The sealed envelope containing his signed wishes would become null and void and it would be for the High Council itself to elect a new General, afterwards dissolving its own existence.

Two further provisions were included in the supplementary deed as drafted. First, a new General must sign the deed within forty-eight hours after taking office. Secondly, a General in office could only change the terms of the deed with the consent of two out of three of the Army's Commissioners and, even so, the change, so proposed, must not infringe on the provisions of the original Foundation Deed of 1878.

For seven years or more William Booth carried the above draft deed around with him, showing it during his travels to responsible officers whom he met in various parts of the world. Finally, the Deed Poll of 1904 as it came to be known, was

signed with the utmost solemnity and approved by an International Congress meeting in London already described. That Congress was attended by Evangeline Booth. Otherwise she had no personal part in these legalities, except as a high officer of the Army among other high officers. The whole proceeding was so unanimous as to be regarded almost as a matter of form, nor in available correspondence did Evangeline appear to allude to it. She was occupied with other matters.

During his lifetime the Founder, William Booth, had addressed "counsels" to his son, Bramwell. The wording to those "counsels" indicates that the idea was for him to "name his successor" nor does there appear to be any direct allusion to the alternative provision in the Foundation Deed of 1878 enabling a General to indicate "means" of choosing his successor, and so avoiding a direct nomination. It will come as a surprise to many Salvationists that in these "personal counsels" the Founder wrote, "So far as I at present know the Army, I think in the first instance your choice should fall on Herbert . . ."—words, of course, that antedated Herbert's leaving the Army in 1902. Also, we have this paragraph:

Now it will be good if these qualities (of a suitable General) or any considerable number of them, meet in the direct heir of the General for the time being. That is, if the best man for the position happens to be the son or daughter of the General himself, or should they meet in any prominent member of the family. But the General in making his choice of any member of his own family, must beware of passing over any other Officer, who, he has reason to believe, would be more suitable for the position and more acceptable to the holiest, the wisest and the most energetic Officers and Soldiers in the Army. *He must be impartial.* A woman if otherwise qualified is equally eligible with a man.

The italics are the Founder's.

In 1912, as we have seen, William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army, was "promoted to glory" amid the grateful sorrow of millions. After his obsequies there was enacted one of those solemnities in which the Army expresses its sense of responsibility to God and man. Grave and correct, the Army's

Solicitor produced the sealed envelope about which there had been so much discussion. He opened this envelope, and drew forth a paper endorsed:

Appointment of my Successor. William Booth. 21st August, 1890.

It meant that the nomination had been made exactly twenty-two years before. It also meant that it had been made during the dying days of Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Army.

The Solicitor read out a name. It was William Bramwell Booth, hitherto Chief of Staff who said a few words. "I take my stand upon the living God," he declared, adding, "my father's God." In accordance with the law he signed his acceptance of the Deed Poll of 1904 providing for his deposition from the Generalship by a High Council, should circumstances arise that appeared to necessitate such a proceeding.

The choice of Bramwell was regarded as a foregone conclusion. "If the entire Army were polled," the Founder had written in his "counsel," "his selection would be unanimously approved" and there were those who went so far as to suggest that Bramwell had been the real genius behind the growth of the Army. That he was a man of the very greatest executive ability and judgment and deepest consecration is undisputable.

The "counsels" of the Founder included words addressed to members of his family. He held that they should "cordially second the efforts of the new General." In a document apparently undated but echoing the solicitudes of the dying Mother, we read,

They (the proceedings of the second General still to be) will not all meet with your highest approval. They may not always be such as you would put in action if you were in his place. Nevertheless you must give him credit for the best motives and support him with your influence and co-operation. Have patience with him—he will be sensitive to your criticisms—therefore, don't make unfavourable remarks on his actions, or exaggerated repetitions may reach his ears, signifying far more than you intended, thereby not only inflicting pain on him, but leading to other mischief.

In such terms did the Founder address his "very dear children," adding that in case of "serious revolt" within the Army, they were to be a kind of bodyguard—my own paraphrase—around the second General.

When the year 1912 came, it had not worked out that way. Of the eight children, Emma had been killed in a railway accident. Ballington, Herbert and Kate had left the Army. Marian was relieved of responsibility owing to her weak health, and only three were left. Bramwell himself, Lucy and Evangeline. It meant that the duty of supporting Bramwell fell in the main on Evangeline with her worldwide prestige and unrivalled record of constructive achievement within the Army. Her correspondence shows that she fulfilled her Father's "counsels" with her whole heart and soul. As the Founder had foretold, some things that General Bramwell did failed to win her "highest approval." But not a hint of this was allowed to appear in the press and for years any differences of opinion that arose, were little suspected, if at all, within the Army itself. From public discussions Evangeline Booth refrained. Her entire influence and authority was against them. But as a sister in affectionate relation with a brother of the same aims and activities she held that it was her duty to say to him from time to time what the interests of the Army, as she conceived of them, required to be said—what could not conveniently be said to the General by anyone else.

The second General's immediate duty was to provide the Army with a successor in the event of his retirement or death, and here the narrator, who relies on admitted facts and avoids speculation, is in some difficulty. That he deposited a sealed envelope or several of them in succession with the Army's Solicitors may be taken for granted. But what the sealed envelope or envelopes contained, was not disclosed. The course of events, however, is inexplicable unless we make three assumptions. First, he named an individual. Secondly, that individual was within his immediate family, wife, son or daughter. Thirdly, he rejected the provision in the Foundation Deed of 1878 enabling and, indeed, inviting him to authorise "means" to be employed after his death whereby what his Father had called the holiest, the wisest and the most energetic Officers

and Soldiers in the Army "might be associated in the choice of a third General."

At the conclusion of the First World War Evangeline Booth had held her command in the United States for fourteen years. This was about to be three times the term of five years usual in the case of the Army's Territorial appointments, and General Bramwell Booth held, therefore, that he was entitled to bring her services in America to an end. With this object in view he visited her in the United States, saying to her quite bluntly, "You cannot expect to remain at the head of the organisation (in the United States) all the rest of your life."

Knowing of his attitude she arranged for him a tour throughout the country with receptions in which Salvationists and the public paid him the honours due to his high position. Under circumstances fairly to be described as exacting, her behaviour as an officer under the Flag was admittedly irreproachable. Before the brother and sister parted they spent a day together at the Algonquin Hotel. It was known in the inner circles as Black Friday and for twelve hours they talked it out on tea, toast and boiled rice. The result of the discussion was inconclusive but it is agreed that a respite for two years was conceded by General Bramwell.

In 1922 Evangeline Booth went through a severe operation on her throat. Her tonsils were removed and there was natural anxiety over the effects on a voice which was a part of her equipment for service. She was finishing her recuperation when, on September 15th, the telephone rang and the reporters arrived. She was informed that the *New York World* had published a cable from its correspondent in London announcing the removal of the Commander from her appointment without indicating any later sphere of service within the Army. The information so communicated to her was authentic and confirmed by International Headquarters where it was thus admitted that one of the Army's leading officers, a daughter of the Founder, had been in effect asked to "farewell" in a press release.

The reporters found Evangeline Booth in great agitation. She stated that she had received a cable from her brother in which "no reason for deposing her was given and she knew of

none." But, she said, "I shall obey the order when the date is set for me to go," and she had cabled the General for further information. To her officials she said,

An order has come to me to prepare for my final farewell to you, to the organisation and to America, whose people have been so good to me, giving me aid and encouragement during the eighteen years I have given my best to the work.

General Bramwell Booth's statement was:

The farewell of Commander Evangeline Booth from the United States of America had been under consideration for a number of years, and in the ordinary course would have taken place some years back. The war, however, made the change, as it did others, impossible. No date has yet been fixed for the Commander's farewell nor has any arrangement been made for a successor as head of the business corporation. We shall in the latter be guided by the Commander's recommendation.

It is not General Booth's intention to redistribute the United States. Should the future extension of our work in the vast areas of the United States make it necessary, other commands will no doubt be created. The three Commissioners will be responsible direct to the General in the same way as Commander Evangeline Booth has hitherto been, and as are all Commissioners in all parts of the world.

There began to be protests against the Commander's dismissal. "To remove Miss Booth," wrote Myron T. Herrick, the war ambassador of the United States in Paris, "would be as disastrous to the people of the country as to the Salvation Army in America." This removal, declared the Elks in Chicago, will "directly offend the intelligence of our more than 800,000 membership, as it will, I am sure, every friend of the Salvation Army in the United States of America." Vice-President Marshall, lately in office with President Wilson, wrote a grave letter of protest. On the one hand, the Commander was trying to pour oil on the troubled waters by writing:

A Proclamation to her officers,
 I stand by our present General. . . . Do not feel uneasy. Be restful. Let me remind you the General's statement said there is no date fixed for my leaving America.

So they were to go on with their work. On the other hand, a cable was signed by supporters of the Army and sent to Bramwell who was left in no doubt that if Miss Booth were to be succeeded by three officers with limited powers responsible directly to Headquarters in England, "there would result a diminution in the popular interest for the Salvation Army and its work." This message was signed by:

Allison V. Armour
 Joseph W. Harriman
 Otto H. Kahn
 George Gordon Battle
 Finley J. Shepard
 Henry W. Taft
 John H. Finley
 Myron T. Herrick
 Bishop W. T. Manning
 William G. McAdoo

Helen Gould Shepard
 John Wanamaker
 Felix M. Warburg
 Edwin Gould
 Herbert Hoover
 Thomas R. Marshall
 Adolph Ochs
 Frank L. Polk
 Rabbi Joseph Silverman
 Samuel Untermyer

"I am taking no part," wrote Evangeline Booth on October 31, "in any statement or protest that may be sent to General Booth."

It was not with ease or promptitude that her brother, Bramwell receded from a position that had become impossible. On December 3, 1922, he cabled:

I have been informed by my representatives in the United States of America that the statement in the *New York World* on September 15 has been interpreted by a number of people as being an official intimation for my sister, Commander Evangeline Booth to farewell from her present command. Those, however, who carefully read that statement will remember that it did not contain such intimation, but referred to the programme for future developments in the United States upon which I had fully conferred with the Commander two years ago.

Certainly such information as deciding definitely upon the Commander's removal would not have been conveyed to her through the medium of the public press. As, however, I am given to understand some uncertainty still exists upon this matter, I deem it advisable to say that I have had no thought of an immediate farewell. The Fall of 1925 was the earliest contemplated by me but nothing definite has been decided nor will be until I return from my campaign in India, for which country I embark today.

So ended an upset that ought not to have happened. The prestige of General Bramwell Booth was shaken. The challenging obedience of Evangeline Booth under sudden provocation raised her still higher in the esteem of the Army. And amid it all it was regrettable that her natural feelings should have been so deeply stirred, for wounds are wounds, and scars are scars.

The crisis of 1922 was followed by a period of subdued unrest in the Salvation Army. A firm friend of the Army and one who knew its affairs from A to Z was Fred A. Mackenzie, the war correspondent on *The Daily News* in London who for many years had been—as it happens—my friend and colleague. When the revolt broke forth he wrote a little book called *The Clash of the Cymbals* in which he put the situation thus:

If a regiment rises against its Colonel, the Colonel is to blame. "There are no bad soldiers, only bad officers," is an accepted axiom in military rule. . . . I worked under one of the biggest and most successful executives in the world . . . one of the departmental chiefs who had brought his division of the undertaking to a high degree of success never went further . . . and finally he disappeared. Someone asked the man at the head the reason. "So-and-so," said he, "had the most discontented staff of any in my employ. They were unhappy, and he had frequent changes. Such a man is no good to me, even if he does double his output in a couple of years."

The Army does not consist of pious milksops. It is a virile, courageous, outspoken comradeship of men and women

in touch with the grim realities of life, death and judgement. Free and sincere was the conversation of these soldiers of the Cross, and they did not mind who heard them. Hence, the coining of the word, "freezer," which was suggested in the case. If an officer criticised the General or his family he was sent to the "freezer" and left there to cool his tongue.

It is no part of this task to examine the evidence for and against the things that were said about the General and his immediate family. It is enough that they who said them risked their position in the Army, nor was it in the United States where Evangeline Booth was in command that the test case arose, but at International Headquarters in London. The literary secretary of Bramwell Booth was George Carpenter, a colonel by rank whose fidelity to his chief was such that for years he never left the office until he was sure of the General having departed for the day. Colonel Carpenter was known as the very incarnation of administrative rectitude.

In 1927 he was deeply disturbed by some of the complaints circulated about Bramwell Booth and his household. In the most respectful manner he sought an opportunity of speaking to the General and bringing the gossip to his attention. Carpenter lost his appointment and was sent back to Australia where he was given the position that he had held twenty-two years before. He was put into the "freezer" and there is no doubt over what was thought about it in Great Britain. A crowd of officers gathered at St. Pancras Station in London to give the Colonel a send-off. They signed their names in a book of friendship which was handed to him. In later years the demoted officer was elected to be the fifth General of the Salvation Army.

Evangeline Booth was, of course, in New York, not London. But she was well aware of what was going on in the Army throughout the world. Like others she received and read the pamphlets.

They stirred within her a special sense of obligation, and it is best that this should be defined in her own words. St. John Irvine, the author, was at the time writing a life of William Booth, *God's Soldier*, which contains much interesting material laboriously collected. When the book appeared, however, it was found that he had added an "Epilogue" which included criticisms of Evangeline Booth. Following her usual policy of

letting things pass, she made no reply. But she did consult her legal adviser, Samuel Untermeyer, among the most distinguished attorneys of his day, to whom on June 2nd, 1933, she wrote a definitive statement of her position during the crisis that was arising.

She acted, when at long length she did act, under a sense of "obligation." It was not only that she was "appealed to from all over the world to bring about a change" in the Army's system of government. A personal responsibility had been laid on her by her father, William Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army:

Then, too, my father had talked to me as he had talked to no other concerning dangers involved in the position of my brother and his family, although of these I could never speak except to my brother himself, which I did.

I loved Bramwell dearly and he loved me, as proved by volumes of affectionate letters between us which are in my possession. Repeatedly he told me that I both spoke and wrote too highly of him.

What happened "more and more as the years went by" was that Bramwell was "encouraged . . . to look upon the Army as a dynasty which was to descend to his children; and more and more the Army all around the world sensed this, with all its tragic dangers."

This, in part, was Evangeline Booth's statement of the position as she saw it, and repeatedly in conversation she has expressed her sense of duty to her father's anxieties. But, during most of the year, 1927, she maintained her prolonged silence. Not by a syllable did she intimate to the Army and the public whatever it was that she was thinking, and any suggestion against the prestige of her brother as General was at once discouraged. It was not until October 11, that she made her first move and even then it was strictly confidential.

She had attended the post-war celebrations of the American Legion in Paris as already described and was returning to New York by way of London. It was not her fault that no opportunity was presented of addressing the many who would have liked to hear her voice in some adequate building. It was

deemed to be best for the Army that she should receive no welcome from those who would have rejoiced to give it. But she did call on her brother as General at International Headquarters and shared with him her views. The conference at which witnesses were present was painful, and at its conclusion, she handed to Bramwell a paper stating her views. The brother and sister then parted, never again to meet on earth. Deeply as they differed over what was due to the Army, they continued to be one in faith and in that affection which, however wounded, is everlasting.

Those were the days when people were still talking about Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. Evangeline Booth made it Fifteen Points. She hammered the inner significance of the business as if it were a nail. In effect Salvationists did not mind what sacrifices they made for Salvation. But it was a different matter when those sacrifices had to be made for a hereditary succession reserved for one branch of the Founder's family—this, after other children of the Founder, for one reason or another, had been "estranged." The Fourth Point read as follows:

It is almost universally hoped that the present General will be the last to be appointed by his predecessor.

The Seventh Point elaborated the Fourth Point:

To have the High Council or some such body within the Army select the succeeding Generals would provide a safeguard for the future which would be of great strength to the organisation, and do more to elicit and maintain the confidence of our own people than anything else, and this would not in any way interfere with the purposes of the Founder.

According to the opinion submitted in these pages Evangeline Booth actually understated her argument. For she wrote:

If other religious bodies can change their constitutions it must be clear that the Salvation Army can. . . .

on which her characteristic comment was that "where there's a will, there's a way." But by the Foundation Deed of 1878, as we have seen, no change in the constitution was necessary. Bramwell could have done all that his sister wanted by a stroke of the pen. For the Foundation Deed empowered and, indeed, invited him to insert in the sealed envelope, *either* a name of his successor, *or* "means" by which his successor might have been appointed. Had he done this, the whole trouble might have been abated.

The Fifteen Points were not intended to be a manifesto. They were kept strictly confidential and few in the Army knew anything about them. It was not until November 24th—an interval of six weeks—that Bramwell's answer was forthcoming. It was an uncompromising negative and it was only at that late date that Evangeline took what undoubtedly was the serious step of circulating the correspondence among the Commissioners and Territorial Commanders of the Army, and even so the documents were private to officers as a whole.

That sentiment was aroused is quite true. But not in the main by anything written by Evangeline Booth. It was a sentence in her brother's answer that provoked the Army's higher command. The sentence has to be read carefully. Wrote Bramwell:

And indeed if I felt it desirable to exercise with the consent of the Commissioners the powers of alteration of the Supplementary Deed of 1904, it would rather be with the aim of protecting the essential features of the Foundation Deed (of 1878) than otherwise.

In plain terms this meant one thing. The Deed Poll of 1904 which had been adopted as a safeguard of the Army against unsuitabilities in a General might be weakened and the Army might be deprived of that protection. The fact that at his assumption of office General Bramwell Booth had solemnly accepted the Deed Poll of 1904 was ignored. He would ask the necessary two out of three Commissioners to support him in upsetting the arrangement made by his father, the Founder, William Booth, at the instance of Gladstone, and on the advice of the three outstanding lawyers, Asquith, Haldane and Sargent.

And in the opinion of International Headquarters in London—not, be it noted, New York where Evangeline Booth was stationed—Bramwell meant business. It was believed that the Solicitor of the Army had been called into consultation and action was taken—not, be it repeated, by Evangeline Booth.

There occurred a scene as dramatic as it was painful. Bramwell Booth had celebrated his seventieth birthday and was absolutely sure of himself. On Tuesday, March 6th, 1928 he walked into his office as usual. On his table lay a letter and he opened it. There were nine signatures to the letter, seven of active commissioners and two of commissioners who had retired. Among the names appeared Booth-Tucker, formerly husband of his sister, Emma, and second to none save the Founder as a stalwart of Salvation.

The letter was couched in respectful and, indeed, affectionate terms but its significance was clear. The signatories declared themselves to be in support of Evangeline Booth's Fifteen Points and they could not consent to any weakening of the Army's safeguards contained in the Deed Poll of 1904. It meant that General Bramwell could not expect the two-thirds majority needed under the Deed Poll of 1904 for any change in that instrument. He could not make his autocracy absolute.

General Bramwell Booth sat at his desk bowed with grief. In due course he went to his wife's room and she was surprised by his appearance. "My darling," he said, with a touch of the simplicity that is akin to greatness, "here is trouble." And he showed her the letter. "Unless I had seen it with my own eyes," he exclaimed as he pointed to a name, "I could not have believed it." As the day went on, he would ask, "Why didn't they speak to me?"—not realising, perhaps, how hard that had become since the fate of Colonel Carpenter. He had never liked joint communications in the Army and he tried to break up this round robin by interviewing the Commissioners separately. These efforts were without result. Four days later he appealed to Evangeline Booth:

I.H.Q.

March 10, 1928.

My Dear Eva,

I have turned for a moment from preparing a full reply to your last in order to write you a personal line.

We seem to be drifting apart and it wounds me to the quick. Is it inevitable?

I had no idea till I received yours that you attached so much importance to the method of appointing succeeding Generals or I would certainly have put before you some important views—especially the dear General's thoughts and experiences in dealing with the matter.

But even though we do not agree on this, can we not differ without bringing in personal bitterness? You and I have been very near to one another, we have loved the same truths and the same work and the same dear ones who have gone before. Can we not love on to the end, and for their sakes still be one? Life cannot be so very long now for either of us. Surely we ought to be able to avoid what would be such a sorrow to many of our dear people who love us both and who have worked hard for the Army and prayed for us.

You will, I am sure, realise that a great responsibility rests upon me. I received it from the dear General—nay I received it from God—and if it should be that, as I conceive it, I am not at liberty to alter its conditions, do not condemn me or feel to me as a kind of enemy. Rather pray for me that grace and courage may be given me to do what God wants and hold up my hands in every endeavour to keep the idea and plan of the Army what the dear father wished them to be.

I wish this in sincerity and affection,
(signed) Bramwell.

This may be called the "brother letter" of Bramwell Booth. It was answered in what was known at the time as Evangeline Booth's "sister letter," a long communication dated April 9th, 1928 in which she reviewed the reasons for the serious position into which the General had allowed himself, and had been allowed by others around him, to drift. She ended her letter with a last appeal:

I think I have said all that a sister can say. And you may take it in the kindness of a brother all that I have written, that our hearts may be brought together in the old time devotion.

So concluded the written correspondence between these two that had lasted for nearly half a century.

Bramwell Booth was worn out by years of overwork. On May 10th, 1928, he was seen for the last time in public. He laid the foundation stone of a new training college at Denmark Hill in London, and the camera caught a glimpse of him in the act of unfurling once more the Blood and Fire Flag of the Salvation Army. From the colourful scene he disappeared into a final seclusion and the public saw him no more. He was attended by doctors and surrounded by nurses and a devoted family who combined with one another in affectionate efforts to shield him from worrying affairs. The generalship—second to no office in its executive stress and strain—became a regency.

The aspect of the Salvation Army during this trying period was heroic. No organisation of eager, active men and women of many races and nationalities could have been put to a more searching test of faith in God. Officers—tens of thousands of them—had staked everything—youth, marriage, income, outlook on life, purpose—on loyalty to a cause which had nothing to offer in return except what Churchill might have called "blood, sweat and tears," or less dramatically, hard work on low pay. The General had been the symbol of their obedience to the Saviour who had died for them, and many of them owed their rank to his approval. And now what was to be said? Under such strains political parties have been sundered and Churches have been driven into schism. But the Salvationists showed that they could take it, and not for a day were their services to God and man in arrears.

For six months the improvised regency continued, and inevitably the sealed envelope lying within the locked safe of the Army's Solicitor became an object of grave speculation. There appeared to be no doubt in any mind that it meant a continuance for many years to come of the government of the Army by the immediate family of General Bramwell Booth.

The succession to the Generalship had now become the one thing that mattered within the machinery of the Army, and in November, 1928, there was great uneasiness in London. The General's health, apparently, had become precarious and at any moment his long and valuable life might draw to a close. In that event the sealed envelope would be opened and a new

General would arise, not elected, not submitted to any kind of approval, to recall the Founder's words, of the wisest, holiest and most energetic Officers and Soldiers. It might go very hard with those who had struggled, as they believed, to extricate the Army from such hereditary entanglements.

It was decided that action must be taken. On November 14th, 1928, seven British Commissioners decided to invoke the Deed Poll of 1904 which provided for removing a General from office. They signed the legal requisition calling upon the Chief of Staff to summon a High Council, and the news was brought to Commander Evangeline Booth in New York. Her essentially cautious and conservative mind was somewhat disturbed. Bramwell was her brother and both of them were Booths. "I am a little sorry," she wrote, "I was not approached before the Chief of Staff was asked to call the High Council and my views obtained, but there may have been developements of which I am ignorant." So little had she been thinking about a High Council that in 1925, at any rate, she wrote as if it might be called by Bramwell and asked by him for a vote of confidence. Fancy, she had argued, the Founder wanting a vote of confidence!

Week after week, the old General lay in bed, unaware that his powers had been brought to an end. It was not until the end of December, 1928, that the doctors adjudged him able to stand the shock of truth, and someone had to break the news. His daughter, Catherine, was selected for the duty, and she has described the scene. It was New Year's Day, 1929. She kissed him and he said cheerily that he was "on the mend." He then looked steadily into her eyes and said, "They have called the High Council." She could not speak. She nodded. "If I die, Catherine," he murmured, "remember, there must be no bitterness. I forgive, you and the others must forgive too. They want to change the General's (the Founder's) plan, they know I will never agree."

From all parts of the world Commissioners and Territorial Commanders made their way to London. They had anxious hearts within them and they left anxious hearts behind them. For they staked everything they had and everything they believed on the divine mission of the Salvation Army.

The officers on reaching London were greeted with an

address of welcome. It was signed by eighty-one responsible leaders of the Army in Great Britain who rejoiced at the prospect of the "personal and vigorous leadership so necessary to its maintenance throughout the world." An even more significant communication came from one hundred and fifty-two officers in the Women's Social Work over which Commissioner Catherine Booth presided. "We think you should know," they wrote, "that we are definitely and decidedly with the Chief of Staff and the High Council in this crisis." On the other hand, there was a large sympathy on the part of the public with General Bramwell Booth whose gracious personality on ceremonial occasions was remembered and, it should be added, his winning way with officers at meetings for the transaction of business. It did not seem quite like cricket to turn him out of his position when he was too ill to defend himself—and remember his years of service! To Evangeline Booth, acutely sensitive to the atmosphere around her, the situation was exquisitely painful, and in retrospect she would speak of it as a prolonged nightmare.

At Sunbury on the Thames stood a mansion of red brick and white stone, Georgian in design with an impressive portico, which the Army had taken over for purposes far other than those domestic luxuries for which it had been built. If ever there were a dignified house of parliament, here it was, and here on January 8th, 1929, met the High Council amid weather that was damp, gloomy, chill and English.

The Chairman was Commissioner Hay of Australia, and the sessions were held in what had been the ball room of the mansion. It had been stripped of its once lordly curtains and mirrors, but it was still illuminated by glittering chandeliers shedding bright light on rows of cane-backed chairs and the shelf of hymnbooks on the mantelpiece. To the right of the chairman stood a stout easel carrying the most familiar portrait of the Founder, William Booth, his bearded face resting on a strong governing hand. About his smile, benignant yet discerning, there was a calm satisfaction. For here were his cherished children in God, all of them in his uniform, no novices in service but worn and grey with the battle. On his own family the Founder also gazed during those long and

difficult hours of debate. There was his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the "Florrie" of that triumphant wedding when the Mother of the Army was still with them, his grand-daughters, also present were Commissioners Catherine and Mary Booth, daughters of Bramwell. His daughters were Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg and Commander Evangeline Booth. Four of the family stood firmly for Bramwell. Alone and misunderstood, Evangeline was associated with what proved to be a majority of the High Council.

A letter was received from the absent General. Bramwell admitted that the Chief of Staff, with his wife, had been acting for him. He proposed that the regency henceforth should be vested in the Chief of Staff, his daughter, Catherine, and his sister, Evangeline, with the possible addition of two high-ranking commissioners. "Mrs. Booth," he added, "will stay with me." The letter also suggested a commission to advise on changes within the Army.

The letter was tabled without result, and in law no other course was possible. For the suspended General's authority within the Army was challenged, and he could not assume the initiative he outlined which, in any case, was wholly outside his entire contention as to the Foundation Deed of 1878. But the reading of the letter was a sudden surprise to Evangeline Booth, and at the unexpected mention of her name she was seen to be greatly moved.

The doors of Sunbury Court were closed against the press but manifestoes swirled around the building like snow in a blizzard. *The War Cry* was held to be under the control of the Chief of Staff acting with the High Council while in session and when material was found in that publication which infringed on the prerogatives of the High Council, the destruction of 20,000 copies of the edition was ordered. After debate during which Evangeline Booth read her "sister letter" to Bramwell, a motion was made. In appreciative terms it recognised the General's services to the Army. But it set aside his suggestion that a small council should be chosen to act with him. It stated that at his advanced age he could not hope to "recover sufficiently to take up the burden under which he collapsed." He was requested, therefore, "to co-operate with the

High Council in securing the future welfare of the Army." The motion was laid on the desk of the presiding commissioner and signatures were invited.

It was a scene scarcely credible in its intensity of emotion. Some officers wept as they signed. For Bramwell had been for years a dominant factor in their lives. Others could hardly hold the pen. As the sense of unhappiness became oppressive someone suggested a hymn and with spontaneous fervour the hall rang with the strains of the old hymn—*O God our help in ages past*, which, on so many occasions in England, has brought courage to hearts and minds. Thus was Bramwell requested to assist the High Council by a voluntary withdrawal from his office.

General Bramwell Booth was recuperating at Southwold, his home on the east coast. A deputation was appointed to wait on him. For obvious reasons it did not include any member of the family. A picturesque commissioner was Evangeline Booth's special friend, Yamamura, of Japan. The journey to Southwold was tedious and chilly. The Salvationists arrived sick at heart. But they were received with that gracious hospitality which is a tradition in the Army, Mrs. Bramwell Booth and her daughter, Olive, giving them a welcome cup of tea. So refreshed they were ushered into the sick room of their long honoured leader.

The sight of Bramwell lying on his bed was a sad shock. He was evidently far weaker than they had been led to suppose. They stood in silence around him while he spoke of "one man control" and found it difficult to pursue a train of thought. The documents lay on the bed before him and he murmured,

"I must have a little time. I must have light to see what I must do and how I must do it. I have had some trouble in my soul. God has given me very gracious feelings in the years gone by. Perhaps he wants me to do without them now!"

Mrs. Booth suggested that he might pray for his visitors and their families. The little company knelt as a blessing was invoked on their various homes. They rose to their feet and in turn each held his hands and kissed them, wishing for him in return the blessings that he had sought for them. It was a scene worthy of the nobilities in the Salvation Army. The Commissioners returned to the train and found themselves again in

London. It was the last time that Bramwell Booth conferred with his officers.

The position was now clear throughout the world. The General had been asked to retire of his own free will and his answer was awaited. In eighty lands near and distant, the cry to God was, "Save and bless the General and keep the Army unbroken." Then came word from Southwold.

The General wrote that he had consulted his medical advisers. They assured him that in a few months he would be "fully recovered." The request to retire was, he wrote, "little less than a threat of expulsion should I fail to comply with it." He added,

"I do not want to judge you but it seems to me a strange thing that I cannot be given time to recover."

Under the circumstances, it was not at all strange. The High Council was costing daily a sizable sum of public money. Important officers were absent from commands that required their attention. To keep the issue open for six months on the chance of a very sick man returning to the prime of life, was unthinkable.

Feeling was now acute, and it was embittered further by an unforeseen development. The High Council was asked to admit a leading lawyer, William Jowitt, K. C., afterwards Lord Chancellor in the Government of Prime Minister Attlee. He would put a case for General Bramwell Booth. The application was refused. On the Salvationists gathered at Sunbury Court, trained against calling the law against one another, this threat of legal pressure came as a severe disillusionment. At the time Commissioner Samuel A. Brengle was, perhaps, the Army's outstanding exemplar of the spiritual life known as holiness. He was a man whose whole soul revolted against the mere hint of controversy within the household of faith, and he had been for many years among Bramwell Booth's most intimate and understanding associates. He arose and addressed the High Council in words that were never forgotten by those who heard them:

When I was once in Italy I visited a picture gallery, with a room dark, save for an illuminated portrait of the head of Christ. I treasured memories of that picture

and sorrowed when later I heard that a vandal had slashed his knife across it. In my heart I long carried a darkened room, and in it an illuminated portrait of our General. But when I read the General's letter, this portrait was slashed.

There was no basis for the suggestion that the High Council was expelling General Bramwell Booth from the Salvation Army.

It was now clear that the General would only quit his office under compulsion. By the terms of the Deed Poll of 1904 a declaration of simple unfitness to be effective would require a three-fourths majority. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Catherine Mumford, Mother of the Salvation Army, fell on January 16th, 1928. It was a Wednesday and late in the evening the roll was called. So careful was the counting that the result was only reached after midnight. There were found to be fifty-five votes for the deposition and eight votes against. Evangeline Booth voted with the majority. Four of her kin voted among the eight.

The delegates at Sunbury-on-Thames were worn out by the excitements and uncertainties of proceedings that touched them so closely. It was decided, therefore, to adjourn the proceedings until Friday. It was stated in the press, apparently with authority, that there would be no appeal by Bramwell Booth to the courts. The only business still to be transacted was thus to be the election of a new General.

On Friday afternoon this election was proceeding. The telephone rang. A voice stated that there was a message from the Royal Courts of Justice in London. It was a peremptory message. Without the knowledge of the High Council General Bramwell Booth had called in the law. No further business was to be transacted at Sunbury until the following Tuesday when the High Court would consider the case. So ran the injunction obtained.

If anything could have broken up the Army, it would have been this bombshell. A group of Swedish officers wrote to Bramwell expressing their "astonishment and grief" at the appeal to a "worldly court" which was, in their opinion, "altogether at variance with the Orders and Regulations of the

Salvation Army, with the precepts of the Bible and a truly Christian spirit." For the rule of the Army, following the practise of Quakers, does not permit such appeals to the secular law.

At Sunbury there developed a calamity which Evangeline Booth, as an eyewitness, thus describes:

Commissioner Haines, all the way through the Council, carried himself with ability and correctness, making a splendid Vice-President, strong in his words of support to others, and it only took the first gathering to show us that he exercised a remarkable influence over all the Headquarters Commissioners. He was exceedingly courteous to me, as I sat next the President's table, practically next to him—which gave him the opportunity of showing me many little considerations.

Upon this day I had noticed him making many notes and asked him if he was going to speak. He replied in the affirmative. The afternoon wore on, it came up to the time to adjourn for a cup of tea. I said to Haines, "You speak next." He didn't think he would. I did not know he was not feeling well and urged him again. He got up on his feet and made a never-to-be-forgotten address . . .

The High Council adjourned upon the conclusion of his speech. Naturally everybody went out of the room. I went upstairs—worn out—heart sick—hungry because I cannot eat, and cold because we are always cold over here . . . Haines had left the Council Chamber and almost immediately after fell. They laid him on a sofa. He had a cup of tea and seemed better.

The High Council had tea and went back to the Council Chamber. As soon as we had gathered Commissioner Hay announced that the General had taken out an injunction . . .

Haines, lying on the sofa outside, noticed the people coming out and asked why we had adjourned. Somebody said to him, "The General has taken out an injunction." . . . Haines just gasped, said, "Oh—how did they find it out?" and died. His face turned almost black. You can never imagine the scene. Commissioner Hurren rushed up to me, his own face as white as death.

He said, "Haines has gone!" and burst into tears . . .
I ran downstairs and said aloud, "A martyr to the cause
. . . and the whole Council took it up.

The grounds of the injunction were twofold. First, it was pleaded that the Deed Poll of 1904 was invalid. Secondly, it was complained that Bramwell had been judged without a hearing.

The first of the grounds was not pressed in Court. For had not Bramwell been from the first a party with his father to the Deed Poll of 1904? Had he not endorsed it as a condition of his entire Generalship? But Mr. Justice Eve did rule that the High Council should have heard Mr. William Jowitt in defence of the General before taking a vote on his fitness, and this formality was imposed on Sunbury Court. Mr. Jowitt arrived, said his piece and a second vote was taken. The General was deposed by fifty-two votes to five, and four of the five belonged to the family. Once more Evangeline Booth voted with the Army.

There was a strange incident during the proceedings. For Mr. Jowitt, although briefed on the other side, was greatly impressed by the personality of Evangeline Booth. Later he had conversations with her over the situation that had arisen in the Army and thenceforth he was among her valued friends.

The verdict of the British press on the deposition of Bramwell Booth was an endorsement of the attitude that had been taken by his sister. *The Times* of London held that the Constitution of the Army had become "disconcertingly out of date." *The British Weekly*, a leading organ of evangelical nonconformity, held that "autocracy, always so admirable and essential in making a start, always ends in the ditch." In the popular weekly *John Bull* Alfred G. Gardiner, editor of *The Daily News* of London, wrote thus:

If we had been asked a month or two ago what community in the world was least likely to burst into the flames of rebellion, most of us would have said The Salvation Army. It seemed so drilled and disciplined to obedience, so indifferent to the ordinary controversies of the secular world, that anything like a brawl over its affairs was unthinkable.

Gardiner supported the High Council to the limit and pointed out that "no victory in the courts could be other than a disaster to the Army," if it were against the Army's consent.

For the High Council there now remained one duty. Under the terms of the Deed Poll of 1904 the Commissioners and Territorial Commanders must not separate without electing a new General to take the place of the General deposed. There were two candidates for the vacant office whose names might be described as inevitable. Amid the confusion of uncertainty Evangeline Booth was assured by her friends that she could not withhold from the High Council an opportunity of having her as General if the Spirit so moved them. Then there was the Chief of Staff, Edward J. Higgins, who had acted as General after the requisition of the High Council. He also was in the forefront of the landscape. Between these officers the High Council decided by ballot. Commissioner Higgins received forty-four votes, Commander Evangeline Booth's vote was seventeen.

Never in her life had the Commander had to face the rough and tumble of politics where defeats and victories are a part of the game. Never had she played seriously those games when one wins and the other loses. It was thus a new experience—this reading out of figures in which she was in a minority of two to one, and she felt it keenly. She had to face the aftermath of a prolonged nervous strain.

Before setting sail for the United States to continue her command she proceeded to her brother's home and asked to see him. The request was denied and Evangeline Booth has always held the impression that Bramwell had desired that she bid him farewell. She arrived at Waterloo Station *en route* for the liner that was to take her to New York and many thousands of Salvationists had gathered on the platform with flowers and blessings. For she had deserved well of the rank and file and, as they knew, she had paid the price.

There remained the former General murmuring his prayers day and night as he lay, weaker and weaker, on his bed. The British people decided that nothing should be permitted to obliterate their recognition of the immense services he had rendered to his generation. From King George V he received the Companionship of Honour. General Bramwell was pro-

moted to Glory on June 16th, 1929. London awarded him a funeral hardly less impressive than his father's pageant. Once more the people turned out by the million. Once more the procession wended its slow way to the cemetery at Abney Park where lay William and Catherine Booth. With a broad white riband drawn conspicuously from shoulder to waist, the younger Catherine Booth led her part of the service, her arms uplifted and her face aflame with conviction.

They who had voted for the deposition of William Bramwell Booth acted under a sense of stern necessity. They were aware that the wisdom and justice of their decision were not accepted as obvious by the immediate family and close friends of the former General, that the fight was not over. This was the situation with which the first elected General of the Salvation Army, Edward J. Higgins, had to deal. He was, of course, the first Salvationist, other than a Booth, to hold the highest office in the Army.

For the best part of his career he had served the family. He had been one of Evangeline Booth's able young men in Canada, and in the United States he had been her Chief of Staff. Bramwell had appointed him Chief of Staff at International Headquarters in London in which capacity he had been closely associated with Mrs. Bramwell during her husband's illness. He was thus well acquainted with the inside factors that affected a still troubled future, and in the High Council, before a vote was taken on the appointment of a General, he had made it clear that, if chosen, he would act with the full authority of his predecessors.

At the outset he was faced with a legal difficulty. By virtue of his office, the General of the Salvation Army was custodian and administrative trustee of all properties owned by the Army in Great Britain. That was Bramwell's position and on becoming General, therefore, he made a will dated August 15th, 1913, bequeathing these large interests to his successor—that is, the person named in the sealed envelope. When, however, Edward J. Higgins was installed as General, Bramwell was unwilling to allow his will to stand unchanged. On March 28th, 1929—a date subsequent to the election of General Higgins—he added a codicil to eliminate Higgins as custodian and administrative trustee and to substitute executors for the Army

other than the elected and legally recognised General. These executors were Mrs. Bramwell, Commissioner Catherine and a solicitor other than the Solicitor of the Army. It meant that General Higgins was to be responsible for leading the Salvation Army while others than he controlled the British assets.

The property of the Army in the United States was held under a continuous corporation and was not affected by this developement. But Commander Booth, like other high officers, was much concerned by the position and she was careful to have the best legal advice available in New York. The attorney for her command was Henry W. Taft, brother of the President and Chief Justice of the United States, and partner of George W. Wickersham, Attorney General under President Theodore Roosevelt. The codicil to Bramwell's will was submitted to this important firm of lawyers who reported that "the Executors (Mrs. Bramwell, Commissioner Catherine and the solicitor) have made no transfer of the Salvation Army to General Higgins nor even have definitely recognised his right to such a transfer." Hence, "the serious embarrassment which General Higgins is subjected to by this attitude." Wrote Mr. Wickersham, "clearly this anomalous situation ought not to be acquiesced in indefinitely" and steps should be taken to ensure "that such a situation shall never arise in the future."

In the story of the Army here was a grave emergency. The funds and properties of the great organisation in Britain were put into uncertainty. Its activities were impeded. Its leadership was plunged into perplexity. Its unity was threatened. In the Self Denial Fund there was a sharp drop of £50,000. It is enough to add that the Government in Whitehall intervened.

The Attorney General was, by a coincidence, that William Jowitt, K.C.—now Sir William—who had represented Bramwell before the High Council and there met Evangeline Booth with whom he had conversed freely over the Army's affairs. He was thus fully acquainted with all sides of the case and he proposed a settlement out of court. The terms were to be:

1. During General's term of office, no change in the Foundation Deed of 1878.
2. Nobody in the Family to be victimised.

3. The number of active Commissioners not to exceed thirty.

4. The next General to be elected by these Commissioners.

5. The sealed envelope to be opened "not to bind the Commissioners to elect the person specified but to show what General Bramwell Booth's wishes were."

6. The Executors appointed by General Bramwell to hand over the property.

7. Total costs of both parties to be paid by the Army.

General Higgins called together all available Commissioners and their answer to Sir William Jowitt was unanimous. They would adhere to the Foundation Deed of 1878 save for three changes—the creation of trustees to hold the property, provision for electing the General and fixing his age of retirement. The Family would receive the same treatment as others "neither more nor less." There was no intention of increasing the number of active Commissioners except as the work required. All future Generals would be elected. The sealed envelope would be opened only if a majority of officers electing a new General desired, and even so it was to be destroyed. The Bramwell Booths must recognise the validity of the Deed Poll of 1904 under the terms of which Bramwell was deposed. If the legal advisers of the Army thought it advisable, this validity could be supported by a court order. The Army was to pay costs.

Over the negotiations out of court Evangeline Booth was uneasy. "Difficulties," she cabled on January 13th, 1930, "should be settled here and now and once for all . . . no avenues should be left open for renewed controversy inside or outside the Army in years to come." To Sir William Jowitt she cabled a strong protest against "any limit or restriction, actual or implied, relative to the number of Commissioners," which, she held, could not be "of any advantage save to personal interests." Four days later her misgivings were confirmed. General Higgins cabled that he and the Commissioners had "utterly failed" to arrive at a settlement with the Executors out of court.

There was now no mistaking the gravity of the position that faced the Salvation Army throughout the world. The experience of Presbyterians in Scotland and of Anglicans in England had demonstrated that civil law, when applied to spiritual organisations, may lead to unexpected results, and in the case of the Army there was every reason to be anxious. General Higgins was asked by the executors for particulars, papers and proofs of many things—an indication that it was to be a fight to the finish. On the eve of the hearing in court, the General and his Commissioners had a long conference with the Army's lawyers covering the contingencies that might be expected to arise and what, in each such event, should be the course of action.

Evangeline Booth laid aside all natural feelings and suggested to General Higgins that she should send a cable of urgent appeal to her niece, Commissioner Catherine, pleading for a reconciliation. That message was as follows:

With deep love for you and loyalty to our Saviour, the Father of us all, I appeal to you, my dearest Catherine, to render a supreme service to our beloved Salvation Army. I would beg of you to use your great influence to secure a friendly hearing of the case now pending and acceptance of the Deed of 1904 by agreement of us all expressed in Court.

Let me assure you from my heart that I have no objection personally to your election to any position that God may have within His will for you, and pray daily for you and your dear mother that you may be used by the Lord for a great ingathering of souls and strengthening of our forces.

I am sure that you, on your side, would not desire to occupy any position like the Generalship except as the result of the free choice by a duly constituted body acting through the Holy Spirit.

Dear Catherine, let us honour our Saviour by submitting this whole affair to the Providence of God, accepting His will and working in harmony to fulfil His purposes. If this be the objective, nothing can separate us in love and service.

To Commissioner Lamb the Commander cabled:

Personally can see no objection to Commissioner Catherine (being) General if properly elected. If I still am actively engaged in (the Army) will do all in (my) power to help.

These messages were sent and received. The issue thus disclosed was whether the Court would support the Deed Poll of 1904 and confirm General Higgins in his office or disallow the Deed Poll, order the opening of the sealed envelope and declare the person named therein to be the legal General.

The case came into court. Within a few minutes it was stated to the judge that General Bramwell Booth had accepted his office in 1912 upon the terms of the Foundation Deed of 1878 and the Deed Poll of 1904 which provided for the deposition of a General for cause shown.

"Is that admitted?" asked the judge.

Yes, it was admitted, and a copy of the Deed Poll signed by Bramwell was handed to the bench.

The judge looked at the signature. He ruled that it placed Bramwell in exactly the same position as if he had been the maker of the Deed Poll of 1904. He was ready, then and there, to decide the case.

Counsel on both sides asked permission to mention certain issues that had been raised. His Lordship replied with asperity that he would be no party to wasting the time of the Court and the money of the Army over matters that could only be irrelevant. He realised that the executors—Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Commissioner Catherine Booth and their solicitor—were entitled to a decision of the Court over the question whether they should hand over the property. But he made it plain that General Bramwell Booth had taken an altogether erroneous step in challenging the Deed Poll of 1904 which he had accepted as a condition of holding his office.

The case had looked as though it would last for several days. It was over in two hours. The Deed Poll was supported and the property was to be transferred, and if any vindication of Evangeline Booth's whole attitude were required, here it was in open court according to the law of the land.

General Higgins pleased Commander Evangeline Booth with a gesture that she appreciated. Henceforth, her title would be not Commander alone but Commander-in-Chief. When visiting London she accompanied him to Hadley Wood, the home of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and sought to abate any misunderstandings that had arisen between the third General and the second General's family. There was a frank talk in which Evangeline Booth—herself defeated by Edward J. Higgins—sought for goodwill which would benefit the Salvation Army.

There were still problems to be solved and General Higgins appointed an Advisory Committee in London to prepare solutions. These were to be submitted to a full Conference of Commissioners to be called during November, 1930, and this Conference was attended by Evangeline Booth.

On the eve of the Conference there occurred an incident that somewhat disturbed her mind. Mention has been made of F. A. Mackenzie, the war correspondent who had written a little book, *The Clash of the Cymbals*. In the newspaper most read by Salvationists, *The Daily News* of London, he announced a "new crisis" in the Army. The alleged trouble was due to "Miss Eva Booth's demands." She was described as "a wonderful leader" but "emotional, sensitive and difficult to handle." General Higgins had "done everything to conciliate her but she was seemingly in a fighting mood." She wanted "autonomy" for the Army in the United States where the Army was "many times richer and more powerful than the organisation in England," and "trouble" was thus "brewing" overseas.

Poor Mackenzie lost no time in seeking to make amends. It was not long before Evangeline Booth heard that he was dying of a fatal disease and she sent him a letter of sympathy. He wrote back like the Trojan he was:

After all, I have always been a great traveller and must not shrink from the prospect of the greatest and most glorious journey of all. I am sorry that what I wrote you caused you such grief.

There is no mystery about Evangeline Booth's attitude. At the time of the High Council she had said that "reform in the organisation of the Army must come . . . to be controlled

from a world centre by a single man, whoever the man may be, is not a good plan." On Mackenzie's allegations, she wrote, therefore a pointblank denial. There was "absolutely no truth" in the statement that she was coming to London with proposals involving the secession of the American branch of the international body. She and her Commissioners would consider the reforms "from the same standpoint as that of the other eighty-two countries and colonies represented at the Conference."

The International Conference of Commissioners met at Mildmay in London, a building where religious gatherings could be conveniently accommodated. It was an expense to the Salvation Army but the money and the trouble were not wasted. Once more a cynical civilisation could see the type of men and women developed under the compelling urgencies of what is implied by the Cross of Christ around which, every hour of every day of every year, Salvationists meet with one another. During the First World War David Lloyd George asked Smuts of South Africa to visit Wales and talk to some coal miners on strike. "What," asked Smuts, "shall I do if they won't agree?" Replied the British Prime Minister who knew his Wales, "Ask them to sing for you." At the Salvationist Conference every morning session began with outbursts of song and prayer, volleying forth unity of aim and purpose amid any differences there might be of policy and method.

Business began at 9:30 a.m. and did not end until twelve hours later. But, wrote a Commissioner, "the absorbing interest of the discussions has more than compensated for natural tiredness at the end of the day." Over much of the business to be transacted there was no serious difference of opinion among the great majority of Commissioners. It was agreed that, for the future, Generals were to be chosen by the High Council which thus was transformed into a permanent organ of Salvationist opinion. Generals were to retire at the age of seventy-three. The sole trusteeship of the General for the Army's properties in Great Britain and Northern Ireland was to be brought to an end and a continuous corporate trusteeship substituted for it as in the United States.

It was immediately proposed that a private bill embodying the conclusions of the Conference of Commissioners should be

presented to Parliament. On the votes taken to authorise this action there were minorities on two voting divisions of twelve and seven, and these minorities included Evangeline and Catherine Booth. For Evangeline Booth held that such legislation by Parliament should not proceed without the limiting of the General's powers. Over the appeal to Parliament there were, indeed, misgivings in quarters friendly to, but outside, the Army. George Lansbury, the labour leader, had long been known as a devout Anglican and he drew attention to what had happened in Parliament to the Church of England. The Prayer Book had been most carefully revised only to be rejected in the House of Commons on grounds of ritual.

The Bill was a voluminous affair covering about fifty pages. A Committee of the House of Commons eliminated the provision that the General should retire at the age of seventy-three years, holding that this was a matter domestic to the Salvation Army itself, and the House carried the third reading of the measure by two hundred twenty-one votes to thirty-one. Evangeline Booth was, of course, back in the United States and she could only pour in her bombardments at long range. But she did draft a new clause which suggested considerable ingenuity. Why should not the Bill authorise the High Council to limit the powers of the General by a three-fourths majority, if at any time it was so desired? The limitation so voted would have the same force of law as if it had been included in the statute itself.

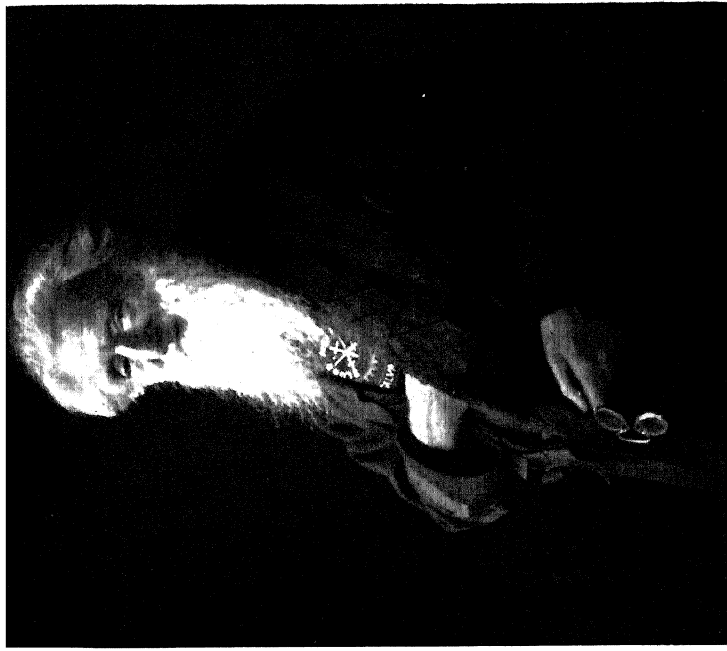
The Chairman of the Select Committee in the House of Lords was Viscount Chelmsford, formerly Viceroy of India and a close friend of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. The new clause was held to be out of order and for two reasons. It should have been included in the original bill as passed by the Commons. Also, Parliament does not give authority to any body other than itself to alter one of its own acts without a new approach to Parliament. Any bill when passed is, within its scope, the last word on the subject. They tried to meet Evangeline Booth's point by saying that in due course another bill could be laid before the legislature. She wired:

Your cables suggest that we can run in and out of Parliament like our backyard.

So ended the great crisis in the Salvation Army.

The story has been told here in essentials alone. It leaves the deeper impression on the mind because of what has been omitted from the narrative. Any suggestion that Evangeline Booth was animated by personal motives during these years is not supported by the evidence, published and unpublished, to be found in her papers as sent to me, nor is it indicated in the plain record of what occurred.

And there is another thing to be said. Salvationists are of like nature as other humans. But there is something rather fine about the way they weathered these storms. A reason is that, day by day, they went on with their work for God and man, and we may conclude that a ship must be seaworthy that can weather such storms. Also, a pilot must be guided by map and compass who steers the ship safely into port.



FRAILTY AND STRENGTH were mingled in *Evangeline's* mother, Catherine Mumford Booth, who was known as "*The Army Mother*." (Right), FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY. General William Booth bequeathed to his daughter a rich heritage of love for all mankind, which he summarized in a famous one-word Christmas message to his Army—"Others." (Photograph of Mrs. Booth © by Easton and Company, Kingsland, England.



AT FOURTEEN. *The spiritual qualities which were to make her one of the great women of the world already were evidenced in Evangeline Booth's face.*
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.)



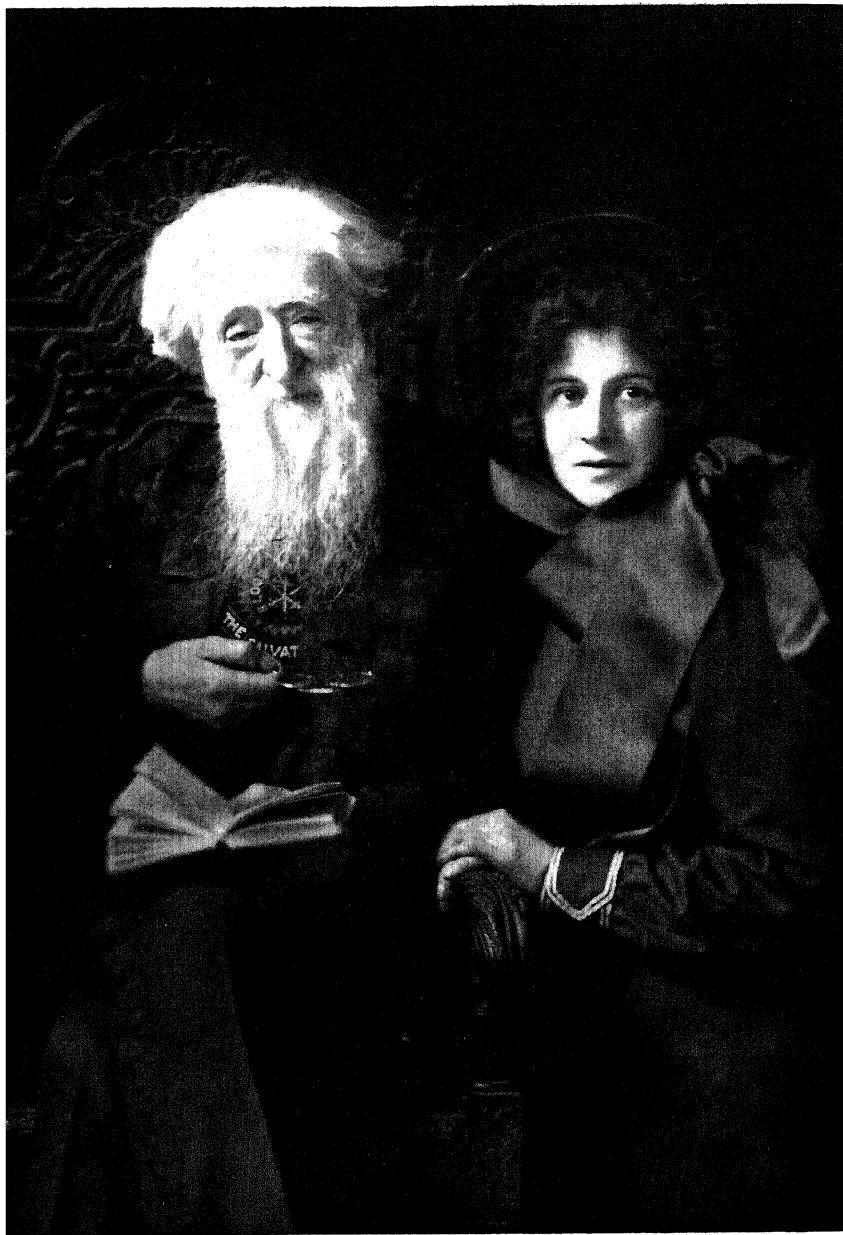
EXPERT CYCLIST. *In her early days in England and Canada, Evangeline rode to many appointments on a bicycle. (Photograph by the Salvation Army Studio, London.)*



FIRST ARMY BONNET. *Evangeline proudly wears the bonnet designed by her mother for the Lassies.*



SONGS THAT STILLED A MOB. *Evangeline Booth and a little Singhalese boy whose singing helped to quell the mob at Torquay, England. (Photograph by Debenham and Stewart, Torquay, England.)*



BY HIS SIDE. *The future General kneels beside her father's chair.* (Photograph by Falk, New York.)



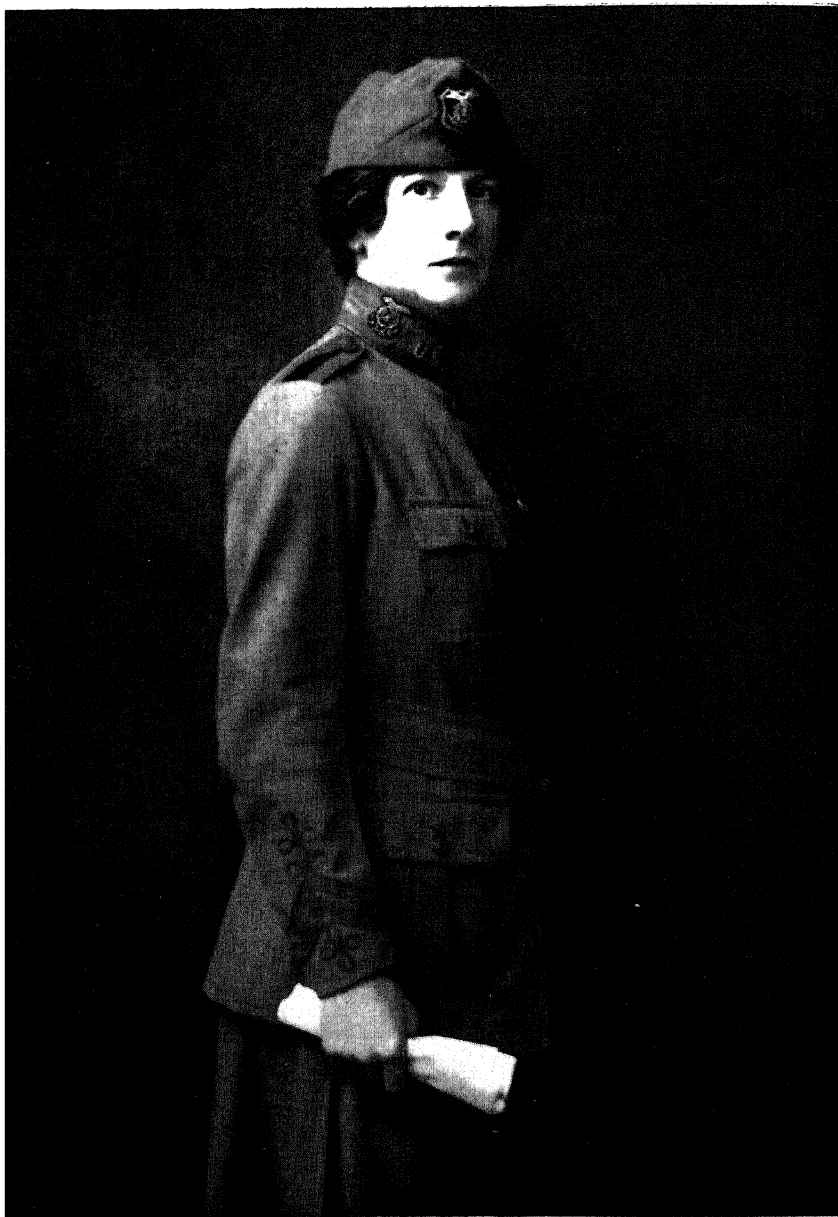
IN RAGS. Evangeline Booth began to find her destiny when she sang in the streets of London to collect pennies to buy coal for the very poor. Afterwards she lectured all over the world in the same costume.



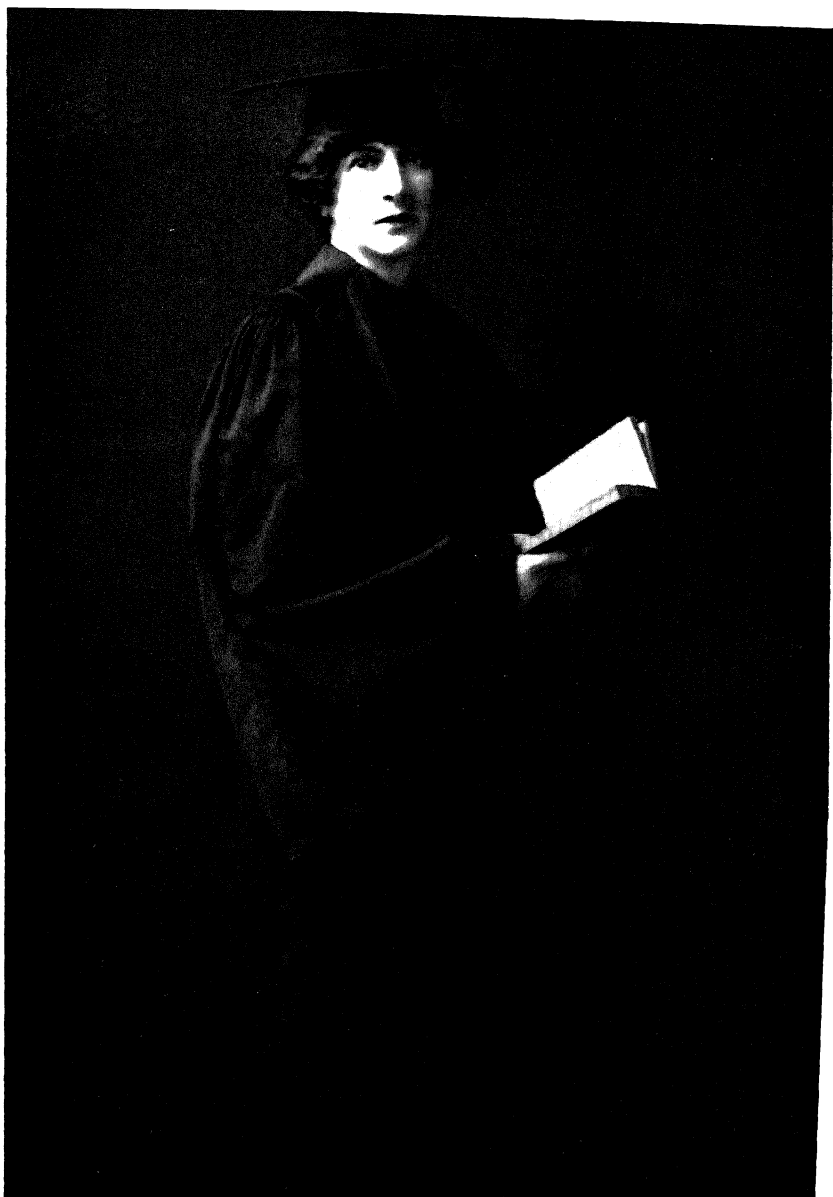
A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE. *Evangeline Booth, then Commander of The Salvation Army in the United States, at the graves of her father and pioneers of the Movement. (Photograph by Albert Hester, St. Kilda's Studio, London.)*



THE SPIRIT OF A CRUSADER. *Evangeline Booth, as she appeared in 1912 when she was Commander in the United States.*



SPIRIT OF THE A. E. F. *Not only did she plan and direct the program to help the Doughboys—she also borrowed \$25,000 “on faith” to send the Lassies abroad. (Photograph by Ira L. Hill’s Studio, New York City.)*



ONE OF MANY HONORS. *Already awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by direction of President Wilson, Evangeline Booth receives an honorary Master of Arts Degree from Tufts College.* (Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York City.)



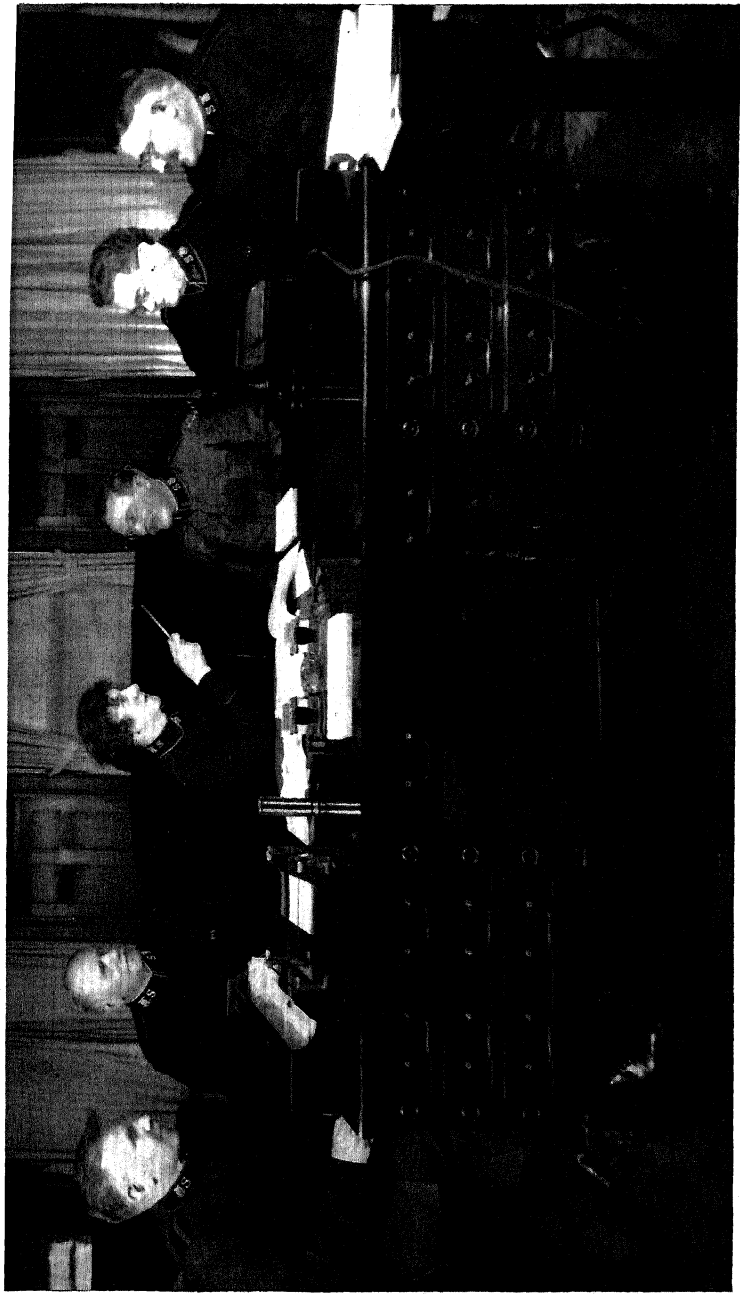
A WORLD-STIRRING EVENT. *The Commander-in-Chief of Salvationists in the United States salutes her "American troops" at the 1914 International Congress in London.*



FOR SAVING A LIFE. "Mazie," her pet dog, receives a medal for saving Evangeline's life by summoning help when her heart collapsed after a serious illness. (Photograph by Gabriel Moulin Studios, San Francisco.)



LIKE ONE MIGHTY VOICE. A great tribute was given in Madison Square Garden at her public farewell in 1934 just before she left for London to become the first—and only—woman General.



A GENIUS FOR LEADERSHIP. Evangeline Booth, then Commander-in-Chief, confers with her Territorial Commissioners in the United States. LEFT TO RIGHT, they are: Commissioners John McMillan, Richard Holz, William Peart, Adam Gifford and William McIntyre. (Photograph by Underwood and Underwood, New York City.)



GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH. (Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York City.)

FULFILMENT

WE ARE now at the year 1930, and Evangeline Booth was completing sixty-five years of her life. It was a year in which the Salvation Army was drawing a distinct line between the past and the future. A long accepted situation had passed away, never to return.

The first two Generals had been appointed. The third General was elected. And it made a difference to the outlook of every Salvationist officer, soldier and supporter throughout the world. By means of multitudinous and believing prayers the Army continued to be guided and guarded by the Holy Spirit dwelling within the mind of the fellowship of grace according to the promise of Our Lord. But that guidance and that guardianship were vested within a broader and a deeper authority.

It was true that in this first election Evangeline Booth was defeated, and that some of her ardent supporters regarded the surprise as a set-back. But it was soon apparent that there had been no real interruption of her ordained career. Never had her aims been personal, never had she fought for herself as merely an individual with an ambition to be satisfied. And the fact that she was not chosen to be the third General demonstrated her disinterested attitude. What had been victorious was not herself. It was a principle for which she had stood as the symbol. In plain terms had that principle been declared to the Army and the world by her father, the Founder. The Army, he had announced in terms already quoted, does not belong to the Booths. It belongs to God. At a cruel cost to her domestic affections, this daughter, this sister, had vindicated her allegiance to William Booth's will and his wisdom. Election as

third General would not have weakened that vindication. But non-election clarified the issue.

Salvationists are not great students of comparative religion. There is nothing in other religions, so they hold, with which the redeeming love of a Crucified Christ and His resurrection from the dead can be compared. But others, who may be described as humanists even in matters of faith, may see in all this the working of a universal trend in the developement of our race. It is seen in monarchies and other political institutions. It is seen in finance and industry where firms start in the family and are re-organised as corporations and companies—above all, in religion. The Old Testament tells how the worship of the Hebrews was first entrusted to the Tribe of Levi with its central House of Aaron—how the sacred genealogies were absorbed, however, within the whole Chosen People as rivers lose themselves in the ocean. So has it been with the honoured families of Confucius and Mohammed. To this day ancestries are traced here and there to the illustrious fathers of those faiths, but the faithful themselves have long since overflowed the pedigrees of the founders. It was history itself, therefore, and the will of God revealed in history that set the Salvation Army as a worldwide expression of the Gospel free from the fetters of flesh and blood.

But the transition, though inevitable, could not have been other than severe. For the family, if describable as a fetter in a movement outgrowing its origins, had been less a fetter than a force. Whatever may be said about any of the Booths, this is undeniable—they worked and they warred to win. They might be hereditary but never were they other than aggressive and expansionist, and the Army never hesitated to back them to the limit. It was thus fortunate—as the Army would put it, providential—that the change, when it came, was, as it were, under-written by so outstanding a pioneer in the movement as Evangeline Booth, and, with her holding so important a command as the United States, there could be no question of standing at ease. From the council chambers in London the Army flung itself into new campaigns on the battlefield. With ranks unbroken, with standards uplifted, brave men and women, undismayed, marched along rough roads in many lands that everywhere converged on the Cross of Christ and

His empty tomb as the assurance that the Kingdom of God cometh.

Many in the Army under the Flag and many supporters of the Army within the community thanked the circumstances by which the Commander had been led back to the United States. Nor were their welcomes home again merely consolatory. For the time being, so they held, it was obvious that her place was at the old desk in New York where so often hers had been the only signature that counted for public confidence. Never had they been more acutely aware of what the Army in a new world had owed to her shrewd judgement in money matters and to her high standing among the leaders of a great and critical nation.

It had been the impulse of Evangeline Booth throughout her career never to omit seizing the chance of rendering first and effective aid anywhere and at any time where an emergency arose. To be ever ready to help the individual and the people as a whole was her instinct and it spread throughout her range of leadership, rendering the Army as sensitive to the call of catastrophe as firemen on duty or coast guards. In 1906 an earthquake had shaken San Francisco into conflagration. At once the Army had been on the spot and she wrote:

The majority of the people who escaped had nothing but their nightclothes—the earthquake taking place at four in the morning. Something like forty babies were born the first day after the disaster, nearly all of them on the bare ground.

But beginning in 1929 there occurred a far more serious, if less physical, catastrophe to the nation which spread from coast to coast. It was not a case merely of the Army trying to do what it could for others. The Army was itself involved in the disaster and had to be pulled through a difficult time. Those dark days are still known as the depression.

In one hour, to use an apocalyptic phrase, immense but nominal values on the stock exchanges vanished into thin air owing to the collapse of quotations. Millions of families realised too late that they had been over-extended in their finances. Banks failed by the hundred and for some days every bank had to close its doors. Loans that at other times would have been

granted as a matter of course by renewal or continued were declined or called in. Mortgages were hard to obtain and renew. The Salvation Army, with every institution a liability based on the confidence and gratitude of the public, was never more pressed at once by the needs of others and by its own contingencies.

Not without acquiring the toughness of experience had Evangeline Booth throughout her active service in the Army faced one crisis after another, on the pavement where she sold *War Crys*, in halls that were empty until she saw them filled, even in police stations and courts of law. With millionaires of one day becoming bankrupt on the morrow and former successes ending in suicide, she girded on her armour and was received by President Roosevelt at the White House. It was an audience, apparently, at which a hard-pressed head of the state chatted with all his incomparable charm about this, that and the other, without undue concentration of mind on the subject which alone at the moment was of interest to his visitor. The upshot of the interview was that the Salvation Army had to wrestle with the redoubtable Jesse Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, who also happened to be somewhat preoccupied. It is enough to say that funds from the national resources at Washington were not forthcoming for an organisation which, however deserving of support on account of its urgent secular activities, was essentially spiritual in aim and ability. As always in its history the Army had to win through the hard way, and win through it did. But not without much personal privation and determined effort. And it was half the battle to know that at National Headquarters the Commander-in-Chief was every bit of her old self, and that at International Headquarters in London for the first time was a General who had been trained in the new world and breathed the air of the great open spaces.

It had been the view of the Commander from the first that big men should always be approached in a big way. Captains of commerce whose minds are accustomed to dealing in millions should not be worried with whimperings for dollars and cents. They should be presented with a budget and proposals that they can respect. In one instance even Evangeline Booth was taken by surprise. A wealthy New Yorker, John

Markle, was a man who liked to have his own way, and Evangeline Booth was one of the few people to whom he would listen. One day she went to his office, supposing that she might receive \$25,000 or some such sum. He handed to her a check for half a million. "Do I look pale?" she asked as she gripped the arms of her chair. Out of the munificence arose the Evangeline Hotel behind National Headquarters on Fourteenth Street, where may be seen the portraits of John Markle and his wife, Mary, deeply loved but, when her husband made his gift, lost by death.

Some whose sympathy with the Army was restrained somewhat by other affiliations were taken aback by the excellence of the buildings that had arisen. The answer to such occasional murmurs was that the Army followed a wise policy making their equipment what would last for years to come. The difference in cost between doing the thing well from the outset and merely erecting temporary makeshifts, when spread over a period of occupancy and use, is, as every executive knows, so small as to be negligible. Not that Evangeline Booth tolerated extravagance over marble and granite and aluminum. In one case she took her officers to task and enquired,

"What is the business that you intend to run? A national bank or a legislature?"

Gifts to the Army came sometimes in a curious way. There was an unknown man who called at National Headquarters from time to time and left quite sizeable sums of money. He refused to disclose his name and nobody knew or tried to find out where he lived. But his contributions totted up to the ten thousands of dollars. A nice little subscription arrived for the Christmas Baskets. The donor was quite frank about it. He was handing over the result of a speculative "rivalry in the turkey raising business."

During this period when her active service in the United States was drawing to a close Evangeline Booth was conscious that a new generation was arising in a changed atmosphere. She was much interested in but not wholly convinced by the claims made on behalf of psychology nor was it any wonder. For half a century Salvationists, and she conspicuous among them, had been studying the behaviour of men, women and children, and how to treat cases. Their entire activities were

in discipleship to Him of whom it was said that "He knew what was in man." There was not much in psychology, so argued the Commander in effect, that had not been rule of thumb in the Salvation Army since it started its operations.

On this whole situation Evangeline Booth made her mind plain in a letter dated April 26, 1927:

No one can be more anxious than I that my Officers shall increase in knowledge and in those advantages of education the value of which is patent to all. But ten thousand times more am I anxious that the Holy Fire of which the Army was born shall be kept burning in your hearts, and the Divine Wisdom give not only unction but life to your utterance! It is in this direction our power lies.

Modern methods? Yes—if they mean greater efficiency in the discharge of our God-given duties—I welcome these. Yes—if they mean grander results in the number of souls saved—I rejoice in them. Yes—if they add strength and solidarity to our forces—if they give more wisdom to our leaders—if they assist more poor—if they set at liberty more captives—if they unstop more deaf ears—if they give more sight to more blind eyes—if they bind up more broken hearts—I love them. But we must also remember that they are nothing in themselves. They must be devoted to the service and subject to the influence and inspiration of God if they are to be servants of the Kingdom. They must be His, not ours! They must be means, not ends!

Blunted knives of the intellect made of lead would not serve the surgery of the sword of steel, sharp and two-edged, that is quick and powerful to the saving of the soul.

From everywhere her opinion was asked on every conceivable subject. But this did not mean that on every subject her opinion was forthcoming. For instance, the controversy between dog-lovers and doctors over vivisection interested her deeply and even painfully but she did not hold herself to be at liberty, considering her obligations to the Army, to allow her feelings to determine her utterances. It was so with other matters of public discussion.

In one important region of uneasiness she was able to

render a conspicuous service. It was the Far East, where Japan was drifting with Germany into a dangerous militarism. The feeling of the Japanese people for the Salvation Army has always been cordial, and that feeling had been stirred to gratitude in 1923 when the island kingdom suffered its devastating earthquake. Evangeline Booth was, among the foremost in raising money for relief and Japan did not forget it. Now, many years later, in 1929, when great issues were in the balance, the Commander was encouraged to visit Japan as a messenger of goodwill.

The Emperor Hirohito had enjoyed the advantage of a progressive education in the West. Within his official adherence to the Shinto religion lay a sympathy with the Christian faith. He and his family stood for sanity and peace. But his throne was surrounded by violent men of the Japanese army, navy and high finance who were preparing for adventure and, in some cases, were to be tried and condemned as war criminals. An exuberant chauvinism was fomented which went far beyond a reasonable loyalty to the Emperor and his empire.

The welcome that Evangeline Booth received when she landed in Japan surpasses description, and she was equal to it. Long experience at public functions and her own inborn dignity enabled her to present herself to the crowds and to the celebrities with a gracious and compelling charm. She captured the people and was herself captured by their sense of order, their courtesy and consideration. Her keenly observant eye noted their scrupulous and habitual cleanliness, their traditional love and appreciation of flowers.

The celebrations were a Hail and Farewell. For the Emperor was reigning during the last ominous years of his dynastic divinity, and never again would he be seen in the future as Evangeline Booth was privileged herself to see him. For she was summoned to an audience with his Majesty, and the occasion was marked by all the significance of an elaborate ceremonial. Through long corridors of the Imperial Palace, simple in proportion but polished until the woods shone like glass and all the gilding was golden, she approached the presence, so turning that at once she faced the Emperor when he faced her. As she advanced she bowed thrice.

The Emperor stood by a table on a low dais. It was not

etiquette for him to speak save in his own Japanese language or to understand the speech of others except through that medium. Hence there stood behind Hirohito an interpreter, understood to be a Christian, to whom the Commander addressed what she said and from whom she received what was said to her. It was, of course, evident that, despite this procedure, the Emperor at once grasped the meaning of his guest and was much interested in her uniform and personality. The interview lasted far beyond the usual limits in time of such audiences and at its conclusion Evangeline Booth, retiring backwards, again executed her threefold obeisance.

It was intimated to her that she had made a favourable impression on the Sovereign and, to her surprise, she was handed a further command to attend the Emperor's garden party in the grounds of the palace. The prescribed costume for ladies was the agelong silk of Japan, with hair gleaming around large and beautiful combs. But the Salvationist leader was honoured by permission to appear again in her uniform and the bonnet that her mother had designed in the Army's early days. There she stood amid lawns and trees that were a triumph of Japan's horticulture.

The Emperor's guests were aligned—the arrangement is the same at Windsor Castle—along the route to be taken by the Emperor. When a slow and solemn procession was observed by the thousands thus gathered to be entering the scene, silence that might be felt in its intensity hushed the least whisper of conversation. Between groups of advancing courtiers the Emperor walked erect and absolutely alone, his countenance betraying no sign of interest in the spectacle of which he was the central figure. All who were present bowed their faces towards the ground.

Suddenly there was a slight and instantly suppressed sensation among the Japanese nobility and gentry assembled. For the Emperor had broken precedent. He had paused in his progress. He had turned on his heel. He had raised his arm. He had rendered a salute to Evangeline Booth and her attendant officers. He had then resumed his unsmiling, almost mechanical, walk past his subjects. It was a gesture that could not be mistaken.

To all this there was a sequel. It is told by Richard Terrill Baker in his book *Darkness of the Sun* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press):

The Salvation Army had difficulties [in Japan] early in the war, because of its use of military symbols in its organisation and because of its tie to head offices in Britain. The military clique threw the Salvation Army head into prison on suspicion of anti-war propaganda. It was an order from the imperial household itself which released the suspect, and the Emperor promptly sent him a gift of ten thousand yen as a public denial that the Salvation Army was in any way disgraced.

Evangeline Booth still held her command in the United States. But it was evident that her real position in the Army had become international. Thus was it that in 1933 there were made the usual detailed arrangements for her to voyage over an unkindly ocean in order to visit the capitals of Australia and New Zealand. To her characteristic distress the doctors stepped in—they had no alternative professionally—and vetoed the tour. But despite this disappointment it was hinted here and there that something of great importance was in the wind.

The Salvation Army Act of 1931 was in force. According to the terms of this measure Edward J. Higgins announced his intention of retiring from the office of General to which he had been elected. In 1934 a High Council was summoned to choose his successor, and on August 11th Evangeline Booth set sail on the *Leviathan* from New York for London.

A foretaste of what lay ahead of her was noted in the crowd of reporters and camera-men who assailed her with their friendly but insistent greetings. Arriving at Plymouth she was handed a bouquet of flowers that spread themselves abroad in rich profusion which seemed to lend fragrance to the photographs themselves. She proceeded to London where the familiar Clapton Hall was crowded to overflowing. Here had she heard her mother's farewell to the Army. Here had her father been laid in state for all to honour. And now it was her turn to be, not in death but in life, the upholder of the Blood and Fire Flag. The stalwarts of Salvation raised the

roof in greeting, and she so addressed the great audience as to evoke scarcely interrupted cheering. At the penitent form knelt fifty seekers after God.

In the midst of the furore Richard Griffith, as private secretary, wrote a brief letter that has its drama:

Mr. Donald Barnes,
Lake George, N.Y.

August 1st. 1934.

Dear Mr. Barnes,

I forgot to see that the Commander's diving board was safely put away before leaving.

Will you please get someone to help you out with it, and put it in the loft.

Be sure it is laid perfectly flat, otherwise it might get a twist in it.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Griffith
Colonel

Poor diving board! Your day is done in so far as you have served Evangeline Booth. And dear Richard Griffith! How careful you always were of every least detail!

The newspapers were now with one accord breaking out into headlines. But within closed doors the High Council was as secluded in effect as Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel electing a Pope. The Solicitor of the Army, William Frost, certified that the proceedings were in order and for six days thirty Commissioners, eleven Lieutenant-Commissioners and six Colonels—forty-seven in all—sat at their blue-draped tables, maintaining a dignity in keeping with the solemn decision that they were called upon to make.

The result was a foregone conclusion. Evangeline Booth received 32 votes; Commissioner Mapp, Chief of Staff, 9 votes; Commissioner Catherine Booth, 4 votes and Commissioner Hurren, 2 votes.

In effect the choice of Evangeline Booth was, as it was afterwards made, unanimous, and she changed her uniform of commissioner for that which had been designed for the Founder. Thus had the prophecy of her father been fulfilled,

Your career has been a remarkable one, but destiny, unless I am mistaken, has something in store for you more wonderful still.

A bewildering avalanche of messages from far and near arrived by wire and mail. "In these troublous times," wrote President Roosevelt, "it is particularly important that the leadership of all good forces shall be for the amelioration of human suffering and for the preservation of the highest spiritual ideals" and he added:

Through your efforts as Commander-in-Chief you have earned the gratitude and admiration of millions of your countrymen. I am confident that under your guidance the Salvation Army will go steadily forward in service to the unfortunate of every land.

To the many millions who had met Evangeline Booth, or heard her speak, or read of her doings, the fact that she was now the Fourth General of the Salvation Army was of great interest, and in some quarters there was a quite human desire to celebrate. It was the same *Leviathan* on which she had sailed east that brought her home, but with a difference. What had been a speculative departure was transformed into an exultant welcome. For a start Mayor La Guardia gathered together two hundred and fifty leading citizens as a reception committee. Down the harbour boats were beflagged and the sirens made their music. Overhead Ruth Nichols the aviatrix, roared in her plane scattering roses on one who in so different a manner had brought womanhood into the forefront of affairs. A fireboat owned by the City uplifted its silvery fountains in sparkling cascade. Along Lower Broadway was launched a lunch-hour parade led by the band of the Sixteenth Infantry to which four Salvationist bands added support. The "grand canyon" of Manhattan was snowbound with ticker-tape and the crowds had a fine time according to their customary manner. At the City Hall the proceedings were broadcast, and the vibrant voice of the new General, pleading and purposeful, claimed,

The world for Christ and Christ for the world.

Among Salvationists "Farewells" on earth, like "promotions to Glory," are occasions to be remembered. There are printed programmes with photographs, special services, collections, conversions and reunions. The farewells accorded to Evangeline Booth after her long commandership in the United States of thirty years were mighty demonstrations of love, gratitude and affection. The greatest of them, perhaps, were in Chicago and Madison Square Garden, New York, where immense multitudes crowded the auditoriums and tried to get inside. People of influence and position had seats, nor did it seem that Vice-President Thomas Riley Marshall when in office had exaggerated in declaring that the greatest man of the day was a woman! For the General-Elect seemed to be just what a slowly recovering but still uneasy world wanted—a leader whose whole mind was set on teaching people how to be at peace with God, at peace with themselves and at peace with one another.

The enthusiasm was a final verdict by her generation on her essential integrity during a career that had included stormy periods. It was the emphatic endorsement of her lifelong fidelity to that child's vow by which she dedicated her being to the Gospel of Him who died on the Cross for Man. But this fulfilment of her meaning to the world, though she would not have had it otherwise, condemned her to four years of travel and labour more intense in stress and strain, possibly, than any years that she had ever spent. In one of her letters she wrote ruefully that as General she was not able to spend one single moment of her life doing what she wanted to do.

First, she had to carry out a long programme of meetings in Great Britain. One of them, she would say as she let her memories have their expression, was very much like the others—that is, to her, not to the cities and towns that she visited. For the Army they were rallies, for the people they were revivals, and she failed not nor did she falter. Then came the long and fatiguing tours over land and sea, covering scores of thousands of miles and triumphal in their incidents. For in her official capacity she did not travel as a private passenger. From the merchant marine she received a salute fairly to be described as unique. When Evangeline Booth stepped aboard,

the Flag of the Salvation Army was hoisted to fly in the breezes.

Of her itineraries there is record but we may take them for granted. Here and there, however, the spotlight picks out some happening that illustrates the pilgrimage. She arrived at Bombay where smallpox was found to be in the ship. It seemed as if the little party of Salvationists, travelling at such expense and with so vitally significant a message within them, would have to spend their precious days in quarantine. But the Governor of Bombay appeared in person and effected a speedy rescue, entertaining the General at his official residence.

Thence she emerged, an Indian sari draped over her head—yellow edged with crimson—and proceeded to tour the vast and crowded country, north, south, east and west, everywhere arousing the attention of peoples to whom life is wedded to faith. She was the guest of maharajahs, of governors, of the Army itself, nor did she ever neglect to spend time with communities at the very lowest level of the social and economic scale. Among the primitive races of India none are more ancient and picturesque than the Bheels. Aboriginal in customs and superstitious in beliefs they have lived and died, generation after generation, without healing, without progress, without any hope of being better than their forefathers. But the Army was at work among them, and they were responding. Headed by their leaders, some on horses, others on elephants and camels, they marched past, proudly carrying their bows and arrows, while the General, fascinated by the strange procession and stirred to the depths of her being by what it signified in terms of universal redemption, took the salute.

The Salvation Army was among the agencies in India that were obeying the command of Christ when He said, "Cleanse the lepers." And the lepers were cleansed. They might gaze out of sightless eyes. They might hold up handless arms and totter on footless legs. But they were saved. They could and did pray. They could and they did smile. They could and they did sing. It was a memorable moment in the life of Evangeline Booth when she stood and listened to those strangely vigorous voices chanting her own chorus *The World for God*.

The flesh had failed but the spirit was awaiting promotion into eternity.

A civil servant in India, Sir Harold Stuart, had been a great admirer of the Salvation Army. He was faced by a problem that had long been insoluble by the civil administration. From time immemorial there had been criminal tribes preying on the community and especially travellers on the highways. These accomplished bandits had argued that they could obtain more jewels and gold by robbery than they could earn by work, and there had been no answer to the logic. It was decided, therefore, that the entire problem be handed over to the Salvation Army, and in truth it was something of an assignment.

The Army was assisted by public funds. But it made the condition that only its own officers should be engaged on the task of human reclamation. A settlement was organised and named Stuartpuram after Sir Harold. The tribesmen were collected into compounds without fences or walls. Any one of them could walk out if he so desired. Every chain was struck from their limbs. Wives and families were invited to join the fathers. The men were taught a trade. The women were helped to manage their homes. The children were sent to school. And it worked. By the hundreds these victims of demonology and loathsome rites, in their filthy rags, were reclaimed and restored to the country as citizens holding the faith and singing the hymns that had been known to William Booth himself.

Evangeline Booth was the guest of those criminal tribes folk and she was never tired of telling their story. We see her amid the opulent magnificence of the Grocers' Hall in the City of London. She was entertained by the wealth and power of a metropolis still unbombed by *blitzkrieg*—the guest of honour at one of those banquets which it is something of an achievement to have survived. She spoke to those city fathers of the criminal tribes and it seemed like a traveller's tale. But when she had said her say there arose a tall and slender man who asked if he might add a word or two. He was none other than Lord Willingdon, once Viceroy of India. Quite simply he told how it had been he who had authorised the transferrence of the criminal tribesmen to the care of the Salvation Army and he wished to bear testimony to what General Evan-

geline Booth had said about the results. Indeed, she might have said a good deal more than she did.

It was in London that Lord Rothermere, brother and successor to the prestige of Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, the newspaper baron, called together a company of journalists and invited Evangeline Booth to another of those banquets. Her response was an anecdote, and what an anecdote!

At a school for the people a little girl fainted.

"You must go home, my dear," said the teacher, "you are sick."

"No ma'am" she replied, "I'm not sick. I'm only hungry."

"Then you must go home and get something to eat."

"Oh no, it's no good going home to get something to eat."

"What do you mean?" asked the teacher, "no good going home."

"There are five of us and mother feeds two a day. It's not my day. Mother tries to give the baby a little every day."

The great tour round the world enabled Evangeline Booth to redeem as General the promise made by her as Commander to visit Australia and New Zealand. One incident moved her heart deeply. On her way to Perth, the capital of Western Australia, the train had to traverse wide tracts of under-irrigated land, and small but faithful corps appeared on the platforms of the stations greeting her in what they regarded as the great event in their Salvationist lives. One of these stops was at a place six hundred miles from the nearest outpost of the Army, but parents with their two children had covered that long distance for the sake of a few minutes with the General and they brought with them their love offerings. Such devotion to the Blood and Fire Flag stimulated within Evangeline Booth an even added determination to exhaust every ounce of her energy in the endeavour to see as many scattered Salvationists as possible and bring them into renewed contact with the worldwide crusade for Christ.

In this spirit she saw something of the Dutch East Indies and of Honolulu, everywhere meeting multitudes of native listeners whose minds had grasped that here was a friend and a leader of friends who was trying to make life worth while for all who have the opportunity of living it. Back in the United States, she was, as it were, on her own quarter-deck,

and at Los Angeles it was former President Hoover who presided over the mass meeting in the Mapleleaf Gardens. She crossed the country from coast to coast and also found herself again at Esher near London, England, where she had her temporary home. England would not let her be silent, and one great meeting had a special significance for her. For it recalled the sacred months before her birth. In 1865 her mother had stood on the platform of the Dome Auditorium in the Pavilion at Brighton, with Evangeline present within her. And now it was the daughter who, on that same platform, carried forward the mother's message in the mother's faith.

During her later years distinctions were showered on Evangeline Booth. We have seen that President Wilson conferred upon her the Distinguished Service Medal after World War I. In 1921 she received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Tuft's College, and in 1928 the Fairfax Medal for Eminent Patriotic Service. Especially gratified was she to be granted in 1930 the Order of the Founder of the Salvation Army. Three years later the King of Sweden gave her the Vasa Gold Medal. Even during her retirement she was honoured—the Gold Medal of the National Institute of Social Sciences was an instance. It was always happening—for instance, the torchlight procession along Broadway in New York where she was shown on a float, one of ten that celebrated ten eminent women.

In 1939 I was eyewitness of the great scene as it always is on the campus of Columbia University when many thousands of the faculty, alumni, students and friends attend commencement. President Nicholas Murray Butler stood before Evangeline Booth, arrayed in her appointed academic gown, and she was decorated with the hood of an honorary Doctor of Laws.

The Fourth General visited a number of European countries and her reception in Holland was typical of experiences elsewhere. She was the guest of Queen Wilhelmina at luncheon with Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard also at the table. She spoke to crowds in the royal gardens. There was a close spiritual affinity between Scandinavians and the Army and many Scandinavians were convinced and active Salvationists.

There is one adjective that best describes those four years

of Evangeline Booth's Generalship. They were feverish years, nor could they have been otherwise. She was reaching her seventies and there was the underlying consciousness that every hour of every day meant one hour less of active service for the Army. Every hour, therefore, was devoted to what the Apostle called "redeeming the time because the days are evil."

For over the darkening landscapes of an already stricken civilisation there was stealing the confusing and stifling shadow of World War II, nor was it any wonder that horrified appeasers asked in dismay whether there was any power within the Christian Gospel whereby the hearts of the Hitlers might be changed and the might of their arms arrested. "Why doesn't somebody *see* Hitler?" was a question sometimes heard on Evangeline Booth's lips, and she was serious about it. For Salvationists in Germany are among the most devout, and the most determined of all Salvationists, and even the Nazis in their fury against the faithful respected that good work of the Army against which, in the very nature of things, there can be no law. Not only essential evangelism but good psychology has taught that the absorption of human energies in what helps the human race—that is, the Gospel—is the true alternative to the misuse of those energies in what harms the race.

With vigorous initiative, therefore, the General called upon the Army to undertake a World for God Campaign, and a spiritual aggression was thus substituted for aggressive nationalism. The urgency of the orders was driven home by one of those apt citations in which Evangeline Booth excelled:

The King's Business Requireth Haste.

Her contribution to the united effort was one more of those motorcades which were so exhausting to the woman and so inspiring to the organisation. As Great Britain had seen the father standing in his automobile, so was the daughter seen, the very incarnation of the Founder in her challenging appearance yet, as the people were beginning to realise, the last of the line in their time to be first in the movement.

For many years the Royal Family of Great Britain had

shown repeated appreciation of the services rendered to the community by the Salvation Army at such sacrifice. How Edward, Prince of Wales, honoured Evangeline Booth, has been told in these pages, and it was now the turn of his brother, King George VI, and the Queen, Elizabeth, to carry forward a gracious tradition. Evangeline Booth was received privately at Buckingham Palace where the conversations with her were of the most intimate character. She was told of the young Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret, singing the chorus of her song, *The World for God*, and when the great day came she was invited to the Coronation.

That incomparable "solemnity" was enacted with all the symbolism of the middle ages expressed in the grandeur of a monarch's court in full display of a priceless regalia, of jewels allotted to the Orders of Knighthood, of ecclesiastical vestments second to none in their grandeur, of uniforms naval and military bedecked with distinctions. It was history's last word in pageantry, seldom if ever equalled in the past, never exceeded in sheer glory of magnificence. The splendour of oriental potentates and foreign envoys completed the indescribable scene.

Alone and unattended Evangeline Booth entered the Abbey. No church, no ancestry, no throne had furnished her with the uniform—above all, the bonnet—that she wore. So complete a contrast was she to everyone else in the vast and crowded building that inevitably eyes wandered in her direction and noted how she had been placed prominently where she could not be missed. For hers was a representative capacity. She stood for a certain definite phenomenon within the body politic of every nation—a religion of the people, by the people, for the people, that—it was thus dramatically asserted—would never perish from the earth.

Amid the varied sensations and excitements of a breathless climax in her long career, Evangeline Booth would not have been her own human self if she had not felt the tug of time at her heartstrings. Her triumphs were beyond all her expectations but all such triumphs are temporary. The end of her authority as General was now manifestly approaching and her farewell—to stand alone in the annals of the Army—

was under gradual organisation. Little did she anticipate that she would be struck by a cruel blow.

On October 9th, 1938, she left her house at Esher in Surrey. She was accompanied by her secretary, Richard Griffith, no longer a Colonel but a Lieutenant-Commissioner. For thirty-six years this greatly beloved man—a friend of all who knew him—had been her indispensable assistant in every emergency, her “trouble shooter” in every worry, her thoughtful and efficient aide-de-camp. She was in one of her moods of foreboding and was fearful for some reason that things were not as they should be. Griffith cheered her up and told her not to be whimsical.

They arrived at Bristol and made their way to the Colston Hall where the usual hurlyburly of a great meeting in preparation was apparent. Evangeline Booth took her place on the platform but there seemed to be some slight delay in the proceedings. They asked her to follow them behind the scenes and there, without one moment of expectancy, she saw Richard Griffith lying before her, his life on earth at an end. It was embolism hitting the brain. And he was gone. They brought him back to New York and there we who had known him saw his face for the last time.

A disaster tested her stout spirit. Arrangements for her great farewell were under completion and she was making her mind ready for what was intended to be a fitting recognition of her long labours within the Army. That she would have felt the strain of such an occasion is obvious. But she would have gone through it like the fine trooper that she always had been when it came to a crisis. She would have used the opportunity to appeal again and yet again for a better world, for better people in the world, for the Kingdom of God.

In 1914 she had been in London attending the Army's International Congress. How high had been the hopes! How knit together in the seamless robe of Salvation had been the groups assembled out of scores of countries! But mankind had been suddenly rent asunder by the declaration of World War I. The vision of a brighter day had been distraught like a reflection of loveliness in waters troubled.

And now it was twenty-five years later. Once more the

Army was organising peace. Once more the friends of man in every country were thinking that way. Once more descended the shatterings of Armageddon. A farewell attended by many thousands? Authority cancelled any such plans. Nothing was now to be thought of except the safe return of Evangeline Booth to her home in the United States.

It might almost be said that they had to smuggle her out of the country and across the Atlantic. The publicity that had been the air she breathed was cut off and she found herself in a vacuum. It was, perhaps, the hardest situation in her life that she had ever had to face. For retirement from active service is never easy.

AFTERMATH

AND so it was that, at long last, Evangeline Booth found herself once more in the land of her adoption. Seventy-four years, that was her age, and despite all her illnesses and her accidents and her adventures, she had completed the usual span of life, with something to spare. Within herself she was eternally young, and of her, as of Moses, it could be said that her eye was not dim nor was her natural force abated.

Alone and unassisted she mounted her horse, Golden, in the morning, so enjoying a quiet ride through private paths around her home nor was she ever happier than when she was grooming the animal, giving it feed and otherwise attending to its needs. Moving a table or chair in a room is the gentleman's privilege but one had to be quick about it if one was to anticipate the sudden impulses of an eager and thoughtful hostess. Bold as ever was her big and rounded caligraphy, and in conversation and correspondence her mind was as alert as ever—as disconcerting in its originality.

Her home, *Acadia*, awaited her arrival from England. It had always been her own creation—just what she liked and could look forward to. The trees that she had planted so many years before, rewarded her affection by growing to glorious maturity—especially the copper beech with its richly coloured foliage. The little cascade that flowed from the lakelet below the lawn made constant music that soothed the ear. It was an ideal residence, suitable to her moods, yet it was hard for her to adapt herself to altered circumstances.

Never had she regarded *Acadia* merely as a personal satisfaction. The place had been designed as an escape from dis-

tracting interruptions and as a haven where she could recover from nervous strains. At *Acadia* with its private telephone she could consult with officers, compose music, perfect addresses and brood over problems to be solved. *Acadia* for its own sake—that had never been the idea. *Acadia* was a help to her serving the Army.

She was still addressed as General, and in the United States it was hard to think of the Army except in terms of her personality. But in the records there appeared a letter after her name, "R," and it made a difference. She was "retired" and many an officer has known how that feels. Her influence was great but it was no longer an executive influence. Others than she were administering the great organisation that she knew so intimately and loved so deeply. They acted according to their most dedicated judgement. She could only watch and pray for God's providence to guide the Army, and this position on the side lines was something to which she had to become accustomed.

Never in her life had she made a study of leisure. Hers had never been a passing of the time. She had used time to the utmost. Minor occupations that interest aged women—in which so many of them excel—particularly needle work—would have been new to her. For there was the memorable occasion when she did visit a Threadneedle Battalion and gave a display of her prowess as a seamstress. Wrote one of her hostesses:

Your thread measured two yards at least, and the length of your needle was proportionate. I think, but am not quite sure, whether or not you were supposed to be sewing on a button. All other work ceased because hands were needed to protect faces from the point of the needle and the swing of your hand as you triumphantly swept it through space, in the prosecution of your self-appointed task.

So with puzzles and patience or solitaire. No such devices could have eased this mind seething with impulses to help others. Even the newspaper was but a sorry diversion. For it showed that the world she had known was passing away. The captains and the kings who had honoured her were departing. Only the eye of faith could foresee through the swirling dark-

ness the better world for which she had worked so hard, spoken so often and named one of her books. It was a world that still needed what she stood for, but she was, in a measure, laid aside. She who wrought for right was appalled by wrong. It was not defeat but it did mean that the battle was still on. And to the last ounce of her energy she threw herself into the unending conflict. She addressed mass meetings. Her name as a magnet drew in the money.

She whose life had begun within a family which was everything to itself and its accepted work in the world, was now without kith and kin at her side, save for Mrs. Herbert Booth with whom she was in frequent and affectionate relation. But she had with her "Gipsy," her cadet in the Training College at Clapton, her inseparable companion as she went her ways over land and sea, and a shining example of what is meant by a Salvationist. It is only with a certain reverence that I can write of Gipsy, her active yet often suffering presence, always with a serene smile on her face, always with a quick little word of kindness on her lips, glowing with an indwelling Spirit that seemed to be part of herself, yet—as she firmly believed—was a Gift from above. A more humble, cheerful, efficient and unwearying saint of God—sick or well—never lived the long life with more selfless exempling of her faith, and she completely won the devotion of Evangeline Booth. Another of the household was Brigadier Farrington, for many years a secretary of the General, whose loyalty to her chief might almost be described as possessive, another of these Salvationists with persistence in well-doing that does not change with time. But no one could quite make up for the vacuum in the home left by "Dick"—Commissioner Griffith—who had lifted so many burdens from the General's shoulders, reassured her when she was in so many doubts and eased so many irritating, if trivial worries. He was irreplaceable.

At times, she would wonder why she had to go on living when, as it seemed, so much of her work in the world had been done. With Paul the Apostle she could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." Why was it denied her to add, "I have finished my course"? Seeing something of her one realised how true it is that the last mile is the stretch where you win the race.

When her father was at her age, the reporters asked him, "What is the Army's future?" and that question pursued Evangeline Booth as she saw the spiritual child of her family launched like a ship with others occupying the bridge. The answer of William Booth was drastic:

That depends upon the Army. If she is energetic and faithful and steadfast, she will go on branching out, this way and that way, going from great to greater things. If she is slothful and slackens her zeal, she will perish . . . yes, I hope she will perish and be swept away, for dead things should not encumber the ground but should make place for the living.

At those grave words she did not flinch. She accepted the Founder's challenge. So would it be and so should it be. But not for an instant did she waver from her faith that the Salvation Army was securely held in the hands of God. So many faithful stalwarts in the cause of Christ scattered throughout the world would continue to find that all things are possible even amid impossibilities.

One hesitates to add a personal word to this narrative. But beginning with her papers, I end with her papers. The most intimate scrutiny of the inner life of the Salvation Army that has ever been permitted to an outsider, leaves on the mind a profound belief that the Army is now, as eighty years ago when Evangeline Booth was an infant, one of the world's indispensables. Deep as was the need for the Army when William Booth first preached the Gospel in a cemetery, it is to be more deeply realised when cemeteries have become international in significance. One cannot say the last word in these pages without confessing to a good deal of sympathy with these Salvationists who, despite so many setbacks from war and revolution in so many lands, go forward step by step, however footsore, thinking and working and praying for others than themselves, and doing their bit, whatever it be, with a minimum of material reward.

During a period of inward development amid outward revolution, this fine fellowship of service and sacrifice has not failed to know its leaders. The Sixth General of the Army,

Albert Orsborn, with his threefold watchword—Prayer, Purpose, Passion—has proved himself to be an inspirer and an administrator, strong but just, in whom is the instinct for fighting and winning that has become habitual among Salvationists. He has gathered around him, not only his executive colleagues, but an Advisory Council of seven Commissioners and Lieutenant Commissioners whose function it is to be ears and eyes of the International Leader. The Organisation is thus centralised for action but broadened for deliberation, better able than ever before to confront the insistent and growing calls of a world in desperate need of the Army's ministrations and, more important, the Army's mentality. Not in vain did the Booths lay the foundation of a structure which has risen far above their utmost expectations at the outset, nor is the fact to be overlooked that among the seven advisers of the Sixth General is one bearing that honoured name, Commissioner Catherine, one with Evangeline in a kinship at once human and spiritual.

Evangeline Booth started her conscious girlhood among Salvationists and it is among Salvationists that she has been spending her eighties. Clouds darken the sky. The future is all unknown. But they are assets in society, surely it may be said, who, like Salvationists, have the courage to act on the assumption that, amid such apocalyptic weather, may be seen the vision of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. And this has been the sure and certain hope that has always inspired and sustained Evangeline Booth.

TABLE SHOWING EVANGELINE BOOTH'S FAMILY

On the Father's Side: Samuel Booth, Grandfather. He was born at Belper in Derbyshire, 1775. He first married Sarah Lockitt who died at Nottingham in 1819. Their only son, William, also died leaving the widower alone in the world. In 1824 he married his second wife, Mary Moss. Her father was Joseph Moss, stated to have been a farmer, and she was born near Belper in 1791. There were five children:

Henry, born 1826, died in infancy.

Ann, born 1827 who married a hatter in Tunbridge, 1846.

WILLIAM BOOTH, born April 10, 1829, Founder of the Salvation Army and father of EVANGELINE BOOTH.

Emma, born 1831. An unmarried invalid. Died 1871.

Mary, born 1832, married a builder's clerk of works, died a widow in 1902.

On the Mother's Side: John Mumford, a wheelwright and local preacher, grandfather. He died in 1879. He married Sarah Milward who died in 1869. They had five children. Three died in infancy. A fourth, John, when 16 migrated to America. The remaining child, a daughter, was

CATHERINE MUMFORD. In 1855 she married WILLIAM BOOTH and was later known as the Mother of the Salvation Army.

The Children of William and Catherine Booth were:

William Bramwell Booth. Born 1856. Died 1929. Second General of the Salvation Army. In 1882 he married Florence Soper, daughter of a doctor in Plymouth.

Ballington Booth. Born 1857. Named after a brother of his grandmother Mumford. In 1886 he married Maud Elizabeth Charlesworth, daughter of Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, Rector of Limehouse, London. In 1896 they seceded from the Salvation Army.

Catherine Booth. Born 1858. Known as Katie and the

Maréchale. In 1887 she married Arthur Sydney Clibborn, a Salvationist Colonel at the time who adopted the name, Booth-Clibborn. He was of Quaker family in Ulster. In 1902, the Booth-Clibborns left the Salvation Army to join John Alexander Dowie, leader of a "Zionist" sect.

Emma Moss Booth. Born 1860 and given family names. Known in the Army as Consul. In 1888 she married Frederick St. George de Latour Tucker, a former Judge in India who adopted the name, Booth-Tucker. In 1903, she was killed at Dean Lake, Missouri in a railway accident.

Herbert Henry (or Howard) Booth. Born 1862. In 1890 he married Cornalie Ida Schoch of a Swiss family that had migrated to Holland. Her sister, Celestine, was married to William Elwin Oliphant, a curate who had joined the Army and become a Commissioner. Herbert Booth left the Army in 1902, and after the death of his wife in 1919, he married, 1923, Annie Ethel Lane, a former Salvationist officer in Australia, who established two residential hotels in Yonkers. Herbert died in 1926.

Marian Billups Booth. Born 1864. Named after J. E. Billups, a contractor at Cardiff in Wales and friend of the Booths. She ranked as Staff Captain but owing to physical weakness could not face arduous service.

EVANGELINE CORY BOOTH. Born 1865. Unmarried. Fourth General of the Salvation Army.

Lucy Milward Booth. Born 1868. Named after her grandmother Milward. In 1894 married Emanuel Daniel Hellberg, a Swedish Salvationist who changed his name to Booth-Hellberg. He died in 1909.

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